

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 1982 £1.10

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J. C. Trewin
RALPH RICHARDSON AT 80

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SUSAN HILL'S OXFORDSHIRE

Louis Heren's urban rides:
GLASGOW

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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 7013 Volume 270 December 1982



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LONDON NEWS

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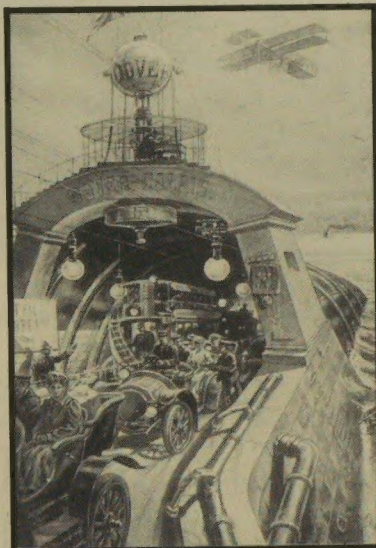
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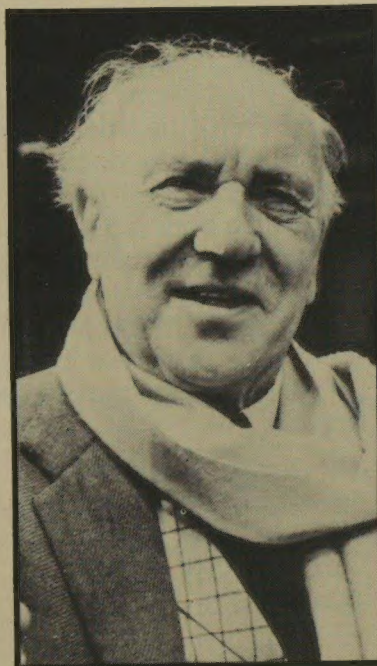
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BRIEFING

An informed, comprehensive guide to entertainment and events in and around the capital.

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Edited by Alex Finer

Researched by Angela Bird and Miranda Madge



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by Augustus John, black chalk, signed. Sold at Bonhams
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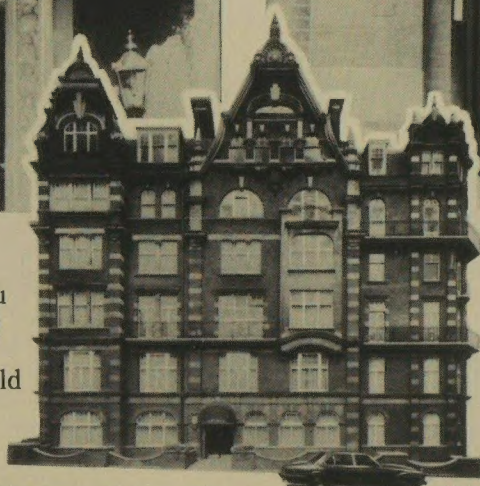
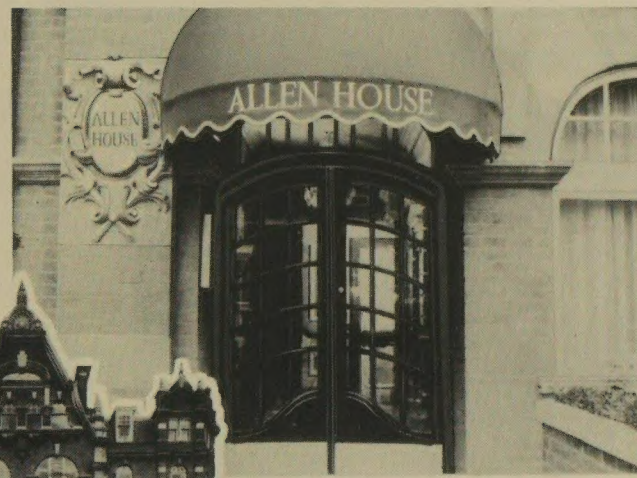
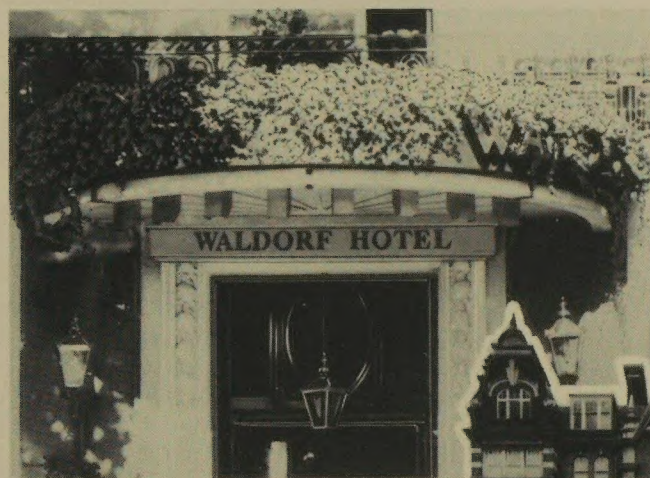
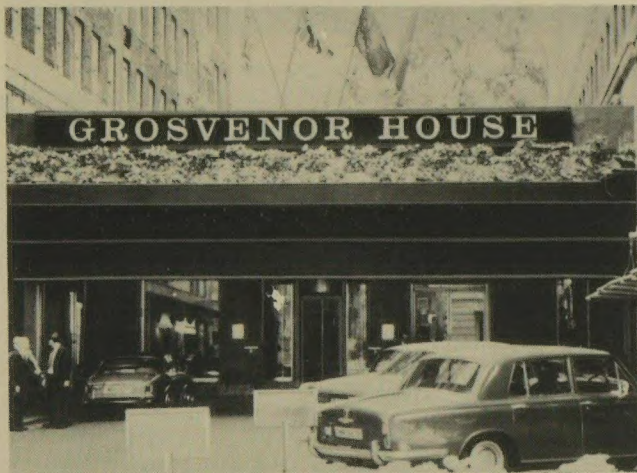
OVINGTON SQUARE, SW3 A very spacious & light flat having recently been completely modernised to very high standard located in quiet Square adjacent to Brompton Road. 2 Bedrooms, Bathroom, Shower Room, Reception Room, Kitchen, Ind. CH. Access to paved Garden. 125 years £78,500. **235 4545**

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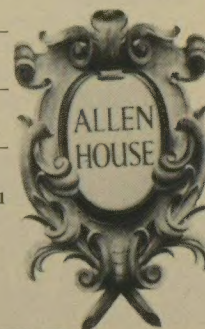
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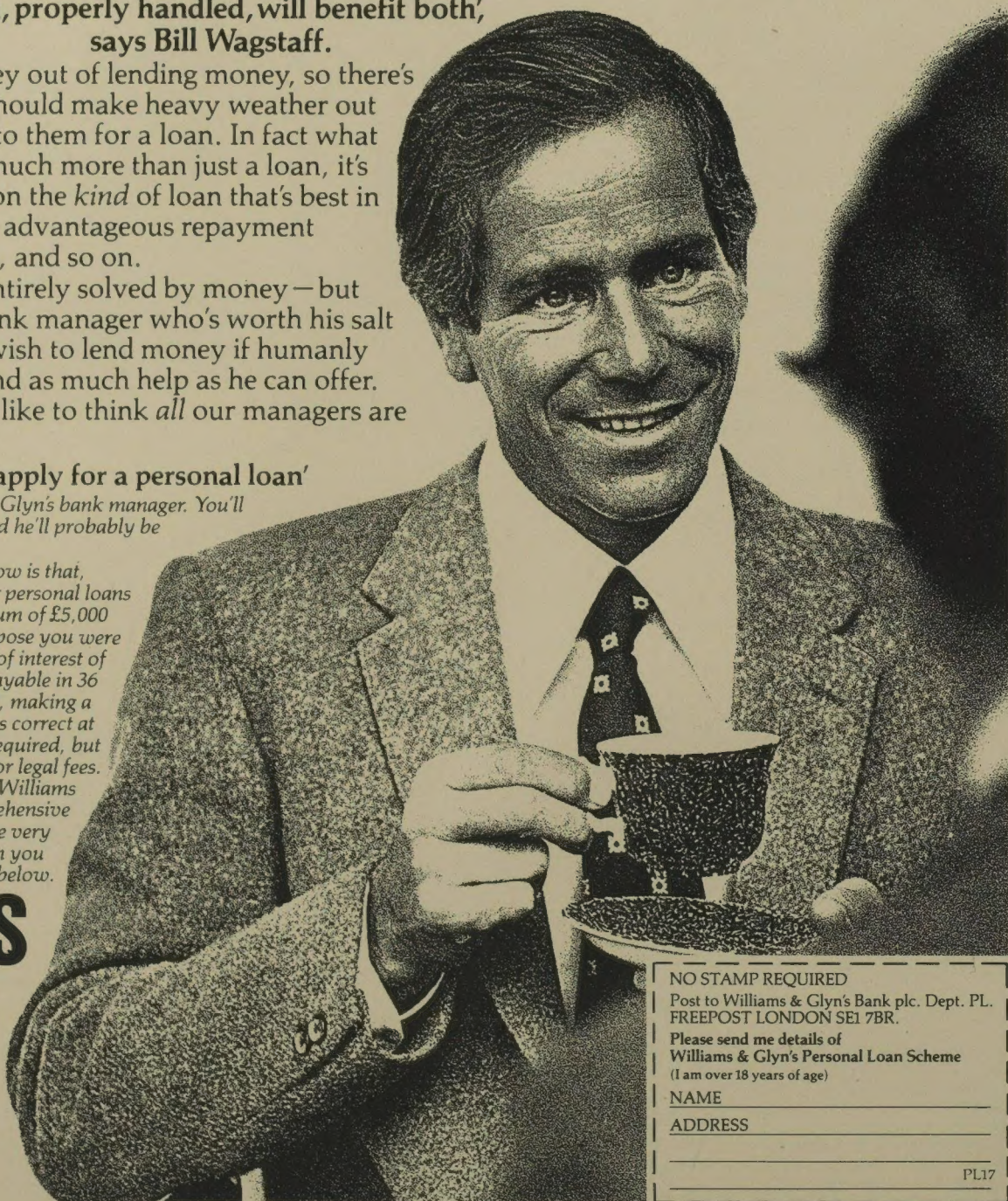
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PL17

Plodding on

The Government's long plod is at last producing some visible results and the chief architect of its economic policy, Sir Geoffrey Howe, must have been quietly satisfied with much of the report he was able to present to the House of Commons on November 8, though his delivery was as stolid as usual. Behind his phlegmatic demeanour, however, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had some good news to add to prospects which had already become more promising for the Government, and the country, by the refusal of the mineworkers to accept the urging of their new president, Arthur Scargill, to strike in support of an excessive wage claim. Following the earlier similar decisions by the railwaymen and the steelworkers and the improved chance of a settlement in the health workers' dispute, there seemed reasonable hope of a quiet winter on the industrial front.

Economically the Chancellor was pleased to forecast that the rate of inflation would fall to 5 per cent early in 1983, a reduction of 7 per cent from the rate in January this year. He was also able to show that interest rates had fallen even more sharply—from a peak of 16 per cent last year to a current level of 9 per cent. It has been calculated by the CBI that each percentage point fall in interest rates is worth about £250 million to British industry in a full year, so the benefit of the lowering of interest rates should now be about £1,750 million. Companies in the private sector were also helped by the Chancellor's decision to reduce the National Insurance Surcharge from 2½ to 1½ per cent next April, but with this 1 per cent reduction brought forward into the current financial year. This would be worth some £1,000 million to private industry over the next two years, though at the same time National Insurance contributions for both employers and employees were increased by ¼ per cent. The Chancellor's other piece of good news was that public expenditure had been brought under control. The planned total for 1983-84 was now lower than had been forecast at the time of the Budget, which is the first time since 1977, as Sir Geoffrey pointed out, that a Government had been able to stop expenditure plans for a particular year rising with each annual review. This slight fall in real terms was accompanied by a drop in the ratio of public spending to the Gross Domestic Product from 45 per cent to 44 per cent.

There was a less encouraging side to the Chancellor's message. The Treasury's forecast of economic activity has become considerably more pessimistic in the eight months since the Budget. The economy is now expected to remain very sluggish until at least the summer of next year, following the stagnation of 1982, when output has risen by only about ½ per cent.



In 1983 a rise of about 1 per cent is to be expected. Domestic demand will continue to increase at a higher level, leading to further increases in imports and a further deterioration in the volume of net trade. The balance of payments surplus will disappear during the coming year. Unemployment is expected to continue to rise for most of next year before the increase in output and falls in inflation and interest rates bring it to a halt at about 3,500,000.

This is much too high, and the Chancellor rightly described unemployment as the nation's most distressing problem. It is the price that has had to be paid for bringing down the rate of inflation, and it may be justified in national terms if, in the long run, it produces the expected result of stimulating economic activity and thus creating additional opportunities for productive employment. That process can be stimulated artificially, as has been done in the past, but the experience has proved self-defeating because it has led to a resurgence of inflation, higher costs and eventual cut-backs of labour. This Government has preferred instead to opt for the long and painful plod, made longer than perhaps was first anticipated by the onset of world recession.

The glimmer of recovery that can now be seen, at least by the optimistic, and the inevitable approach of a general election, could spur the Government to turn the plod into a trot or even, as has happened before in pre-election periods, into a gallop. So far this Government has resisted this understandable temptation.

Economically it is certainly wise to do so, and politically it may prove wise also, though the price of high unemployment at the polls is uncertain. But Mrs Thatcher's Government has established for itself a reputation for firmness of resolve that may prove to be its strongest political asset. There are no panaceas, no easy solutions for the economic difficulties the nation faces, as has been proved by successive governments since the war and as is now surely recognized by the majority of the electorate. This Government's plod is making progress, as will become more apparent next spring, when Sir Geoffrey will introduce what is likely to be the last Budget of the Government's term. The implication of his autumn package is that the Chancellor will have money in hand in the spring for some tax relief. The Budget should thus show a quickening of pace, but it will be nothing like a gallop.

Monday, October 11

Workers at the Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk, Poland, and in Gdynia, Koszalin and Szczecin went on strike demanding the reinstatement of the trade union Solidarity. Communications with these cities were cut off. Violent clashes took place the next day between security forces and demonstrators and 148 arrests were made. The Lenin Shipyard was put under military rule and the strike collapsed.

Henry VIII's warship the *Mary Rose* was raised from the sea bed and towed into Portsmouth.

Miners began an overtime ban in support of their pay claim, having rejected the Coal Board's 8.2-9.1 per cent pay offer. The Coal Board announced price rises from November 1: 8 per cent for industrial coal, 5½-6½ per cent for domestic coal.

Dr John Vane, a group research and development director of the Wellcome Research Laboratories, Beckenham, together with two Swedish doctors, won the 1982 Nobel prize for medicine for work on prostaglandins.

Tuesday, October 12

Zenko Suzuki, Prime Minister of Japan, resigned.

Crowds estimated at 300,000 strong cheered 1,250 representatives of the Falklands Task Force as they marched through the City of London.

The Hunt Committee report on cable television recommended its adoption without restrictions on channels, programmes or charges.

Wednesday, October 13

British banks cut base lending rates to 9.5 per cent.

The Nobel Peace Prize for 1982 was won by Mrs Alva Myrdal of Sweden and Senor Alfonso Garcia Robles of Mexico.

Members of the General and Municipal Workers Union and the Boilermakers' Society voted to amalgamate to form a 960,000 strong union, the General, Municipal, Boilermakers and Allied Trades Union (Gembat).

Thursday, October 14

A factory producing guidance systems for the American Tomahawk cruise missile outside Toronto was severely damaged by a bomb explosion. Eight people were injured.

Natalia Ligas, the Red Brigades terrorist, was arrested at Turin.

Friday, October 15

Inflation in Britain fell to 7.3 per cent, the lowest level for 10 years.

The Royal Shakespeare Company announced an accumulated deficit of nearly £400,000.

The Essex businessman Ted Toleman broke his own world offshore powerboat speed record on Lake Windermere with an average of 109.98 mph in his 38 foot catamaran.

Sunday, October 17

Severiano Ballesteros won the Suntory world matchplay golf championship at Wentworth, beating Sandy Lyle in the final on the 37th hole.

Monday, October 18

Members of the Irish Liberation Army shot and seriously wounded a Protestant headmaster, David Wright, in front of a class of 10-year-olds in Newry, Co Down.

Three British arms dealers were sent to prison for smuggling £1 million worth of arms to South Africa in breach of the 1977 United Nations embargo.

Dr Aaron Klug of the Medical Research Council Laboratory of Molecular Biology, Cambridge, won the Nobel prize for chemistry for work on X-rays and cancer research.

The European Court of Human Rights ordered the British Government to pay record damages and costs totalling £142,000 to three British Rail workers dismissed in 1976 for refusing to join a union.

Pierre Mendès-France, former Prime Minister of France, died aged 75.

Tuesday, October 19

The official receivers announced that the De Lorean sports car plant in Belfast was to be closed.

British Airways revealed losses of £54 million for the year ending March, 1982.

The board of Israel's national airline El Al recommended its liquidation. On October 27 Ben Gurion airport had to be closed because protesting workers and their families blocked runways. The Israeli government agreed to talks on saving the airline.



Thomas Kenally won the Booker McConnell prize for fiction for his book *Schindler's Ark*.

Wednesday, October 20

In the elections for the Northern Ireland Assembly the Official Unionist Party won 26 seats, the Democratic Unionists 21, the Social Democratic and Labour Party 14, Alliance 10, Sinn Fein 5, and others 2. Both SDLP and Sinn Fein candidates declared they would refuse to attend the assembly.



John De Lorean was arrested in Los Angeles on drugs charges.

Thousands of people were evacuated from their homes after a dam burst near Valencia, Spain, following floods. By the end of the month 50 people had been killed and thousands left homeless.

Thursday, October 21

The European Economic Community and the United States agreed a cut in

European steel exports of 10 main products to America by almost 9 per cent.

The Nobel prize for literature was awarded to Gabriel Garcia Marquez, the Colombian novelist.

Friday, October 22

90,000 workers in British Steel plants halted production for 24 hours in protests at threatened closures.

Saturday, October 23

Ulster Loyalists kidnapped a Roman Catholic, Joseph Donegan, and said they would kill him unless the IRA released an Ulster Defence Regiment sergeant, Thomas Cochrane, seized on October 22. The badly beaten body of Joseph Donegan was found on October 25 in a Protestant area of Belfast and the IRA later stated that Thomas Cochrane had been killed by them.

A former Third Secretary at the Soviet embassy in Teheran, Vladimir Andreyevich Kuzichkin, was given permission to stay in Britain.

Sunday, October 24

A mass grave containing up to 400 bodies was found in Argentina near San Miguel. It was believed to contain the remains of people who had disappeared since 1976.

Monday, October 25

Archbishop Glemp of Poland had talks with the Pope in the Vatican. An independent deputy resigned from the Polish parliament in protest at the banning of Solidarity.



Colonel Gaddafi of Libya arrived in Peking on his first visit to China.

The British Government proposed new rules on immigration to allow husbands and fiancés of British women to settle in the United Kingdom.

The New York Stock Exchange suffered its biggest one-day fall since 1929. The Dow Jones Index fell more than 36 points to 995.13.

Tuesday, October 26

Unemployment figures in Britain for October fell by 47,947 to 3,295,128, largely as a result of a drop in the number of school leavers out of work.

The Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told the House of Commons that the cost of the Falklands campaign was about £700 million.

Following a rooftop demonstration at the Houses of Parliament by two relatives of jailed gang leader Charles Richardson, who scaled scaffolding and climbed to the top of a tower near Big Ben, a review of security was ordered by the Metropolitan Police Commissioner.

Wednesday, October 27

Three RUC officers were killed when a remote-controlled mine was exploded under their car near Lurgan, Co Armagh.

Thursday, October 28

Labour won the by-election in Birmingham, Northfield, by 289 votes after two re-counts, taking the seat from the Conservatives. At Southwark, Peckham, Labour retained the seat with a majority of 3,931 (10,811 in the 1979

general election), with the SDP/Liberal Alliance coming second and the Conservative candidate losing his deposit.

Rolls-Royce announced 750 further redundancies among the 4,500 workers at their Crewe factory.



In Spain a Socialist government came to power under Señor Felipe Gonzalez, with 202 seats in the 350 seat Congress of Deputies.

Friday, October 29

British Leyland workers, against the advice of their shop stewards, voted to accept the company's two-year pay deal, worth a little over 11 per cent.

Saturday, October 30

Consolidated International, an American company, reached agreement with the official receivers to buy the inventory of the De Lorean car factory in west Belfast, including 1,041 finished cars, for a price believed to be about £10 million, and had a 45-day option to buy the plant at Dunmurry.

Sunday, October 31

The Pope arrived in Madrid at the start of a nine-day tour of Spain.

More than 450 people were reported killed after a week of religious riots in north-eastern Nigeria.

The flow of the Thames was temporarily halted when all 10 gates of the Thames barrier were raised for the first time to test the mechanism.

Monday, November 1

Between 200 and 300 youths, mostly black, rioted in Brixton in protest at the demolition by Lambeth Council of houses in Railton Road. Police in riot gear were called in and quickly dispersed the crowd. Three people were slightly injured.

Robert Mellish, a former Labour Chief Whip and MP for Bermondsey for 36 years, resigned his seat.

King Vidor, the film director, died aged 89.

Tuesday, November 2

The results of the miners' pit-head ballot showed 61 per cent in favour of accepting the National Coal Board's 8.2 per cent pay offer and against authorizing strike action. The overtime ban was called off.



The Royal Navy's new Type 42 destroyer HMS *Gloucester* was launched at Woolston, Southampton.

There were reports of heavy fighting

on the southern sector of the Iraq-Iran borders as the two-and-a-half-year Gulf war flared up again.

Wednesday, November 3

The Queen opened the new session of Parliament. The Prime Minister, opening the subsequent debate, called on the nationalized industries and local authorities to spend fully their allocation of funds on capital projects.

In the mid-term elections in the United States the Democrats won significant gains in the House of Representatives, but the Republicans maintained the *status quo* in the Senate, retaining their 54-64 seat majority.



Group Captain Joan Hopkins, 46, was appointed the first woman commandant of an RAF operational station, at Neatishead, near Norwich, a Nato defence base.

Thursday, November 4

British banks cut their base lending rate to 9 per cent.

The United Nations General Assembly approved a Latin-American sponsored resolution calling for a resumption of negotiations between Britain and Argentina on the sovereignty of the Falkland Islands. The vote was 90 to 12, with 52 abstentions. America voted in favour, France abstained.

Charles Haughey's Fianna Fail government in the Irish Republic fell after losing a vote of confidence by two votes. A general election, the third in 17 months, was called for November 24.

Major-General Victor Lago Roman was shot dead in Madrid by two members of ETA, the Basque separatist movement.

Friday, November 5

The Presidents of Brazil and Paraguay formally inaugurated the Itaipu dam which harnesses the power of the river Parana.

The Jockey Club agreed to buy Aintree racecourse for £4,250,000.

Jacques Tati, the French film actor and director, died aged 75.

Sunday, November 7

Violent storms, with winds of up to 75 mph, caused at least four deaths, several injuries and extensive damage in France and other European countries.



ASSOCIATED PRESS



ASSOCIATED PRESS

An era ends: Leonid Brezhnev, Soviet leader since 1964, seen with Premier Tikhonov at the Red Square Parade marking Revolution Day shortly before the announcement of his death. He gave his country 18 years of relative stability.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Visit to the Wall: The Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, was taken by the West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and West Berlin's Governing Mayor, Richard von Weizsaecker, to see the Berlin Wall after the Anglo-German summit in Bonn.



ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS

London is protected: The Thames Barrier, in Woolwich Reach between Silvertown and Charlton, is operational, eight years after work began on the £435 million project. The picture shows the ten steel gates raised 50 feet high between their piers to stem the river in a successful test. The Barrier will be formally opened in the spring.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Pope in Spain: King Juan Carlos greeted Pope John Paul II when he arrived at Madrid airport for a nine-day visit. Protected by more than 18,000 policemen and a British Popemobile, he visited 16 places, including Avila, right, returning to Madrid each night.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



PRESS ASSOCIATION

In Madrid, after a memorable welcome, the Pope made a speech endorsing democratic values, met political leaders including Sr Felipe Gonzalez, the Socialist leader and general election victor, and, right, blessed the crowd during an open-air mass.



ASSOCIATED PRESS



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Delayed wedding present: The Russian cellist Mstislav Rostropovich greets the Princess of Wales at the Barbican centre, where he gave the royal couple a charity concert.



ASSOCIATED PRESS



ASSOCIATED PRESS



CAMERA PRESS

African tour: Princess Anne, President of the Save the Children Fund, meets village women in Swaziland, centre left, and, left, Zimbabwe's Prime Minister. Her son Peter, above, with sister Zara, celebrated his fifth birthday on November 15.

Falklands factors: A victory march celebrated Britain's regaining of the islands (cost so far: £700 million, Mrs Thatcher later said), and the USA voted at the UN General Assembly for negotiations with Argentina on sovereignty.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Mrs Sara Jones, widow of Col "H" Jones VC, and sons after the palace investiture of Falklands heroes.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

John Nott, Defence Secretary, honours the grave at Port San Carlos of Colonel H. Jones.



FRANK SPOONER

In the biggest military march past since the Second World War, a crowd of some 300,000 cheered on 1,250 Falklands veterans as they marched past Mrs Thatcher and the Lord Mayor on the way to Guildhall.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Survivor aloft: Excalibur III, built in 1944 and believed to be the only airworthy Sunderland flying boat, takes off after two months moored on the Thames.

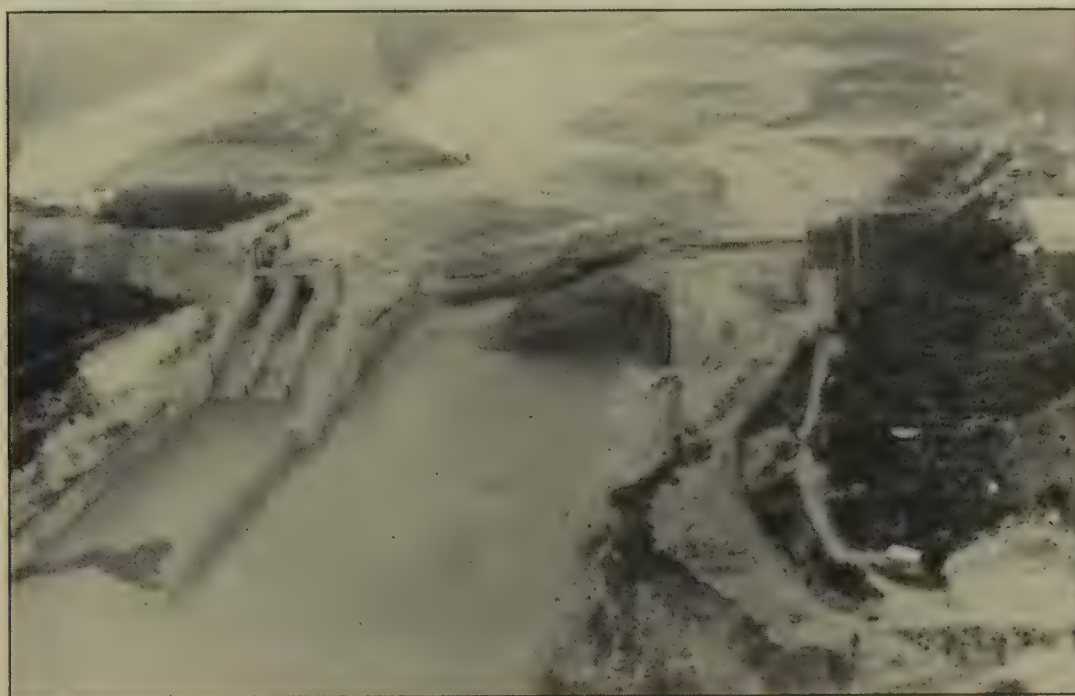


PRESS ASSOCIATION

Floating sight: The Imperial War Museum's cruiser *Belfast*, launched in 1939, returns to sightseeing duty at the Pool of London after hull repairs at Tilbury.

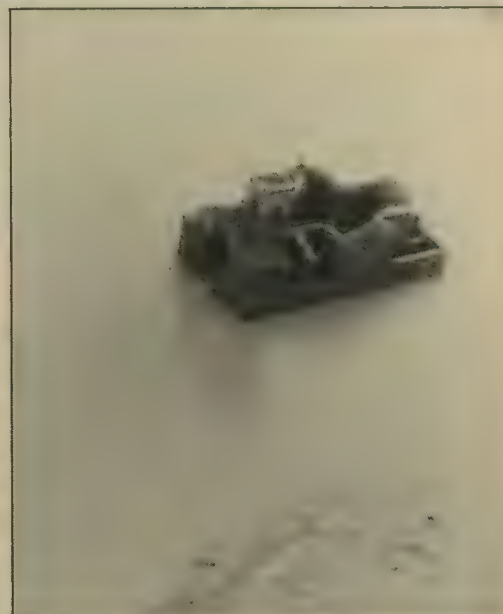


FRANK SPOONER



REX FEATURES

The scene at a dam near Tous, on the Jucar river near Valencia, which cracked and crumbled away after the heaviest rainfall since 1923 in the highlands behind. Those living near by had time to escape the dam waters.



REX FEATURES

Floods in Spain: Thousands of people were evacuated from their homes and at least 50 died when floods struck south-east Spain, destroying homes and crops. Helicopters and ships brought in food, clothing and medicine. Affected cities included Valencia.



PATRICK SUTHERLAND



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Whale deaths: A 30-foot Minke whale, left, beached at Pembroke; and rescuers herding bottle-nosed whales back to sea near Boston, Lincs. At least 24 whales died.



EAMONN MCCABE OBSERVER

Winning shot: One of the photographs from a portfolio by Eamonn McCabe which won the Grand Prix Award in the new 1982 Professional Portfolio Awards.

Our right to the Falklands

Dec 82

by Sir Arthur Bryant

One of the minor irritants of a historian's life is the distortion of historical truth continually perpetrated in the media by journalists, broadcasters and others with a smattering of knowledge accepted by the general public as gospel. Among the more extreme current examples of these deviations from historical reality are the propaganda publications put out, apparently in all good faith, by those seeking to justify from history the Argentine claim of sovereign rights over the Falkland Islands. Some of our readers living there have been kind enough to supply me with examples of this kind of special pleading, supported by a selection of all the facts or reputed facts which appear to advance their case, and the omission of all others which contradict and prove its worthlessness. This would not matter were it not that arguments founded on such distortions of historical fact have been given the dignity of evidence in diplomatic channels and before international tribunals and committees and even, as has happened this year, been made a cause of war.

I have before me a neatly set out brochure entitled *Las Islas Argentinas del Atlantico Sud* published by the Jockey Club of Argentina and dated April, 1982, in which the legendary truth is set out in three parallel columns labelled *Antecedentes Historicos* in Spanish, *Données Historiques* in French, and *Historical Facts* in English. The latter begins, "History teaches us that the south Atlantic islands were indeed discovered by Spanish navigators in 1520. Since then," it goes on, "Argentina has always included them in the country's cartography." But history teaches no such thing, and Argentina only came into existence as a separate nation 300 years later as a result of the rebellion of Spain's South American colonies against her inefficient and tyrannical rule—a rule which Great Britain played a leading part in helping them to shake off. And the first circumstantial and unquestioned evidence of the discovery of the so-called Falkland Islands by a European explorer was that of the great Elizabethan navigator, John Davis, in 1592.

The Spanish claim to sovereignty over the Falklands, on which modern Argentina's claim is based, rests solely on the claim of 16th-century Spain to a monopoly of all seas and lands, undiscovered or discovered, in the Atlantic and south Pacific west of a certain line arbitrarily drawn by the Pope at the end of the 15th century. England never acknowledged either the Pope's or Spain's right to this arrogant monopoly and, from the days of Elizabeth and Drake, we have never ceased to maintain our own right and that of all mankind to the freedom of the seas for

peaceful exploration and commerce. Therefore to accept modern Argentina as the legitimate heir to Spain's fantastic claim to sovereignty over all the southern seas would be a negation of our entire history since the Reformation. Drake's circumnavigation of the globe and the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries successive generations of British seamen fought not for the dominion of the seas, but for the right to deny such dominion to Spain or anyone else.

As for possession of the remote islands of the Falklands, Britain's right to this was ceded by Spain to Britain by a convention in 1771, after the earliest British settlement at Port Egmont on Saunders Island had a few years earlier been forcibly ejected by a superior Spanish naval and military invading force not dissimilar to that which landed at Port Stanley last April with similar results. For though war between the two countries was averted, the Spaniards were forced to see the British garrison restored and apologize for their breach of the peace.

All this and much more is set out in the two vast and scholarly—though chaotically arranged—volumes of the *Cambridge History of the British Empire* first published in 1929 and 1940. But some other popular British accounts of these now remote events wander, though not as far from the truth as the Argentine accounts, from the exact sequence of what actually occurred. I was made aware of this the other day by reading a short, seemingly factual, account of this Anglo-Spanish clash in the 18th century in the entry on the Falkland Islands in the fine 11th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. For here it is stated that "in 1765 Commodore Byron had taken possession on the part

of England on the ground of prior discovery and had formed a settlement at Port Egmont on the small island of Saunders". Reference to Admiral John Byron's entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography* provides no evidence of that somewhat unfortunate seaman—he was known to his fellow mariners as "Foul-weather Jack"—having ever had anything to do with the Falkland Islands. It merely states that in the autumn of 1764, having left England that year, he was at Rio de Janeiro ostensibly bound for the East Indies, but in reality on a secret voyage of discovery to the Pacific and round the world in the sea-steps of Drake, Cavendish and his old commander George Anson.

Now it so happens that 40 or so years ago I bought a full-length portrait attributed to Hogarth of two members of the Byron family—earliest patrons of Hogarth's portraiture—a brother and his little sister. The brother is wearing midshipman's uniform—one of the earliest paintings of a midshipman's uniform that I know—and his little sister at his feet has her arm round a large brown poodle. I was attracted to the picture because of the relationship between the poet Byron and his sister more than half a century later, for the boy was Byron's grandfather and the John Byron whom the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, following Dr Johnson's account of our earliest Falklands settlement in 1765, described as the founder of the English colony at Port Egmont.

From the evidence of the portrait itself, it looked to me as if, though the little girl and her poodle may have been painted by Hogarth himself, the boy was added later by an inferior hand. And the reason for this may well have been that the boy, Midshipman John Byron, sailed in 1740 under George Anson in one of the ships of the latter's

squadron which was wrecked off the Patagonian coast, and returned to England only after an absence of four years and indescribable sufferings and privations together with three seamen who with him were the sole survivors of the shipwrecked vessel. Subsequently he resumed his interrupted naval career and rose to be an admiral, serving as such in the American War of Independence and the great and all but desperate naval campaign against the joint navies of all the other European powers—the one in which Nelson served his apprenticeship. And before he did so he made in the years 1764, 1765 and 1766 a voyage round the world on his own account, in which he seems perhaps not unnaturally to have hastened round it as fast as he could, missing all the greater islands and discoveries which Captain Cook was to find a few years later.

But among them, though John Byron's entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography* makes no mention of the fact, were the Falkland Islands to which he returned, on the Admiralty's instructions, after a first exploratory stay in the entry to the Magellan Straits. And in the first volume of Hawkesworth's *Voyages* is the then Commodore's full description of the Falkland Islands, whose future importance to England the great Anson had foreseen in his own account of his voyage round the world. Here, in a detailed and graphic description of their uninhabited coastline, Byron found a fine natural harbour with an entrance of over a mile wide in which the whole fleet of England could anchor and ride in safety, with fine rivulets of fresh water in each of its two bays. He called it Port Egmont after the earl who was then First Lord of the Admiralty. "I think," he added, "it is one of the finest harbours in the world." And because of his report of it an expedition was later sent to take possession of it and of our first settlement in the Falklands.

In another 10 or 20 years' time, if South Africa should then be out of bounds to the West and the Panama Canal denied to the United States, the development of the harbours of the Falklands may well be an issue on which the free navigation of the south Atlantic and its junction with the Pacific may turn. And John Byron's visit to the islands and his detailed account of their coastline may still prove of importance in the future history of this country and of the free world.

For the control of the sea's surface is one and indivisible, and it is on its global and ocean-wide defence by the ships, harbours, airfields and, above all, men and their weapons through which it has to be exercised, that freedom from continental tyranny can alone be preserved and, with it, our own ancient libertarian island polity.

100 years ago



This engraving from the *ILN* of December 9, 1882 shows Queen Victoria arriving in the Strand in a landau to open the Royal Courts of Justice. On the left, opposite St Clement Danes Church, are the then offices of the *ILN*.



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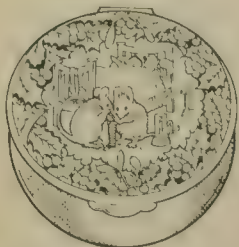
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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

When fear is a bad counsellor

by Norman Moss

"According to Western opinion polls the fear of nuclear war has seldom been shared by so many since the Cuban missile crisis. Yet there were no indications that nuclear conflict between East and West is becoming any more likely." Thus states the annual Strategic Survey for 1981-82, published by the International Institute for Strategic Studies.

The anxieties about nuclear war remain and, as the Survey indicated, these are not always connected to the points of greatest danger.

There are several things we should worry about. The chorus of those anxious about the lowering of the nuclear threshold include such normally dissonant voices as the Commander of Nato, General Bernard Rogers, and the CND. True, they worry about different aspects of the situation. Those whose anxieties generally follow those of the CND worry about the increasing range of battlefield and near-battlefield nuclear weapons possessed or soon to be possessed by Nato, which could be used in a "local" war. The others worry about the supposed weakness of our conventional forces *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Bloc forces, and want to strengthen these so that we are better able to fight a war without resorting to nuclear weapons.

The Western powers will defend themselves in the event of war, and if they cannot do so with anti-tank guns they will do so with nuclear weapons. Then the famous threshold will be crossed and the way will be open for the other side to use nuclear weapons also (always assuming that they have not done so first).

The trouble is, megadeath for megadeath, nuclear weapons are cheaper than any other kind, and politically more acceptable than soldiers. The opposition that the Thatcher Government is encountering over the Trident missile is nothing to the storm that would greet a move to bring back National Service. France has increased its nuclear force and cut down the period of National Service. The gain to young men is palpable, the slightly increased risk that a war in Europe will lead to an annihilating nuclear exchange is problematic.

It is usually assumed that the nuclear threshold extends from northern to southern Europe, where Nato and Warsaw Pact forces face one another. But there are other areas where the West deems its vital interests are at stake, some of which are less stable.

The most obvious is the Arabian Gulf. The United States has created a Rapid Deployment Force, and bases which enable it to be dispatched to that area. But the force that could be put in there quickly would not be large, certainly not as large as a force that Russia

might be able to send in if it were invited to do so by some new government that seized power in one of the Arabian states.

Then all the questions of the nuclear threshold that are posed in scenarios about war in Europe would arise there. Would the Americans be faced with a choice of "going nuclear" or surrendering? Would they have nuclear weapons they could use?

Technological developments are another cause of anxiety. In weaponry, sometimes they can have a life of their own, heedless of strategic considerations. One example is the multiple warhead missile, or MIRV, which was developed at the time that the Salt negotiations started and which has compounded the difficulties of reaching an agreement on limiting missiles far more than American government leaders envisaged, as Dr Kissinger himself admitted. The neutron shell was proposed in the first place because it was technically possible rather than because it was strategically required. Today the weapon designers are as active and as imaginative as ever.

The Russians have never accepted the idea that certain weapons are intended *only* to deter a war. This may be because in Russia, unlike in the West, nuclear strategy is devised by military men. So far as one can tell from Soviet military literature, they feel that all weapons are there to be used, and they do not share the inhibitions of the West about nuclear weapons. Furthermore, their literature lays emphasis on getting in the first blow.

On the other hand there are some things that we should perhaps not find as worrying—for example, the disabling first strike.

The US Administration talks about a "window of vulnerability", a period during which the Soviet Union will have enough inter-continental missiles to wipe out all the American nuclear forces on the ground. The planned build-up of American strategic forces, including the MX missile, is designed to close this window. The theory is that if the Soviet Union destroyed all America's land-based forces the United States would not dare to retaliate against Russia's cities with its surviving nuclear submarines because Russia would have enough missiles left to wipe out America's population. (It is usually assumed that Russia also must guard against a disabling first strike, *mutatis mutandis*.)

But this scenario does not belong in the real world. Let us dismiss first the comic book version: Chairman Brezhnev or his successor counting gleefully his mounting arsenal of missiles until the day comes when he has enough, and then, Pow! The more sophisticated version has a crisis of unprecedented proportions, in which the Kremlin feels that its most vital interests are threat-

ened by American power and resorts to this desperate move.

Yet this, too, is implausible. The Soviet leaders would have to be certain of the accuracy and effects of several thousand warheads and missiles, not one of which has ever been used in a war, with unimaginably awful consequences if they make a mistake. Some military theoreticians might feel this 100 per cent confidence in their calculations. Political leaders never would. They would also need to be certain of the rational behaviour in extreme circumstances of the American leadership, and perhaps even, if command and control breaks down, of American submarine commanders.

The huge number of nuclear weapons in the world that present such a danger have an element of safety in them also. They give each side protection against vulnerability through strategic miscalculation with a wide margin for error.

There is a more sophisticated version still of the first strike scenario, in which the strike is never struck. There is a critical super-power confrontation, and the United States backs down because it knows it is vulnerable to a Soviet first strike. But the Administration only has to remind itself that the Soviet leaders could never have that confidence.

The crossing of the nuclear threshold would be a horrifically dangerous step, carrying with it the risk of uncontrollable escalation as well as expanding enormously the area of death and suffering. But it is not true, as is often said, that there are no more thresholds to be crossed this side of Armageddon, that there are no rules in a nuclear war. It is much more likely that if a nuclear war were to start both sides would be looking desperately for rules to observe. Governments are as frightened of total nuclear destruction as their publics, and would be seeking a way to halt the escalation half-way.

Some people portray a world in which the super-powers are throwing their weight about and turmoil and change are everywhere. In fact, change on the international scene today does not come swiftly or violently. The super-powers' policies are characterized by caution. They have seen threats in adjacent territories and drawn back from using force, in central America and in Poland, and have prosecuted their conflicts with one another by non-military means or by proxy.

Undoubtedly a major reason for the caution that characterizes our era of international relations is the existence of weapons with a destructive power that is historically unique.

The moral of all this is not that the world is safe, our fate is in responsible hands and we need not worry. It is that there are situations in which fear is a bad counsellor, and that we should worry about the right things.

ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

The expert at Sotheby's helm

It was an uncle's passion for Chinese and Japanese porcelain which led eventually to Julian Thompson becoming chairman of Sotheby's at the age of 41. His father, who had worked in the family firm of tea and rubber brokers, died when he was 11, and thereafter Christmases tended to be spent at the book- and porcelain-lined home in Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, of Mrs Thompson's brother Richard de la Mare (their father was the poet Walter), later chairman of the publishers Faber & Faber.

Young Julian came to share his uncle's passion, and after Eton and King's College, Cambridge—where he read maths and moral sciences—secured a job in Sotheby's porcelain department through a Sotheby's director who had been an Eton house-master. Recruiting was very casual then: "Send him along and see if he can help..."

The department's head, James Kiddell, was not only erudite and charming but a wonderful teacher, Thompson recalled gratefully in his rather small chairman's office. "That's so important here." When a Chinese department was created in 1969, he was chosen to head it, and three years later he started Sotheby's sales in Hong Kong, conducting them himself. "The aim was to appeal to Chinese collectors. It hadn't been easy for them, unless they had good contacts with dealers. Having auctions, with correct attributions in a proper catalogue, was a boost to confidence, and did encourage collecting."

Going to Hong Kong stimulated him to learn enough Chinese to read it. "It was a tremendous asset, especially when archaeological publications coming out of China after the Cultural Revolution became such an important source of information." The Hong Kong sales flourished and Thompson joined Sotheby's group board in 1980, becoming chairman of non-American operations this spring when the management of the whole Sotheby Parke Bernet colossus was restructured. Like Peter Wilson, chairman from 1958 to 1980, but unlike his immediate predecessor, Lord Westmorland (a pure administrator), Thompson is an expert who has made it to the top; and he has the sort of approachable, friendly manner which eases contacts.

His task is not easy. Between 1960 and 1980, under Peter Wilson's inspired chairmanship, Sotheby's annual turnover rose from £8.4 million to £317 million. In 1960 all sales were in the Bond Street premises. By 1980 New York, Zurich, Hong Kong, Monte Carlo, Amsterdam and Los Angeles had been added as sales centres—and



The chairman among the porcelain: Julian Thompson at Sotheby's.

even the 1974/5 recession was surmounted. Then Wilson retired and his cousin, Lord Westmorland, had to deal with the climax of the dealers' campaign against the disputed 10 per cent buyer's premium, and the first loss for decades, following reduced profits.

This spring's reorganization was preceded by some drastic cutting back of staff and premises, and by the formal sanctioning of the buyer's premium by the Office of Fair Trading. Despite the public wrangling, personal relations with dealers had remained good, Thompson points out. "I just hope we can now get back to proper relations publicly as well as privately, and I am working very hard to bring that about." The premium, introduced in the autumn, 1975, remains at 10 per cent (Christie's, the main opposition, have cut theirs to 8 per cent), and is considered essential to balance higher costs. To have increased the commission paid by the seller—usually between 10 and 15 per cent, but "negotiable" to a bare minimum for huge collections—would have driven business overseas, he says. Continental rivals operate the levy on buyers.

The recession's impact has been mainly negative: though some owners have been forced to sell, more have waited for the market to improve. "I have absolutely no doubt that when the world economy begins to turn around, the art market will follow," the youthful chairman says. "I feel a lot of sellers are waiting in the wings for the upturn." The calculation is that even if

turnover remains at last season's level, costs have been cut enough to bring Sotheby's back to profitability. Confidence is the name of the game, and Thompson seems to have it.

Helping the harassed

At first there was no answer when Patricia Quaife, race relations adviser to the north London borough of Camden's housing department, rang the doorbell. The house, in a not unpleasant street in Kilburn, had belonged for two or three years to a Punjabi Indian, who lived on the ground floor with his wife, three children, brother, sister-in-law and their five children. He had written to his MP complaining that the two single, female tenants on the upper two floors had been abusing the children, playing music into the small hours and generally making life impossible. He wanted the council to rehouse them—which would also give him much more space. The tenants, who had lived there a dozen or so years, had in turn complained of his failure to carry out needed repairs, and indeed wanted to be rehoused.

We rang again, and a handsome Indian woman in a sari came to the door with two small children—the sister-in-law. She invited us in, and eventually showed us the bedrooms where five, five and two of them respectively slept. Pat Quaife patiently explained to her that the tenants did

not qualify for council housing (they did not have enough "points", based on degree of need), and that there were 15,000 others on the waiting list. But perhaps she and her family would be interested in applying for a council flat, thus reducing the overcrowding? "We want to live here as a joint family," Mrs S. said firmly.

To be separated was evidently unthinkable. It was a sad situation. Could not the need of the Indian families in some way enhance the tenants' qualifications, thus improving everyone's life, I asked afterwards? Probably not, but the council's Housing Aid Centre was hoping to help one of the tenants, Pat replied. The Indians had bought the house knowing it had tenants in it. What about all those in real need?

There is no shortage of them in Camden, which combines pockets of contrasting wealth (Hampstead) and poverty (Camden Town's seedier purities) with a wide variety of races. Roughly 12 per cent—a fairly modest ratio—of the population is of "new Commonwealth" origin, with Bengalis from Bangla Desh and Chinese the largest groups, followed by Greek Cypriots, Afro-Caribbeans (to use the jargon), and—a different category—Irish.

Some of the Chinese and Bengalis have to live in miserable conditions near the restaurants in which many of them work until late at night, notably in the Tottenham Court Road area of Camden's southern tip. In her task of ensuring that they and other minority groups get as fair a deal as possible, Pat Quaife (a graduate of Auckland, New Zealand and Besançon universities) is helped by two specialist advisers/interpreters: a Bengali, Bobby Chatterjee, and Ronald Hung, a Chinese. Both are by now well known in their respective communities.

If the Chinese suffer from ignorance of their rights and from being exploited, the Bengalis bear the brunt of racial harassment. "It takes up about a third of my time," Pat said. "In the last nine months I have dealt with around 69 cases. The actual work is done by the council's district housing offices, and I check that it's being done." Typical incidents include stones thrown through windows, verbal abuse and threats, the banging of doors at all hours, and rubbish or excrement being put through the letter box. A Bengali husband may be attacked, jostled or jeered on his way home late at night, while wife and children may have stones and abuse thrown at them between school and home, or in their home. Often they are too terrified of reprisals to report or help trace ➤➤



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A magnificent chased gold ring attributed to René Lalique. The burnished and matt gold shank formed from three entwined mermaids who support a star sapphire. Paris c. 1900. Shown actual size.

ENCOUNTERS

the offenders, who tend to be white youths or even children.

Moving the victims to another area—just what the perpetrators want—is a last resort, only adopted in, say, a case of regular trouble from

unidentified gangs, she explained as we inspected a handsome new council development off North Gower Street, NW1, a focal area for Bengalis. Around there they would be fairly safe, she reckoned, though there could be no guarantee against further harassment. It was in pensive mood that I returned to the salubrious slopes of Hampstead.

Polyglot polymath



Barry Fantoni: writer, musician and draughtsman.

A profusion of talents does not guarantee success or happiness, but it's a good start. Barry Fantoni was thus blessed. Strikingly gifted as both draughtsman and musician, he earns his daily crust as an assistant editor of *Private Eye* and, aged 42, has just had his second Raymond Chandleresque novel, *Stickman*, published by Hodder.

As often with the talented, he was a polyglot background. "My grandfather Salvatore Fantoni came from Carrara in Italy," he told me in the office he shares with the *Eye's* editor Richard Ingrams. "My grandmother had been a girlfriend of Puccini in Lucca—it's said her family wouldn't let her marry him because he didn't have any money. Salvatore was a down-market Italian peasant, but he brought with him the wherewithal to make ice-cream wafers, and made a fortune from confectionery in the East End.

"My father was the last of nine children. He worked in the family catts and squandered his father's money—at one stage he had run away to Argen-

tina and worked for the Harrods branch in Buenos Aires. But he had a truly remarkable gift for painting, and later became a professional painter. He passed on his talent to me, and gave me all the necessary encouragement. It was still-lifes—the salt and pepper pots—and perspective from an early age. At four or five, I had developed a very precocious talent.

"My mother was Sephardic Jewish: the family had gone from Spain to Holland, and from there mostly to the USA—my great-great-uncle was the American labour leader Samuel Gompers. Granny came to London. I was born in 1940, but the Luftwaffe soon changed the architecture of the house we lived in in the East End. For the next six or seven years we stayed in people's front rooms, and my schools changed almost as frequently as the front rooms."

Despite the Jewish East End ambience and father's Roman Catholic origins, the Fantonis observed neither religion. Instead young Barry suffered

some anti-Semitism—the Italian name did not help—at the Archbishop Temple Church of England School. However an art master, Lyall Watson, noticed his talent, and at 13 he gained one of the London County Council's 40-odd places for gifted children at Camberwell Art School, which he soon capped with the £5-a-week Wedgwood Scholarships. But at 18 he was expelled.

"It was the age of rock and roll and rebels: I suppose I was fairly rebellious. Camberwell had a strong tradition of jazz: Humphrey Lyttleton and Wally Fawkes had been there. I had bought a clarinet when I was 11, and formed a band immediately." In music, too, he found he had tremendous facility (father played the mandolin, mother the piano) and he was soon playing the trumpet, various saxophones and drums as well. He kept his eight-piece band after expulsion, toured hard with it, visited the Continent, continued painting, contracted TB, decided to get a proper job, and to eat properly. Thanks to conversion by a Hungarian émigré in 1956, that meant vegetarianism with Buddhist overtones. He was filling the old religious void, and later embraced a wife, Tessa, of Scottish-Irish origins.

1963 yielded a job and his first one-man exhibition. His old teacher Lyall Watson had opened the Woodstock Gallery off Oxford Street and, in his Pop Art vein, Fantoni showed a large oil of Prince Philip in underwear, surrounded by cut-outs of his various uniforms. The *Daily Express* wrote it up, *Time* magazine and CBS descended. It was fame overnight. A cloth manufacturer bought the Duke unseen, and someone in Los Angeles bought everything else—the entire Fantoni oeuvre. *Private Eye* was up to issue No 33. Fantoni wandered into its offices, embarrassed Ingrams by going on about Buddhism and Dada, but was soon at work as staff artist and writer, doing *inter alia* the Hall of Fame portraits and helping to create Glenda Slagg, Sylvie Krin and E. J. Thribb.

Long a believer in not saying no, he took to acting—in TV plays and films—and became a TV compère, even scaling the pinnacle of being TV Personality of the Year in 1966 for his presentation of the pop music series *A Whole Scene Going*.

"I had no intention of being a serious writer: it started to grow on its own. I had consciously re-read a lot of Chandler. It was the only kind of writing I wanted to do. I could write all my funny lines, and set it in the great age of the American dream—the later 1940s, with big swing bands, Lincoln convertibles with white-wall tyres, the post-war boom. I'm utterly hooked on it, its vulgarity, life and rottenness." His first novel *Mike Dime* went through six drafts but was accepted immediately, to his amazement, and has been translated into five languages since publication in 1980. At home in Clapham, he is hammering out a third. The jazz continues, but he has fallen deeply out of love with the act of painting.

NANCY DURRELL McKENNA

Evangelical superstar

by Ian Bradley

Most successful of the USA's television evangelists, Oral Roberts heads an expanding empire, employing more than 3,500 people in his evangelical organization in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

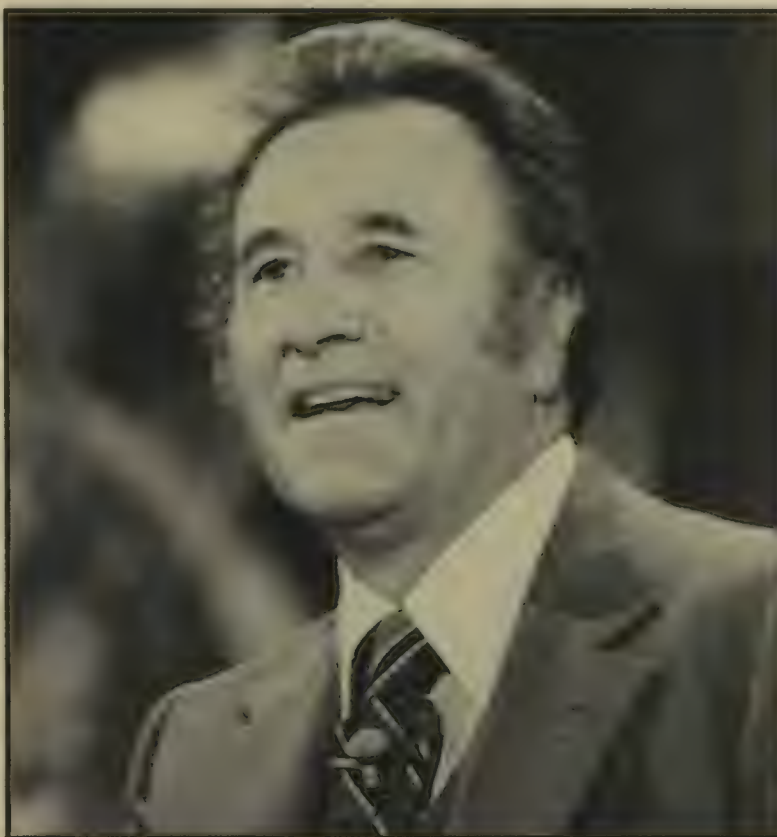
You cannot go far in America's "sun-belt" States without feeling the influence of born-again religion. Motels advertise Jesus's saving powers alongside hot water and video channels in every room. There is not even any escape by taking to the skies. Continental Airlines, which covers the mid-west, distributes a printed grace for passengers to use before and after their in-flight snacks.

Even by the general standards of middle-American fundamentalism there is something particularly striking about the Oral Roberts University and City of Faith Hospital on the edge of the booming oil town of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Housed in dramatic, futuristic buildings which contrast totally with the cheap, quick-build tower blocks which fill the rest of the region's skyline, these two institutions, dedicated respectively to the education of the whole man and the power of prayer in healing, stand as confident monuments to the influence of evangelical religion in contemporary America and to the considerable sums of money its citizens are willing to contribute to its promotion.

Oral Roberts is the most successful of the USA's "prime time" television evangelists. He is 64 and a grandfather of nine. His greying hair is carefully styled to give the impression of a still trendy, if mature, movie star. The son of an Oklahoma Baptist minister, he himself began as a pastor in the United Methodist Church before committing himself at 29 to a career as a faith healer. His healing crusades held in tents, first in the southern Bible belt States and later right across America, made him a national celebrity. Using the traditional method of laying on hands, he achieved spectacular results and extended his healing ministry through radio and television.

As well as being a charismatic and emotional preacher, Roberts, who like many native Oklahomans is of Indian descent, is also a considerable entrepreneur and communicator. He is on the board of the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company and the Bank of Oklahoma and is active in the Tulsa Rotary Club. His weekly networked television show, *Oral Roberts and You*, which is made in his own lavishly equipped studios on the Oral Roberts University campus, has a regular following of four million, and his television "specials" reach up to 64 million. From this audience, and from the one and a quarter million subscribers to his monthly magazine, *Abundant Life*, he gets a regular weekly income of \$10 million.

The money is needed to fund Roberts's expanding evangelistic empire. He employs more than 3,500



Top, Oral Roberts, preacher and entrepreneur. Above, the prayer tower, which stands in the centre of the campus, has a 24-hour prayer request phone-in centre.

people in his three major ventures, the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Organisation, the Oral Roberts University and the City of Faith Hospital. By 1988, when the hospital is expected to have grown to nearly 800 beds, with 80 floors of outpatient clinics and research laboratories, the total staff on the payroll will be more than 6,000.

Oral Roberts's many critics suggest that the whole enterprise is a gigantic ego-trip with every part focusing on his name and personality. There certainly seems an element of this at the University, where visitors are directed first to the Prayer Tower, a kind of space-age sacred mushroom which stands in the centre of the campus. Inside, they are treated to *Journey into Faith*, a 36-minute multi-media presentation of Roberts's life which can only be described as a spiritual version of the fair-ground ghost train. A series of electronically controlled doors silently and unnervingly open and close to guide visitors through dimly lit rooms in which the key moments in the evangelist's life are enacted, beginning with his deliverance from tuberculosis as a child in Oklahoma, and continuing through to his call to the healing ministry in 1947 and his subsequent rise to national fame. In the last room Roberts's disembodied voice calls on all those present to join hands and stand in a circle in prayer as the pre-recorded strains of angelic choirs rise around them and the images of men and women from every race and nation flash up on the darkened walls.

The upper floor of the Prayer Tower houses a 24-hour phone-in centre which receives 500,000 requests for prayers every year. It is manned by fully trained evangelists and by students taking part in one of the many activities which make life at the Oral Roberts University very different from that on the average American campus.

The student prospectus gushes with the confident language of born-again Christianity: "You'll receive a top-notch education at ORU. Even more, you'll discover the reality of Jesus Christ in you as you allow Him to develop your mind, your body and your spirit into a harmony of wholeness." Every course is linked to this central theme.

History students "learn how God has worked through the ages" and those doing modern languages practise their skills by going on one of the 25 overseas missions undertaken by the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Organisation. English students are promised: "You won't spend four years memorizing Shakespearean plays or



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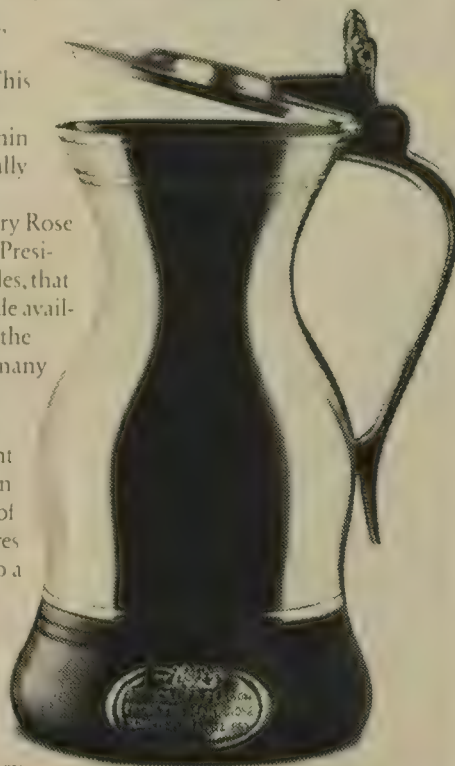
The flagons, authenticated by The Mary Rose Trust, will be faithful reproductions of the original taken aboard the ship. They will be perfect in every detail, right down to the recreation of the personal touch mark of the Tudor craftsman who made the original. Each will be handcast by traditional methods which have hardly changed since THE MARY ROSE set sail.

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diagramming sentences. Instead, you'll study under a faculty who know the beauty of a cloud, the wonder of a caterpillar, the marvel of human potential, the power of the Holy Spirit."

Corny and cloying as it may seem to the sceptical European mind, many American parents and their children like it. The University's 4,200 places are heavily over-subscribed and more than 80 per cent are taken up by those from outside Oklahoma. In the swing away from the permissive values of the 1960s and 70s, there are obvious attractions in an institution where there is compulsory attendance at chapel services and at physical fitness classes, curfews, a ban on smoking, drinking and the use of drugs, and a dress code (jacket and tie for men and skirts for women). That is quite apart from the less predictable benefits to be expected from a university whose motto is "The Expect-a-Miracle Campus".

The atmosphere on the immaculately clean and tidy campus is a strange mixture of cheerful serenity and sanctified smugness. Smiling students greet you wherever you go and direct you with almost over-extreme politeness to points of interest. These include the campus shop where you can buy records and cassettes featuring Oral Roberts and his son Richard, who is being groomed to take over the Organisation and who already has an extensive healing ministry among the sick.

The City of Faith is a direct extension of Oral Roberts's own life's work of healing through the power of prayer and opened last year on a site adjoining the University. In 35 years more than a million people have come to his healing meetings and many have apparently been cured by the power of faith. In the new hospital, doctors and nurses work alongside specially trained prayer partners to provide a healing team modelled by Roberts on the New Testament "team" of St Luke, the physician, and St Paul, the evangelist.

The physical appearance of the City of Faith is even more dramatic than that of the University. Three golden skyscrapers shimmer in the Oklahoma

sun. In front stands a 60-foot-high bronze sculpture of two praying hands. There is more symbolism in the layout of the grounds. A wide stream flows between two broad avenues to represent the River of Life in the City of God and trees have been planted along the banks to represent the Tree of Life.

The hospital has been deliberately designed to give a feeling of openness and spaciousness. Each floor is built around a large and lofty atrium decorated with religious murals. In the middle is a communications centre, where messages for patients and medical staff are taken, with a replica of the Prayer Tower at the back and a prayer room adjoining. A 13-storey, glassed-in visitors' building at the front of the hospital is lavishly provided with trees, fountains and sitting areas. Two auditoria provide a continuous audio-visual programme, including a 30-minute multi-media presentation which takes the visitor into a typical patient's room.

Patients are also provided with the latest in video technology. Each room has a television set. In the words of Oral Roberts, "If you are scheduled to have surgery the following day, I want you to be able to tune in to a tape of your physician explaining exactly what is going to happen. He will actually take you, by means of television, on the same journey you will take when you have surgery." Those of a squeamish disposition are offered "faith building programs from ORU featuring Oral Roberts teaching about healing and the Holy Spirit" as an alternative.

There is much embarrassment about both the Oral Roberts University and the City of Faith among the more liberally minded of Tulsa's inhabitants. They would prefer overseas visitors to think of the area as one with a rich and diverse cultural tradition stemming from its strong Indian roots, and a booming future based on oil-related industries, rather than as the home of extreme religious conservatism. For many local people, however, Oral Roberts's two institutions are a source of considerable pride. They are also among the top tourist attractions in Oklahoma. So they should be, for they say a lot more about the mood of contemporary middle America than most other places on the visitors' circuit.



A student hall on the immaculately clean and tidy campus.

The chronicler of Barset

by John Woolford

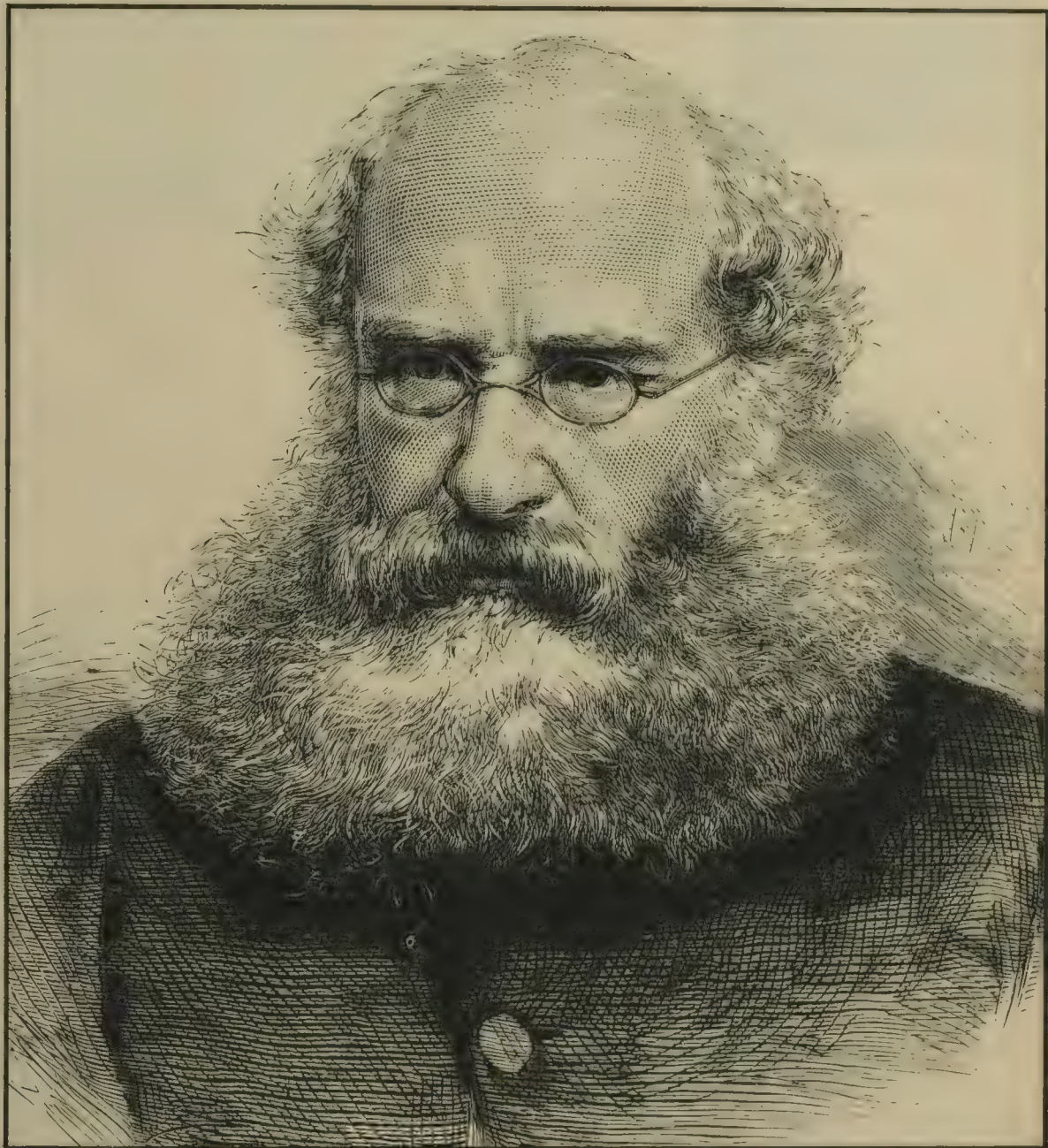
Anthony Trollope, who died 100 years ago, is rightly remembered best as the creator of Barsetshire and the Pallisers—but he was more than a novelist.

Anthony Trollope, who died a century ago on December 6, wrote novels but was not just a novelist. He introduced the pillar-box to English streets and negotiated treaties with foreign post offices. He wrote books about North America, Australia and New Zealand, the West Indies and South Africa. In Victorian England a successful novelist was expected to do more than just write novels.

Among his contemporaries George Augustus Sala thought him “crusty, quarrelsome, wrong-headed, prejudiced, obstinate, kind-hearted and thoroughly honest old Anthony Trollope”. His opinions could be ferocious, and he dismissed his chief at the GPO, Sir Rowland Hill, as “entirely unfit to manage men or to arrange labour”. Of American women he wrote savagely that when they were present, “I have entertained on sundry occasions that sort of feeling . . . which the close vicinity of an unclean animal produces”. Yet it was he who wrote so tolerantly of the character of the prostitute Carry Brattle in *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, and who believed that ignorance of her way of life may have been no good thing even among his gently nurtured readers.

It is surprising that Trollope became the epitome of common sense, for his early life was grotesquely unhappy. Born on April 24, 1815, in Keppel Street, Russell Square, into a large and fairly prosperous family, Anthony Trollope soon found himself bereft of both family and prosperity. Like so many Victorian families, the Trollopes were to be cursed with tuberculosis, and two of Anthony's brothers and three sisters were to die of it. Mental decay was added to physical in the case of Anthony's father, who abused with insane rudeness the clients of his legal practice, effectively ruining it. Finally he so offended a wealthy and childless uncle that the elderly gentleman married unexpectedly and produced a large family, thus ruining Mr Trollope's expectations.

The resulting poverty shattered the family and they left Keppel Street to live in a series of farmhouses on Lord Northwick's property at Harrow. One of them, Julian's Hill, was drawn by John Millais and used as the frontispiece for *Orley Farm*, published in 1862. Anthony and his brothers went to Harrow school until they were 12, then to Winchester. Poverty forced them back to Harrow as day pupils, and during one period of parental neglect Anthony spent one entire summer holiday in his father's empty Lincoln's Inn chambers, reading Shakespeare.



“I was big and awkward, and ugly, and, I have no doubt, skulked about in a most unattractive manner,” he wrote in his autobiography 50 years later. In another passage he wrote, “There had clung to me a feeling that I had been looked upon always as an evil, an encumbrance, a useless thing—as a creature of whom those connected with him had to be ashamed.” The habit of self-pity acquired so early stayed with him for the rest of his life.

The main trouble was the restless flitting about of his chattering mother, Fanny Trollope, who in a mood of absurdity had set off for the settlement for freed slaves in Nashoba, Tennessee, where she hoped to run a shop for their benefit. For a short time she did indeed run a shop, but not conspicuously for

anyone's benefit, and in 1831 she returned to England, trailing her husband and her eldest son Tom with her.

She then wrote a splendidly irresponsible and entertaining book *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*, which did almost as much damage to relations between America and Britain as did the 1956 Suez crisis. Her descriptions of the use of the spittoon in the States brought a new verb into transatlantic English—to trollope. She made £900 from the book, and later wrote a string of novels and travel books that were more highly thought of in her day than they are now.

Anthony thought her an “unselfish, affectionate and most industrious woman . . . But she was neither clear-headed nor accurate,” and, “of reason-

ing from causes I think that she knew nothing.” Tom, the favourite, disagreed, and was to be tied to his mother for the rest of her life.

Anthony's refuge was in a dream world. “I was always going about with some castle in the air built within my mind . . . For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on the same tale . . . Nothing impossible was ever introduced.” It was a refuge from the real world, and it is no wonder Henry James thought his “first, his inestimable merit was a complete appreciation of the usual.” Nathaniel Hawthorne thought Trollope's tales of worldly clergymen and mercenary upper class families were “written on the strength of beef and through the



The chronicler of Basset

inspiration of ale."

Fanny Trollope stirred herself to get him a lowly clerk's job in 1834 in the GPO, after discarding the idea of buying him a commission in the Austrian army. Even in London Anthony was still lonely, particularly as his father had been whisked off to Bruges in Belgium just ahead of possible imprisonment for debt. The old man was to die in Bruges.

In 1841 Anthony went to Ireland as clerk to one of the post office surveyors. The new secretary to the GPO in London, Colonel Maberley, sent a helpful note to his opposite number in Dublin, informing him Anthony Trollope was worthless and would have to be sacked. This opinion may have owed something to Maberley's having had a bottle of ink spattered over him by young Anthony during a row.

Anthony was becoming a cantankerous, abusive and thoroughly efficient civil servant who did not allow his genuine affection for the Irish to stop him bullying those who had the misfortune to work under him. Once he bullied a rural postmaster in Galway into showing him how the accounts were kept. The newly enlightened Trollope found a mistake in them, and sacked his tutor. When an urgent inquiry about a valuable missing letter arrived, Trollope set off in the small hours to rouse from his slumbers the suspected culprit, another rural postmaster. In front of the man's bleary eyes Trollope kicked open his desk and found the missing letter. On another occasion he threw a priest out of a hotel room, and spent the rest of the night in the lock-up for it. Later Trollope and the priest became close friends.

Trollope did not only behave like a sham Irishman while in Ireland. He wrote his first two novels, which were failures; he got married; and he started hunting. We owe a great debt to Mrs Rose Trollope, for she transcribed most of his 47 novels in decent handwriting for the publishers. As befitted his bellicose character, Trollope had handwriting that Thomas Hardy would have called a line of chain shot and sandbags.

Back in England in 1851 Trollope

reorganized the postal service of the West Country and South Wales, and in 1852 installed the first pillar-box in Jersey. More important, while walking in Salisbury Close one evening the idea for the plot of *The Warden* came to him, and Barchester was born. Despite its early lack of success, *The Warden* introduced Victorians to some of the most splendid characters in fiction, and one of the most splendid fictitious counties, Bassetshire. Apart from the figure of Parson Trulliber in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* there had been few attempts to show clergymen as self-seeking human beings before Trollope.

The Barchester novels made Trollope's name, and still give us a remarkable view of the Church of England's servants protecting themselves in the ecclesiastical rat-race. Bishop Proudie suffers from a nagging wife, while Archdeacon Grantly schemes in the most ordinary manner to safeguard his own interests and the interests of his friends. In *Barchester Towers*, published in 1857, Trollope interjected himself almost as another actor in the drama, telling the reader not to be under any misapprehension, for "It is not destined that Eleanor shall marry Mr Slope or Bertie Stanhope", and near the end of the book the reader is told somewhat startlingly that the author is "in want of another dozen pages, and that I am sick with cudgeling my brains to find them". Henry James remarked that Balzac would have no more admitted to his readers that he was deceiving them than Garrick would have taken off his disguise in front of the footlights, but Trollope was always obstinately different.

Certainly he lived with his characters, and claimed he knew every building in Bassetshire. "I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with my pen in my hand, and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel." James Pope-Hennessy, the best of Trollope's biographers, pointed out that there was precious little in this of his repeated assertion that writing novels was as simple as cobbling. It may be that Trollope insisted on the simplicity of his writing from the deep feeling of inferiority instilled in him during his youth when only failure was expected of him.

He wrote at terrific speed, and said once that bliss was having 12 days work to do with only six days in which to do it. He wrote the third Barchester novel, *Dr Thorne*, in 1858 while travelling to Egypt to negotiate a postal treaty, and began *The Bertrams* the day after *Dr Thorne* was finished. Both manuscripts were sent back to Rose for transcription for the publishers.

In 1862 Trollope was elected to the Garrick Club, with Thackeray as one of his proposers. At that time Trollope was arguing bitterly with Sir Rowland Hill at the GPO, and he never appreciated the excellence of Hill's introduction of the postage stamp. Trollope was popular at the Garrick, despite his tendency to shout. Once he and

William Russell, the correspondent of *The Times*, bellowed so much at each other during an ordinary conversation that other members threatened to call the police. The story goes that Trollope once strode into a meeting at the GPO and roared at the previous speaker, "I differ from you entirely. What was it you said?"

The first of his travel books, *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, was published after his visit to the West Indies on post office business in 1858. In it he propounded the startling idea that slavery was the will of God, and then concluded more sensibly that coloured people would rule those islands one day. The historian Froude dismissed Trollope's "banging about the world" as of no importance, but his travel books are still useful to the historian.

His book *South Africa* was published in 1878, a year after his visit to that country, and the whole two volumes were written on the ship's journey home. Lord Carnarvon, Disraeli's Colonial Secretary, was trying to federate South Africa and had brought most of the country under British control by annexing the Transvaal in 1877. Trollope saw that a visit to the country at such a vital time in its history would enable him to write another travel book. He shrewdly arranged for the book to be published by Tauchnitz in Germany as well as by Chapman & Hall in England, a move that safeguarded Continental copyright. The Tauchnitz edition was a cheap one, and was also printed in English.

His main conclusions about South Africa were that federation was impossible without the Orange Free State, and that South Africa was really a country of black men. Carnarvon was impressed by Trollope's bleak opinions and often invited him to Highclere, where they would quote Latin tags at each other. On that quirk may be blamed Trollope's unsuccessful and unhappy *Life of Cicero*.

Trollope's happiest years were spent at Waltham House in Hertfordshire from 1859 to 1871. He set up offices in the house where his GPO clerks could work, and nothing interfered with his terrific output of novels. His retainer Barney Macintyre would call him in the morning with a cup of coffee, winter or summer, so that he could be at his desk by 5am. Between 1864 and 1880 he wrote not only the six Palliser novels but also 18 others, as well as travel books on North America (after a visit in 1861-62), Australia and New Zealand (1,200 pages) and South Africa. He still found time to hunt with the Essex meets and, in 1868, to pay a return visit to America to negotiate a postal treaty despite having left the GPO in the previous year.

His political novels are as well known as those of Bassetshire, and Trollope himself tried to get into Parliament in 1868 as a Liberal. In *Can You Forgive Her?* (1864) there is a ruminating passage about the entrance to the House of Commons: "It is the only gate

before which I have ever stood filled with envy—sorrowing to think my steps might never pass under it."

It is not for politics that one reads the Palliser novels today, although that part of them dealing with decimal currency is still almost topical. Rather do they provide us with a flat and unpolished view of Victorian society. In *Can You Forgive Her?* the unforgettable Glencora Palliser teeters on the edge of running away with Burgo Fitzgerald from a dangerously neglectful husband, just as Louisa Bounderby had teetered on a similar edge with James Harthouse in *Hard Times* ten years before. The difference between Trollope and Dickens was that Trollope did not create caricatures, and his stern delineation of upper class people who married for money or contemplated adultery in cold blood was mildly shocking to readers over a century ago.

Trollope's dislike of the grotesque sprang from the grotesqueness of his upbringing. He feared the unreal, and only John Millais satisfied him as an illustrator. Hablot Browne (Phiz) suited Dickens, but Trollope was furious with the results when Phiz illustrated *Can You Forgive Her?* He wrote to his publishers, "I think you would possibly find no worse illustrator than H. Browne . . . I cannot think that his work can add any value at all to any book."

Still, he was not unappreciative of the work of others; he thought George Eliot's work had qualities entitling her to comparison with Shakespeare. For her part, she thought him "the most genuine, moral and generous of men", although she was horrified at his writing a whole page of foolscap every quarter of an hour.

In 1876 Trollope wrote his autobiography, which was published posthumously; devastatingly honest in parts, it is self-derisive with its insistence on writing being an artisan's trade needing no more skill than cobbling. He was far more than a cobbler, and far more unpredictable as an artist than he wanted people to believe. His vastly long novels—*He Knew He Was Right* had 99 chapters—will always rank behind those of Dickens as they ignored the social questions that fascinated Dickens, but as sober studies of calculation among the upper classes they stand supreme. When Tolstoy described *The Prime Minister*, the second last of the political novels, as beautiful he knew what he was talking about.

In Florence in 1860 Trollope met the highly strung American writer Kate Field, who thought him a delightful companion. Although he never agreed with her ideas on the emancipation of women, their strange friendship endured. He never slept with her, a fact that tells us as much about him as anything does. He once wrote to Alfred Austin that he could "fall in love with a young woman just as readily as ever; as she doesn't want me, I don't—but I could!" He observed the proprieties; and he gave his readers an unmatched view of them as well. ●

London's bridges by Edna Lumb 12: Albert Bridge



Albert Bridge.

Edna Lumb

Named in memory of the Prince Consort, the Albert Bridge was opened without ceremony in 1873 and was Chelsea's last toll bridge. It was built by Rowland Mason Ordish, whose suspension bridge design followed a principle invented by him and successfully applied in the building of a bridge across the Moldau in Prague.

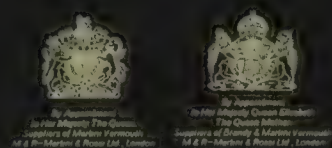
Covent Garden anniversary



To mark the 250th anniversary of the opening on December 7, 1732, of the first of the various theatres that have stood on the Covent Garden site the Royal Academy is holding a retrospective exhibition from December 7 to February 6. It will illustrate two and a half centuries of opera, ballet and drama seen through the artist's eye, with a selection of portraits of great performers associated with Covent Garden, many from private collections. The exhibition will be mounted in the four private rooms of Burlington House. The section in the Michelangelo Tondo Gallery will be devoted to the Georgian playhouse and its beginnings (1732-92), and will include works by Hogarth, Gainsborough and Zoffany. The Reynolds Room will contain portraits by Reynolds, Maclise and Clint and three portraits of Kemble by Lawrence. Drawings and caricatures, including some by Rowlandson and Cruikshank, and architects' plans dating from 1792 to 1846, will also be displayed. Nearly a century (1847-1945) of dancers and singers, including Winterhalter's portrait of Patti, will be on show in the Council Room, and in the Saloon personalities and achievements of the post-war period (1946-82) will be illustrated, many in photographs.



Top, a scene from Garrick's *Miss in Her Teens*, engraving by Charles Mosley, 1747. Far left, *George Frideric Handel* by Philip Mercier, c. 1735/6; left, *John Sims Reeves as Fra Diavolo* by Alessandro Ossani, 1863; above, *Giulia Grisi* by François Bouchot, 1840 (all details).



There's an art in picking the right one.

To the palate of the true connoisseur, there is nothing quite like Martini's unique combination of the choicest wines and herbs. It is inimitable. Irresistible. And absolutely right.



The Queen in the South Pacific

The Queen's four-week tour of Australia and the Pacific took her to some of the remotest and most colourful corners of the Commonwealth. Tuvalu received her for the first time, while in Fiji, her last port of call, the Queen became the first monarch to open the Great Council of Chiefs.

Dec 82



REX FEATURES

Tribal dancers, heavily painted and wearing ornate head-dresses, welcomed the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in Port Moresby, capital of Papua New Guinea, at the start of their Pacific tour.



REX FEATURES



REX FEATURES



REX FEATURES



TIM GRAHAM

The Queen's visit to Honiara, capital of the Solomon Islands, included a tour of the Central Hospital, left, and entertainment by dance groups at the sports ground.



TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM

Making the first visit by a British monarch to Nauru, the smallest member nation of the Commonwealth, the Queen attended a garden party at State House. Above left, the royal yacht *Britannia* lying off the island, framed by part of the phosphate workings which supply its wealth; left, some of the 7,000-strong population.



THE GILBERT ISLANDS



THE GILBERT ISLANDS

Members of the Gilbert Islands Special Force paraded before the Queen and Prince Philip in Tarawa, formerly part of the Gilbert Islands but now one of the 28-island Kiribati group. During her stay the Queen visited the King George V School where she named a library and watched stick dancing from under a bread fruit tree.



THE GILBERT ISLANDS



REPRESENTATIVES

The Queen arrived in Tuvalu in a canoe. Once ashore she was carried by islanders in the specially decorated craft through crowds to the meeting house where the official welcome took place. Later she and Prince Philip attended a South Sea Island feast.



MINIATURE



MINIATURE



REPRESENTATIVES



MINIATURE



REPRESENTATIVES

At Fiji, the last stop on the royal tour, the Queen was given a numbing concoction called Kava to drink, traditionally made by Fijians from the root of the Kava tree, left and the whole nation demonstrated its devoted loyalty to the Crown.

King's College appeal to restore chapel

King's College, Cambridge, which was founded by Henry VI in 1446, is launching its first public appeal to raise the £1 million needed to restore the exterior fabric of its most treasured and best-known possession, the chapel—renowned both as a supreme example of late medieval architecture and as a centre of fine music.

The chapel, whose foundation stone was laid by the young king in 1446, was the only building of the original design to be completed, though the work dragged on for nearly 100 years and was not finished until the reign of Henry VIII. Evidence of the delay in construction can still be seen in the exterior walls today, where the original white magnesian limestone (which came from Yorkshire) gives way to the oolitic limestones from Northamptonshire and Rutland used in the later construction.

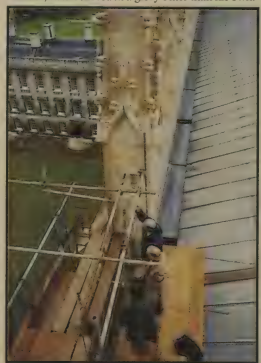
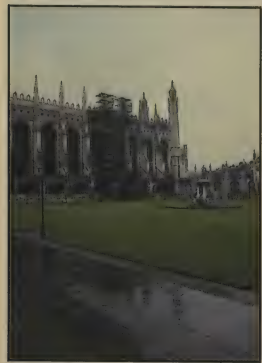
By 1461 the chapel had been built to a height of about 60 feet at the east end, but it sloped away to no more than 8 feet at the west. The Wars of the Roses, during the course of which Henry VI was deposed, interrupted the work, which was not renewed until 1476. There was a further halt of more than 20 years following the Battle of Bosworth, until Henry VII visited Cambridge and undertook to see the building finished. He died before it was, but his promise was fulfilled by his son, the stonework, including the interior fan vaulting, being completed in 1515 and the finishing touches, including the finely carved wooden choir stalls, by about 1533.

During the past five centuries the stonework has been considerably eroded, and the decay no doubt increased substantially in the 19th century when the industrial growth of Cambridge caused greater atmospheric pollution. About 50 years ago some parts of the decayed stone were repaired with artificial or reconstituted stone, but this has not weathered

well and some 10 years ago the college's architect, Sir Martyn Beckett, reported that the deterioration was so extensive that further piecemeal repairs had become impractical.

As a result a programme of restoration was begun in 1973. Using Clipsham stone, one of the limestones used in the original building, the parapets above the roof have been taken down and restored to gutter level, and the balustrades, pinnacles and much of the exterior heraldic and other design work have been reconstructed. About two bays have been completed each year. Five on the south side have still to be done, together with the turrets on the east and west ends.

Costs have risen steeply since the work began. So far the work has been financed by King's out of its own funds, much of it from the accumulated income of trust funds reserved to provide for the maintenance and repairs of the chapel. These reserves have now been exhausted. The college receives no public funds for the upkeep of the chapel, nor does it make a charge to the hundreds of thousands of visitors who come to it each year. To complete the restoration, and to establish a fund that will help to provide for future maintenance and repairs, the college authorities are appealing for £1 million, of which about half has already been raised from former members of the college and some companies and trusts. They hope that the rest will come from members of the public who recognize the chapel's special musical and historical significance. From a distance it may indeed look like an upturned sow, but there is no doubting its importance to the national heritage. No other college has a chapel built on the scale of a cathedral. It can accommodate 1,800 people, although at the time of its construction the college had no more than 70 scholars. The explanation lies in the piety of its founder, who believed in a glory other than his own.



Above left, the south side of King's College Chapel, begun in 1446 but not finished for nearly 100 years. It is 289 feet long, 94 feet high and 40 feet wide; above right, scaffolding on the southern side of the chapel, with part of Gibbs's building in the background; top right, looking along the roof towards the pinnacles, which have yet to be repaired, of the western end; right, work in progress on one of the pinnacles along the parapet on the southern side. Masons are able to work on the building itself only in the summer.

Top, a damaged heraldic beast which decorated one of the buttresses now displayed inside the Chapel and, centre, its new replacement in position; above, a new decorative scroll; left, a replacement gargoye for one of those badly worn, above left, under the parapet.

A close-up photograph of a bottle of Antique Fine Champagne Cognac. The bottle is made of clear glass and is partially filled with a golden-brown liquid. The main label is rectangular and features the words "ANTIQUE" and "FINE" in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below this, in smaller text, it says "Tres Vieille" and "Fine Champagne Cognac". There is also a smaller, circular label on the neck of the bottle with the word "FINE" visible. In the foreground, a small, elegant glass filled with the same golden liquid is partially visible. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some indistinct shapes and colors.

HINE
connoisseurs'
cognac

LOUIS HEREN'S URBAN RIDES : 3

Glasgow

Photographs by Ian Howes

Glasgow began a few hours after the train had left Euston when a neatly dressed man of about 30 entered the first-class carriage. The trim moustache suggested that he could be an army sergeant on leave, one of the new generation of skilled professionals, except that he had a half-emptied bottle of whisky in one hand and two cans of beer in the other. His eyes had a wild look, and as we approached the border they grew wilder.

He spoke aggressively, spraying out words like a machine-gun; and difficult to understand as his Glaswegian was, he seemed to be saying that when the train reached Glasgow Central we should go to Easterhouse which had some grand pubs. Friendly pubs, where the punters would sooner buy you a drink than slash you.

By this time the other passengers were stirring uneasily, and I was rescued by a member of a prominent Glasgow law firm. The rescue attempt was only partly successful against the counter-attack of expletives, and eventually the train made an emergency stop at a station just north of Carlisle where policemen were waiting to take the man into custody.

He was one of the city's hard men, said another, respectable, Glaswegian as if that explained everything. Toughness was part of the local folklore, added a third; they projected their masculinity with aggressive speech. It was quite harmless except when they had the drink in them; then anything could happen, said a fourth.

It is always reassuring when a city lives up to its reputation, but he was the only hard man I knowingly met during my visit. Glasgow is indeed no mean city, but not because of the razor gangs who terrorized the Gorbals in the book of that name.

Central Glasgow has the air of a great city, with its fine stores and bookshops and the Scottish Opera at the Theatre Royal. *The Glasgow Herald*, which celebrates its bicentenary next year, is a lively and well-informed newspaper. The streets have style, and some of them are as excitingly steep as San Francisco's, without the cable cars.

From the top, say where St Vincent and Blythswood Streets meet, you can see green hills on both sides of the city. You then understand how the city may have acquired its name; in one interpretation the Celts, who first emerged from the forests, called it Glasghu, meaning "dear, green place".

Despite some official vandalism, central Glasgow is handsome, with sandstone buildings of classical proportions. I bumped into people at first because I could not keep my eyes off the

façades, mostly pale sandstone but some red and more ornate. The buildings of Charles Rennie Mackintosh and Alexander Thomson are still there to be admired, as is Templeton's carpet factory, a replica of the Doge's Palace. Other areas are not as salubrious, but Hillhead has as many elegant terraces as Bath. It looks like claret-drinking country; no wonder Roy Jenkins won his by-election with such a handsome majority.

The hard man nevertheless best personifies Glasgow. Not the one I met on the train, although his like are still very much part of the city, but its creators. Their spirit permeates the official history *Glasgow—the first 800 years*. Here are some examples:

"Glasgow had no birthright. It is a self-made city, conceived with almost no natural advantages or the patronage of princes . . . As a place on the colder

edge of Europe, it first made its trade with the world and only then created within itself a port where no natural port had previously existed . . . The River Clyde did not make the city; the city made the Clyde by sound engineering and hard labour . . .

"It stamped its identity in iron on the machines and locomotives of the new, industrialized countries as well as the old . . . A Glasgow shipowner, answering a complaint from a foreign competitor that he was spreading his empire too far, snapped: 'Being from Glasgow, I can go where I like. I'd open a line to Hell, if I wasn't sure you had an agent there already'."

Splendid stuff, and with the ring of truth. I have met Glaswegians all over the world; manning the engine rooms of Clyde-built ships, and running tin mines in Malaysia and—with men from Dundee—jute mills in Bangla-

desh. When I first visited Dacca, industry was at a standstill because they were celebrating Hogmanay, and the drinking went on for a week.

Glaswegians built railways and bridges in India, Africa and Latin America, and wherever they went they left behind a little of their city's ethos. They helped to Christianize Africa, and ran hospitals and banks wherever the Union flag flew. Their infantrymen were the Gurkhas of the British army, and 200,000 Glaswegians served overseas in the Second World War.

There was a time when Glasgow claimed to be the second city of the Empire, greater than Calcutta, Cape Town, Melbourne and Montreal, and it was not an idle boast. The British Empire would have been very different without the hard men of Glasgow.

The heroic period passed, alas, and the population declined from more than one million to fewer than 800,000. It is still falling. At City Chambers, an Italian Renaissance pile with the original Venetian glass windows still intact, I was told that Glasgow was in an agony of change. Much of the heavy engineering had gone and shipbuilding was greatly reduced. Unemployment had reached tragic proportions. In other words, Glasgow had also contributed to the decline of Britain, and for reasons distressingly similar.

As in Birmingham, the unions helped to destroy the jobs they were supposed to defend, by unnecessary strikes, over-manning and bad work practices. And as in Manchester, managements assumed for too long that they could perpetuate their global near-monopoly of basic industries. They were ill-prepared to switch to new industries and unwilling to modernize their own because of union opposition. Jimmy Reid, who remains a folk hero, appeared to turn the clock back when he forced the government to keep Upper Clyde Shipbuilders open but it was a brief victory.

Glasgow was also the birthplace of the Red Clyde, a name which may still deter some businessmen from investing in the area. The Red Flag was raised outside City Chambers in 1919, and the terrified authorities ordered baton charges against the masses of cloth-capped men. Several of the leaders were detained until fear of revolution ebbed.

In fact, the city did not have a long history of political radicalism. Skilled shipworkers were loth to join trade unions until the First World War, when massive orders led to the dilution of skilled labour and wage differentials. The old Independent Labour Party and not the communists provided most of the leadership, and since the



High-rise blocks of flats dominate the Gorbals.

Glasgow

ILP lost its independent status the city's council has been more or less solidly Labour since the early 30s.

There was cause for radical reform if not revolution. Social conditions in Scotland were always worse than in England, and worse in Glasgow than in the rest of Scotland. For reasons still not fully understood Glaswegians preferred to live in tenements, many of them with only one room, a cupboard bed, stove and kitchen sink. The latter was used for several purposes because each landing had only one lavatory.

Few working-class families moved out to the suburbs between the wars, although as in England skilled men could afford a semi. The tenements were close to the shipyards and other places of work, the community spirit was strong and the streets lively. Glaswegians were also used to low rents.

The precarious balance between cohesiveness and gross over-crowding was upset when earlier tens of thousands of Irishmen and Highlanders made homeless by the clearances crowded into the city. They took to whisky as London's poor took to gin, and the violence which such conditions nurtured was exacerbated by religious intolerance.

In the early days Irish Catholics were victims of discrimination worse than anything suffered since by black immigrants to Britain. Glasgow now has 300,000 Roman Catholics and they are accepted, although Scottish bigotry is still evident. About 35,000 Protestants joined in an Orange march last year.

Glasgow never really recovered from this influx. A sustained effort was made to clear the slums, but the vast and soulless housing estates have bred a new kind of violence. Vandalism costs the city millions of pounds every year. Families are still forced out of their homes; alcoholism has increased sixfold in the past two decades.

Easterhouse is typical of the one-class ghettos on the city's outskirts. It is an estate of 50,000 people—the population of Perth—and was built with few amenities. The incidence of unemployment is 30 per cent, twice that of the Strathclyde region, and reaches 60 per cent in some neighbourhoods. Broken and one-parent families are numerous, and one in two teenagers sniff glue.

Other housing estates are just as desperate. The most deprived neighbourhood is said to be Penny Crescent in the city's East End. Social workers regard it as a textbook example of multiple deprivation, although one resident said, "The only social workers we see are in Panda cars going at 60mph." Unemployment is 70 per cent and vandalism cost £250,000 to repair last year.

But Glasgow is not a desperate city ripe for revolution, perhaps because too few middle-class families live within its limits to produce a cadre of young, pampered Trotskyists as in the south. It calls itself the friendly city, which it is, although some of the humours and the pungent variety which made Billy Con-

nolly famous.

The solicitor Ross Harper said that Glasgow was as law-abiding as London or any other big city. His partnership, Ross Harper & Murphy, has the largest criminal practice in Scotland and is organized for what he described as volume production. It has 14 shopfront offices which look rather like betting shops and raised an eyebrow or two at the Law Society, but he insisted that a high crime rate was not responsible for his expanding turnover. He had only taken the law to the people.

As for violence, there were no race riots last year, although the city has a large and growing Pakistani population, said to be well integrated, which is represented on the District Council. This could explain the absence of rioting, but I heard other explanations.

One man said that Glaswegians expended so much energy in ancestral strife that they were immune to new fashions from south of the Border. The institutionalized violence of the Rangers and Celtic football games was enough even for a hard man in his cups. Another said that few West Indians had settled in Glasgow, and wondered why. He added that they would have enjoyed its rumbustious life.

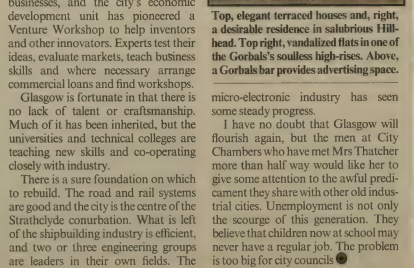
It is certainly not a city without hope. For instance, when the Abbey National Building Society opened a branch office in Easterhouse it was quickly besieged by small investors. The council has also made imaginative efforts to undo some of the damage done when it built those vast estates in a desperate effort to provide housing at almost any cost. Amenities are slowly being introduced into the estates. The old socialist prejudice against private development has largely foundered against the hard rock of experience, and land has been released for private development.

A "homesteading" scheme, under which the council makes vandalized flats wind-proof and watertight and then sells them at a discount to first-time home-buyers, has been successful in neighbourhoods where it had been impossible to let flats to council tenants. Banks and building societies have provided some loans and mortgages.

This and more suggests that Glaswegians are not so very different from the people of the south-east when the tribal mould is at least partially broken. Their innate Scottish respectability has not been diluted by the Irish. The vast majority appear to be anxious to join the bourgeois world portrayed on their television screens.

Even the unions now tend to accept compromise in place of confrontation. Clydeport, unlike the ports of Liverpool and London, makes a modest profit in part because it has been allowed drastically to reduce the work force. Statistics indicate that Glasgow loses fewer working days because of strikes than does the rest of Scotland.

Tourism earned the city about £50 million last year. The attractions of central Glasgow and the surrounding countryside were the lure, but it does



suggest that outsiders are no longer afraid of the city's old reputation for violence.

The changes at City Chambers have been fundamental. The Labour group, which dominates the district council, has not forgotten the old socialist dreams but they no longer shape the agenda. The grandsons of the men who raised the Red Flag in 1919 now accept that the city cannot be revived without private enterprise. They depend a great deal upon the Scottish Development Agency, but are determined to pull Glasgow up by its boot straps. Thatcherism is still a dirty word, but some of the lessons of Blessed Margaret have been accepted.

They share her enthusiasm for small businesses, and the city's economic development unit has pioneered a Venture Workshop to help inventors and other innovators. Experts test their ideas, evaluate markets, teach business skills and where necessary arrange commercial loans and find workshops.

Glasgow is fortunate in that there is no lack of talent or craftsmanship. Much of it has been inherited, but the universities and technical colleges are teaching new skills and co-operating closely with industry.

There is a sure foundation on which to rebuild. The road and rail systems are good and the city is the centre of the Strathclyde conurbation. What is left of the shipbuilding industry is efficient, and two or three engineering groups are leaders in their own fields. The



micro-electronic industry has seen some steady progress.

I have no doubt that Glasgow will flourish again, but the men at City Chambers who have met Mrs Thatcher more than half way would like her to give some attention to the awful predicament they share with other old industrial cities. Unemployment is not only the scourge of this generation. They believe that children now at school may never have a regular job. The problem is too big for city councils.

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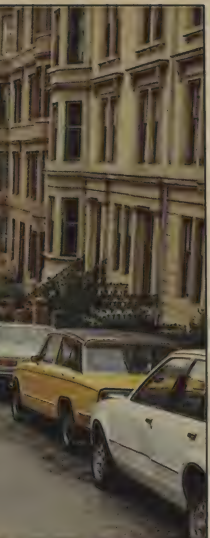
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PEOPLE WHO DRINK BEEFEATER
AREN'T GREEN ABOUT GIN.



Prints of old London

Historical London has been well served by illustrators, particularly those of the 19th century, when steel engravings came into commercial use. Most of these topographical prints were published originally in books, but to satisfy the demands of collectors the books have often since been broken up, and it has become increasingly difficult to identify the original source of many illustrations. A new book, *London Illustrated 1604-1851*, provides a survey and index of topographical books and their plates published during this period, and reproduced here are some of its illustrations. The book, compiled by Bernard Adams, is to be published in a limited edition next month by Library Association Publishing, price £68.



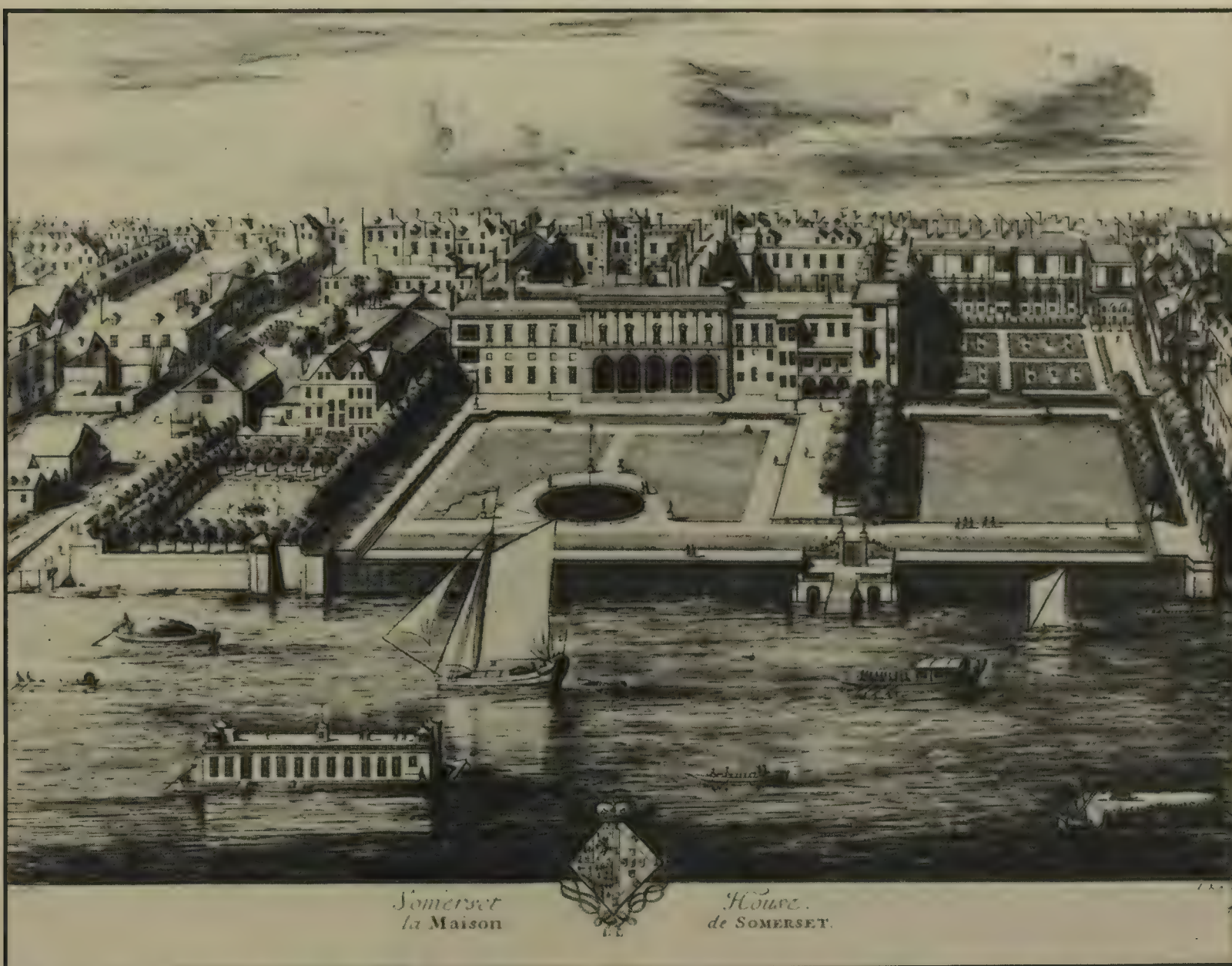
Top, Whitehall Palace before the fire of 1698, from a book of prints by the Amsterdam engraver and publisher Johannes de Ram. King William and Queen Mary are conspicuously enthroned in the royal barge. Above, Hollar's engraving, the most familiar of eight London views dated 1647, of the Palace of Westminster showing St Stephen's Chapel, the Hall and the Abbey with only rudimentary western towers. Hollar's works are the beginnings of the tradition of English topographical drawings.



Seven triumphal arches were erected by Stephen Harrison to welcome King James I on his first long-delayed formal entry to his new capital in 1604, and engravings of them were made by William Kip. This detail comes from the model of the city from St Bride's Church in the west to Fishmongers' Hall in the east, viewed from the south bank of the river, which crowned the first of the triumphal arches, which spanned Fenchurch Street.



The Pool of London, one of William Parrott's set of lithographs, published in 1841 by Henry Brooks and Hanhart, showing the Thames from Chelsea to Greenwich. This view looks towards London Bridge, with paddle steamers and bumboats mingling with fishing smacks, barges and merchant ships. In the background are St Paul's, the Monument, the church of St Dunstan in the East, and the Tower.



Old Somerset House, the palace of Queen Catherine of Braganza, drawn by the Dutch artist Leonard Knyff and engraved by Johannes Kip in about 1707 for Joseph Smith's *Nouveau Théâtre de la Grande Bretagne*, which also had the Latin/English title of *Britannia Illustrata*. Moored in the left foreground is the houseboat or "Folly" which provided music, drink and prostitutes.

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A new plan for the Channel

by John Winton

A powerful consortium has been formed to push for the early construction of a bridge-and-tunnel crossing of the Channel. It is seen as a fillip to trade and the economy, and would be privately financed.

Over the past 180 years the Channel Tunnel has become one of those long-running news sagas. Like the Loch Ness monster it is glimpsed from time to time but then disappears, and like the Abominable Snowman it may be there, but it is certainly a long way off. There is something about the Channel Tunnel which seems to determine normal standards of commercial and political judgment. Never have so many hard-headed engineers and businessmen fostered so many fantastic schemes. Never have so many perfectly practical proposals foundered under such irrational objections.

The idea goes back to Napoleon, which may explain the longstanding British suspicion of it. We have always believed that the English Channel had one main purpose: to keep the French in their proper place, 20 miles away, across a stretch of water. The prospect of a hole in the ground near the white cliffs of Dover, vomiting out a stream of armed Frenchmen led by the ruffianly Bonaparte, has haunted the British imagination.

The French have always been in favour of the tunnel—another reason for British suspicion. Over the years they have been astonishingly obliging and conciliatory, considering that most advantages would be on the British side. A rail tunnel, for instance, would open the British rail system to the whole Continent. It would give the French access only to British Rail.

In 1906, the French agreed to an absurd extra viaduct, curving out to sea. This was like offering an exposed artery to an opponent's knife as British warships should shell it easily.

During the last joint Anglo-French tunnel venture of the early 1970s, which for a time seriously threatened to bring about an actual tunnel, the only serious quarrel was whether or not train toilets should discharge on to the tunnel track bed. The French said yes. The Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways in the Ministry of Transport said no.

There were loud cries of "perfidious Albion" when the Labour government unilaterally cancelled the project early in 1975. These cries redoubled in fury when the French discovered that, although they were wholly innocent of the cancellation, the small print in the contracts required them to pay their

full share of compensation.

From the start, the concept of a Channel crossing seemed to fuel all the 19th-century engineers' passions for tunnelling, bridging and blasting a way through, over or under natural obstacles. One of the most resourceful was the French civil engineer and hydrographer Thionis de Gamond, who did his own field research. Attaching weights to himself and filling his mouth with olive oil so that he could breathe out underwater without inhaling water, he plunged to depths of 100 feet to take samples from the sea bottom, and was hauled to the surface again by his resigned but devoted wife.

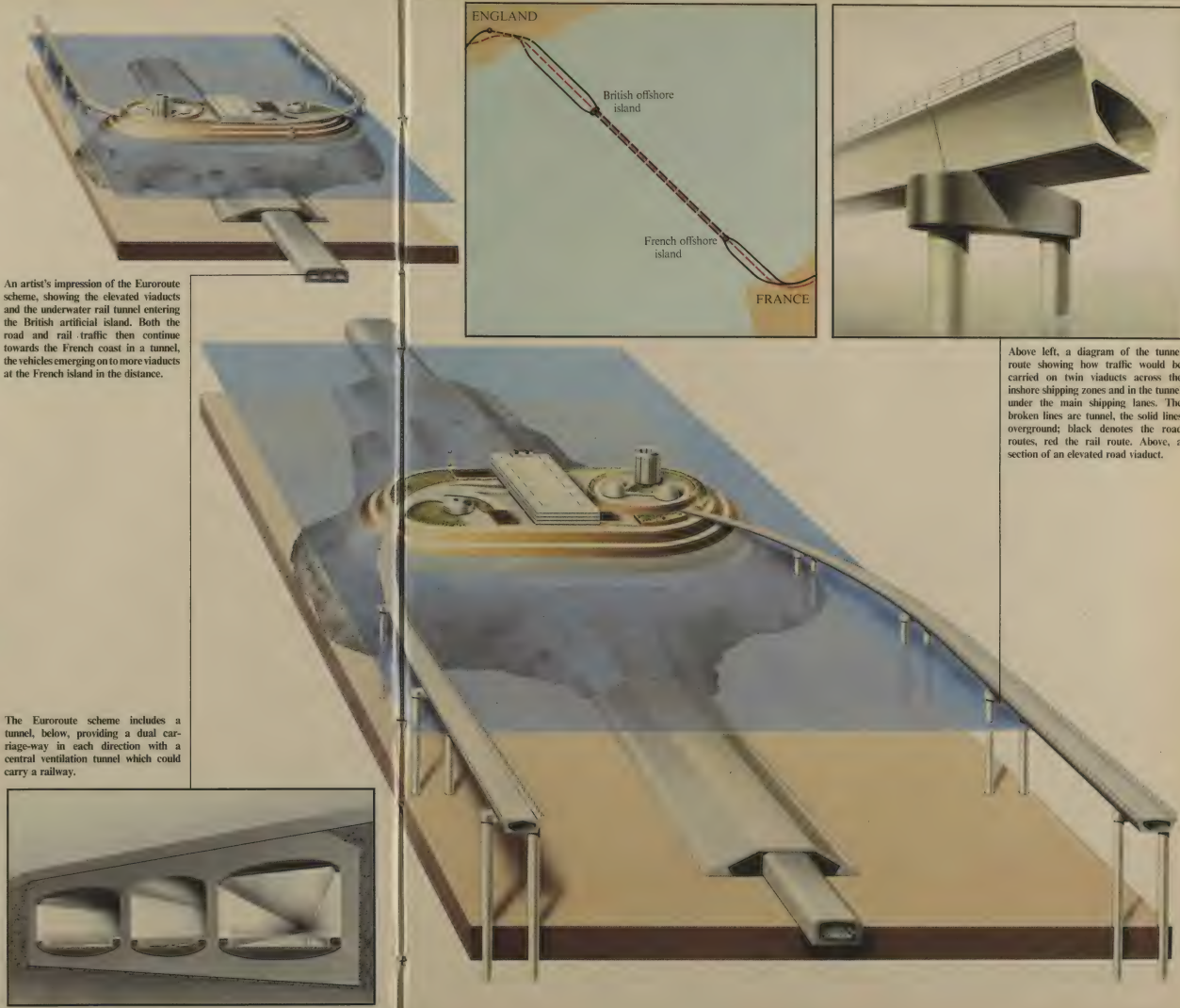
De Gamond was fiercely attacked by conger eels, and with such rapid descents and ascents must have run the risk of "diver's bends", but over 40 years he produced every conceivable combination of schemes, some of them perfectly feasible, for tunnels, bridges, viaducts, man-made islands, paddle ferries and stone jetties.

In the late 1860s a British engineer, William Low, produced another workable scheme for twin railway tunnels, cross-connected at intervals by galleries. It is much the same project which British Rail are pinning their hopes on today. In the 19th century it came to nothing because of fears about defence.

A decade later defence objections plus a court injunction on the grounds of infringement of Crown foreshore rights scuppered the plans of Sir Edward Watkin, one of the greatest of railway promoters. Sir Edward actually got as far as a real tunnel in 1881. Using a 7 foot diameter Beaumont "Engineer Borer" (similar to modern tunnelling machinery) a tunnel 1,900 feet long was excavated in the grey chalk under the sea-bed at Shakespeare Cliff on the Kent coast. It is there today, still watertight.

Sir Edward did not give in easily but the "defence lobby", led by the distinguished soldier Sir Garnet Wolseley, finally defeated him. Sir Edward Watkin married as his second wife Ann, widow of Herbert Ingram, founder of *The Illustrated London News*, when she was 81 and he was 74. He outlived her and several more Channel Tunnel Bills (including two of his own) which at one time were being introduced to Parliament.

An artist's impression of the Euroroute scheme, showing the elevated viaducts and the underwater rail tunnel entering the British artificial island. Both the road and rail traffic then continue towards the French coast in a tunnel, the vehicles emerging on to more viaducts at the French island in the distance.

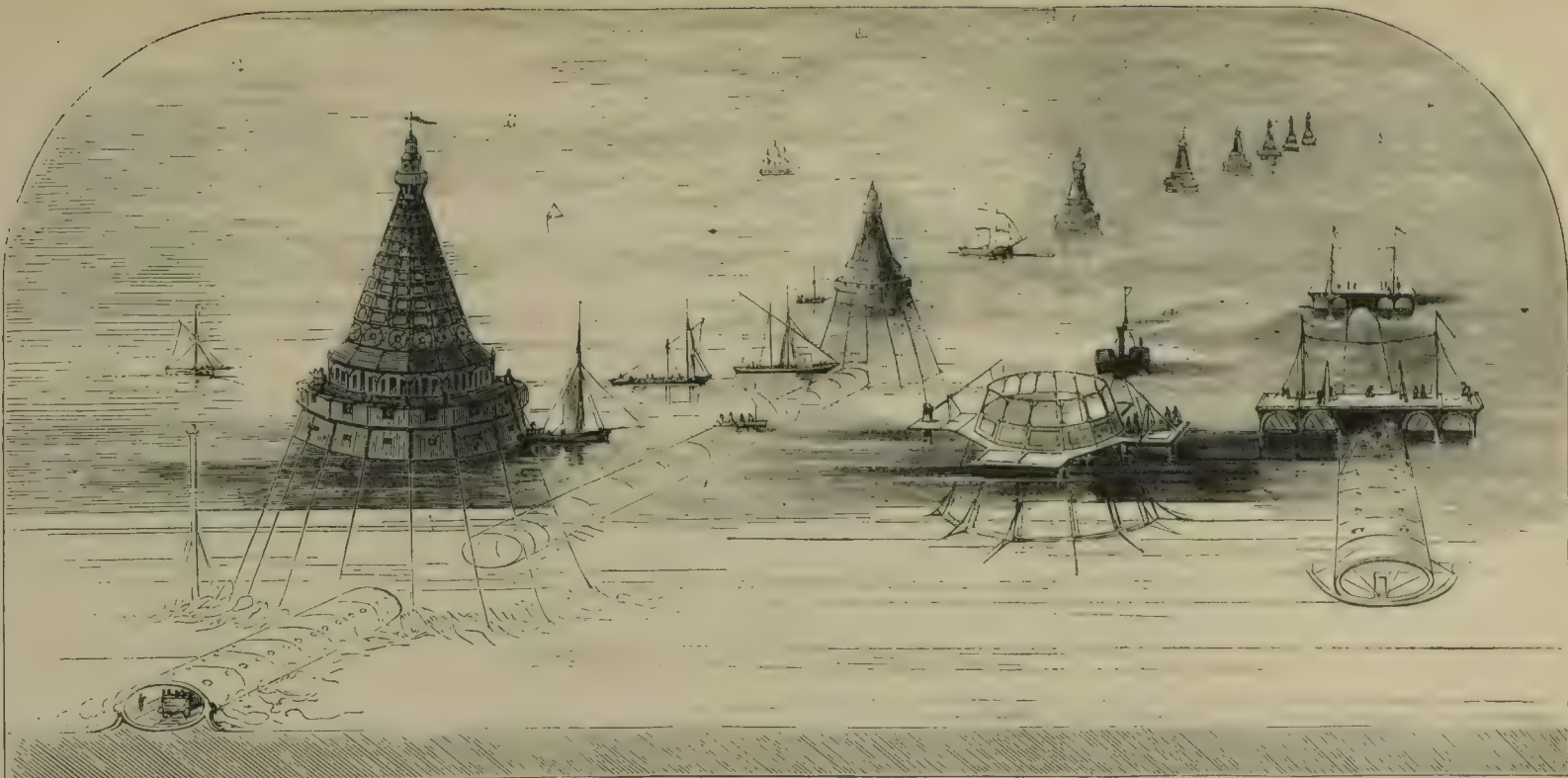


Above left, a diagram of the tunnel route showing how traffic would be carried on twin viaducts across the inshore shipping zones and in the tunnel under the main shipping lanes. The broken lines are tunnel, the solid lines overground; black denotes the road routes, red the rail route. Above, a section of an elevated road viaduct.

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A new plan for the Channel

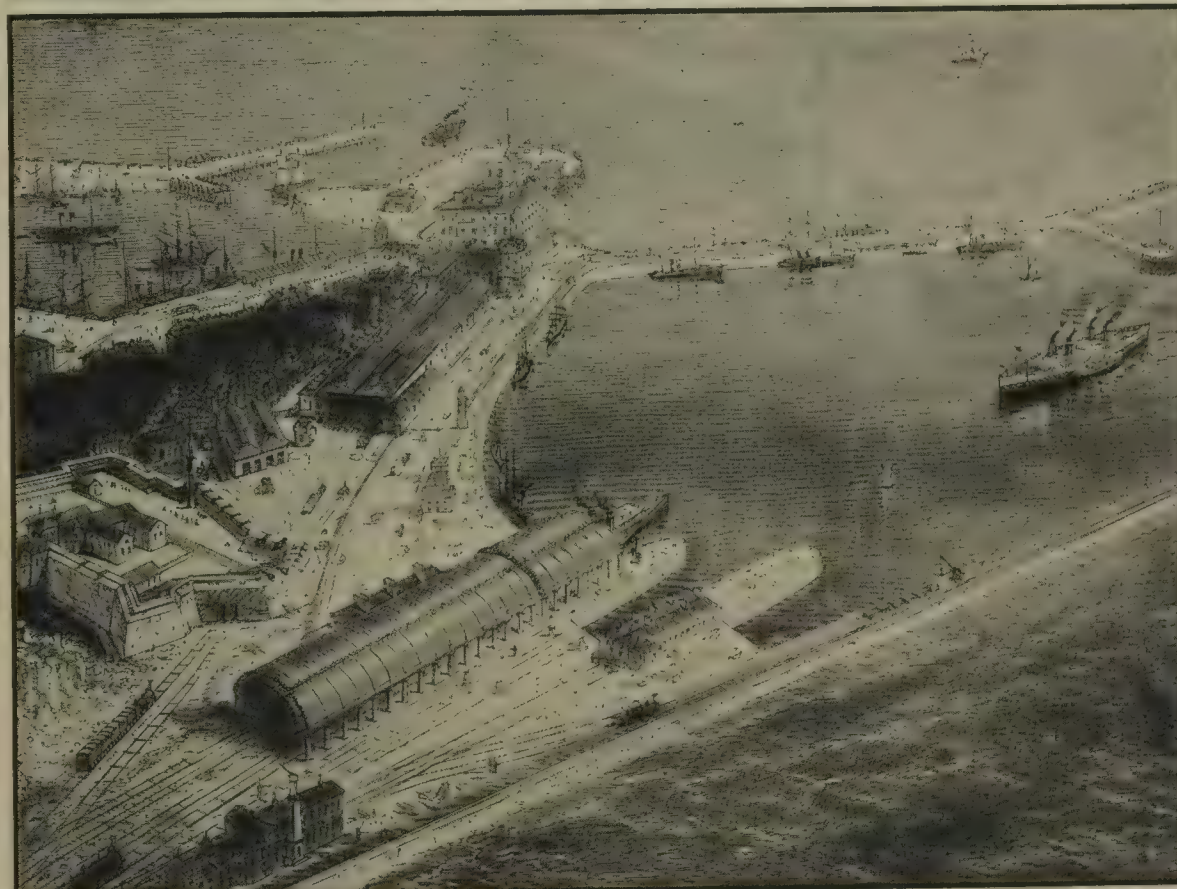
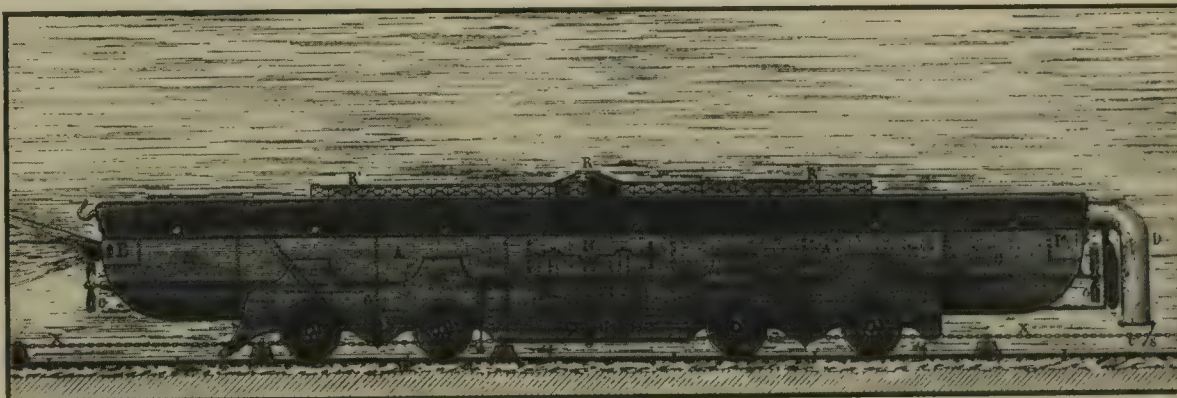
almost annually. He died in 1901, when a new century of Channel Tunnel prospecting was just beginning.

Early 20th-century schemes were all frustrated by the First World War. Another plan in 1930 was defeated in the House of Commons by only seven votes. In 1940 the Luftwaffe destroyed the Channel Tunnel Company's premises and records. Yet, amazingly, another scheme emerged during the 1960s.

Co-sponsored by the British and French governments, who were to guarantee the loan capital, it was to be a single running railway tunnel, with a second, smaller, pilot service tunnel alongside it and cross-connected to it every 250 metres. The tunnel was to be bored from Cheriton, just north of Folkestone, to Sangatte, near Calais. Various types of rolling stock to carry cars, caravans, buses and lorries "piggy-back" were to be designed. Drivers would drive their own vehicles on to the trains. The final phase of the scheme (with a time-scale running well into the 21st century) was to be a second running rail tunnel.

It looked promising, and with truly touching faith British Rail even produced a time-table ("dep London 09.05, arr Paris 14.39"), but in 1975 it collapsed. The reasons are a text-book example of the difficulties Channel Tunnels have had to face.

Harold Wilson's incoming administration was, to put it mildly, not as pro-European as the outgoing Heath government. Nor did it have such close links with the merchant bankers involved. The unions demanded the cancellation of the "prestige project" in return for the Social Contract. The rail unions in any case were uneasy about the deal which could be



Top, a proposed submarine railway under the Channel, from the *ILN* of November 22, 1851; centre, a submarine railway boat, from *The Graphic* of March 27, 1875; above, a Channel railway ferry station and pier at Dover, from the *ILN* of March 12, 1870.

A new plan for the Channel

procured for British Rail once it was linked to the Continent.

The maritime unions were dead against it. The transport unions feared a massive shift of traffic from road to rail. The lorry-drivers themselves much preferred the ferry trips, with their attendant perks. Environmentalist pressure meant inordinately long tunnels on the Kent side to avoid beauty spots. Escalating costs gave the Treasury cold feet. The Government forecast difficulties about the allocation of Parliamentary time. But the real problem was lack of political will. All the other obstacles could have been surmounted, and the scheme remains feasible.

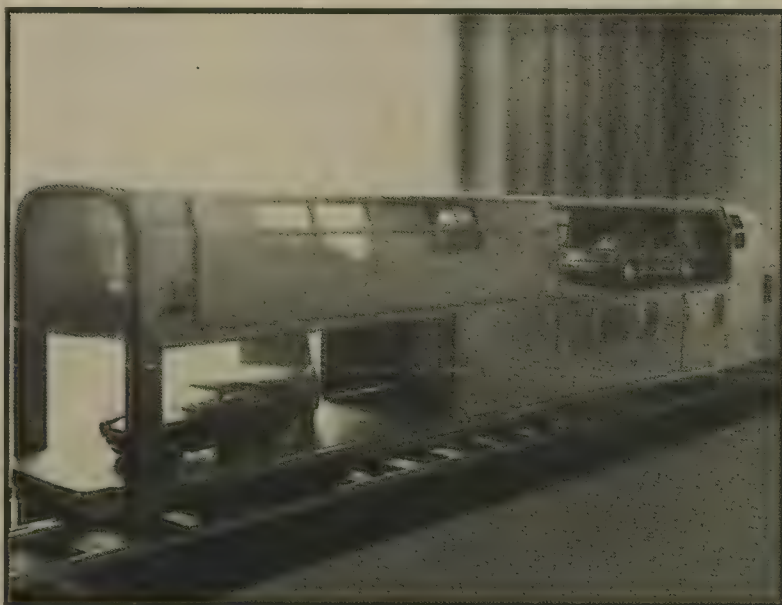
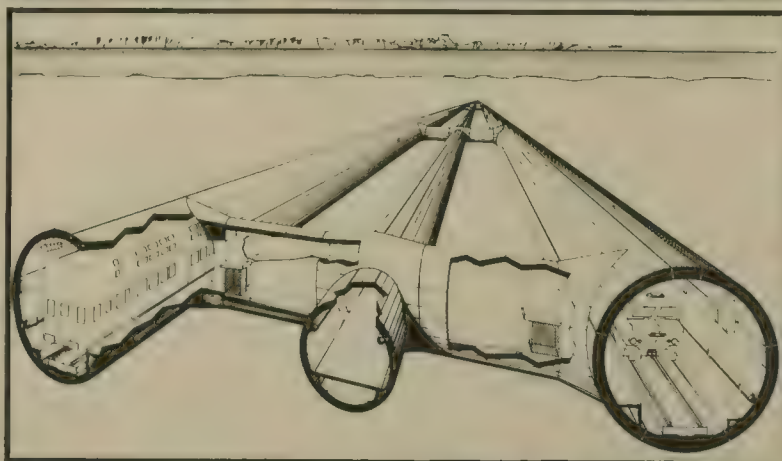
Now another proposal has appeared: Euroroute, the brain-child of Ian MacGregor, chairman of the British Steel Corporation. Euro-route—a road crossing, a combination of overhead viaducts and a tunnel—has some familiar aspects. It requires artificial islands, one British, one French, as proposed by Thomé de Gamond. It will not be a bored tunnel but a submerged tube lying on the seabed—an idea put forward in 1802 and since used on various sites, notably the Mass Transit Railway in Hong Kong.

The central tunnel section will be about 11 miles long, which is about as far as the Automobile Association reckon the average motorist can drive in a tunnel without undue fatigue or boredom. The artificial islands will help to appease the environmentalist lobby by removing all signs of the tunnel except the approach roads; customs and excise, toll-booths, long-term parking, cafés and restaurants, perhaps a hotel and conference centre will also be on the artificial islands, from which traffic will descend on a gradual spiral, down into the tunnel.

There will be a dual carriage-way road tunnel in each direction, with a central ventilation tunnel, which could carry a railway. Mid-tunnel ventilation will be via two shafts rising up out of the sea near two existing sand-banks (one of them the Star of Varne, which figured on de Gamond's plans).

Mr MacGregor points out that no new technology is involved. A similar scheme of overhead roads, tunnels and artificial islands has been in existence across Chesapeake Bay since 1964. To the charge that he is interested only in promoting sales of steel, he replies that of course he wants to sell steel but extra steel—an estimated half a million tonnes—would be needed whatever tunnel scheme was chosen.

Euroroute, being privately financed, will be non-inflationary. It will require no extra road-works, except a link to the M20 (which is being built in any case). The bridge and tunnel sections and modules can be manufactured in shipyards, platform yards, quarries and cement plants all over the country, especially in unemployment black-



Experimental work on the tunnel, from *The Graphic* of November 6, 1880; left and below left, a sketch of the tunnels and a model of a double-decker wagon which were proposed in the 1960s scheme.

technology for it has certainly *not* been proved. No submerged tube of this type has yet been laid at such depth (about 300 feet) or in such fierce tidal conditions. Work would have to go on in the middle of the busiest international waterway in the world.

There is a maritime version of Murphy's Law: if it is possible for ships to collide with something, then sooner rather than later ships will collide with it. The artificial islands will be permanent hazards to navigation. The inshore overhead sections, though the water is shallower and the traffic smaller in these areas, will be particularly vulnerable. Equivalent parts of the Chesapeake crossing have been struck by ships on more than one occasion and put out of action for weeks at a time. The vehicle capacity of Euroroute is about the same as the rail tunnel running a train every five minutes (a conservative estimate).

Euroroute supporters retort that nobody in their right senses would allow the railway unions to have a stranglehold on such an important installation as a Channel Tunnel. They point out that there used to be a cross-Channel ferry fares cartel. Already, at the mere threat of a tunnel crossing there has been a reduction, or a freeing of fares, in what they call a "death-bed repentance" by the ferry operators.

So the arguments go back and forth, each with a familiar ring to it for any student of Channel Tunnel history. Clearly a Channel crossing is technologically and financially feasible. All that is required is the political muscle behind the scheme. The Government is expected to pronounce again on a Channel Tunnel shortly. It remains to be seen whether Mr MacGregor, his supporters and his opponents, would all have been better off among the conger eels.

spots, and towed to the site. The submerged tube will be laid in a trench on the sea-bed and protected by a layer of rock piled on top of it.

Euroroute, Mr MacGregor prophesies, could be the "blue touch-paper" which will light the way out of the country's present economic depression, just as the Tennessee Valley Authority's schemes are reputed to have sparked the recovery from the great Depression years of the 1930s in the United States.

A Euroroute consortium has been

formed, led by the British Steel Corporation and Redpath Dorman Long. The financial advisers are Lazard Brothers & Co, engineering studies by Mott, Hay & Anderson, and traffic and revenue studies by Coopers & Lybrand Associates. With capital costs estimated at £3.800 million at mid-1980 prices, but at no cost to the public purse, the consortium expects Euroroute to be a tremendous fillip to the national economy, providing thousands of jobs country-wide.

Euroroute's critics point out that the

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THE COUNTIES

Susan Hill's

OXFORDSHIRE

Photographs by David Gallant



I can lay no claim to Oxfordshire as my native county. I was born in Yorkshire, on the north-east coast. There, I feel, my roots lie buried, there I belong in imagination and in spirit, for there my childhood was spent; all my deepest influences came from there.

Yet my claim to "belong" to Yorkshire now must be a pretence; I have lived for longer *out* of that county than I lived in it, virtually all my adult life has been spent in what can loosely be called the Midlands. Ten of those years I spent in two towns of south Warwickshire, on the fringe of Oxfordshire, and I travelled into the northern end of the county often, and drove through it from Leamington Spa and Stratford-upon-Avon on my way to the Thames Valley. I got to know the market towns of Banbury and Bicester and Thame 15 years or so ago before they began to expand; I watched field and hedgerow disappear, become covered over by the spreading stain of light industrial estates and raw new housing developments, felt the traffic increase, in

One of Oxfordshire's "honeyed" villages, Swinbrook, beside the River Windrush.

volume and in size, so that the old buildings in the centres of those market towns shook and trembled, pedestrians dived for cover, the pleasant sound of shoppers' footsteps and voices was drowned by the din of lorries. The arteries of those places became furred and clogged with traffic, which flowed ever more slowly and painfully.

I came to live in Oxfordshire itself in 1978, first of all actually in the city of Oxford and, after two years, out 6 miles to an extraordinary bit of the county of which I had been completely unaware, and to a place, a village, a house, a corner of the landscape, which has entirely changed my life.

I have spent a good deal of time travelling by road and rail through Oxfordshire. I have stopped to wander and to shop, to eat and examine churches, and to gaze out across the countryside in a large number of small towns and villages to north, south, east and west of the county. I have walked

footpaths and fields until I know every inch of them in the radius of my own home. I still do not feel that deep sense of belonging here—I don't know why. But I have come to love Oxfordshire, and unexpectedly, too, because its praises have been so often and so well sung in literature that I have resisted falling so easily where so many others fell first. Besides, in my heart and my imagination I respond most intensely to quite different kinds of English landscape: to the wide open marshes and flat fens of East Anglia, all sky, or the bleak, inhospitable North Yorkshire coast, and the wild, wild uplands of Hardy's Dorset. Oxfordshire is altogether lusher and more verdant, a pretty, civilized sort of county.

But it does have its more exposed, barer aspect. Travel along the high, narrow backbone of a road that runs towards the Cotswolds from Oxford in the Cheltenham direction. Below lie the charming honeyed villages of mellow

stone, tucked well into their pastures beside the River Windrush. But up here, especially in the depths of winter and the gales of March, it is bleak indeed. You can see for miles around, there is nothing to stop the wind, which you feel on your face like a blade; the tough little Cotswold sheep huddle close together and the trees have all bent their backs.

If I cannot live by the sea at least I can live near the river and Oxfordshire is fretted with waterways. It is a county of river valleys and river views, from the broad sweep of the Thames running down towards Berks and Bucks to the Oxford Canal that winds north, and all the little tributary rivers in between.

Beside the towpath outside Oxford there are the rowing crews sculling madly through the harshest weather of early spring, as well as the glorious heat of high summer—hulking, muscular medics from the colleges, as well as gangling boys from Radley, knees to chin like hunched-up grasshoppers, yet slipping with such infinite, silent



Oxfordshire

grace, sleek and speedy as arrows in the morning mist.

Through the narrow, terraced backstreets of Jericho, the Oxford suburb where Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* had his lodgings, you come abruptly out on to the canal among warehouses and woodyards where there are still some working barges, but more pleasure craft. Take the train to Banbury and you pass Upper Heyford and Tackley where the holiday narrow boats are moored in their bright dozens.

In many ways and for a variety of mainly social reasons I disliked living in Oxford. But oh, the glory of it, the joy of being able to walk about among those mighty buildings! The city is at its best first thing in the morning, and when my daughter was in a push chair I used to go into the city centre for shopping before nine o'clock and just walk—walk down the avenue of St

Giles, and up the Broad, and down the Turl, or under the "Bridge of Sighs", or along Cattle Street, and there would be no one about except the last people walking or bicycling briskly to work, and the first to library and lab and lecture. Then the towers and spires and domes rose in heaven above my head; then the sight of the Radcliffe Camera made me sing, then the corners of ancient quads, glimpsed through archways, were like the sight of the gardens of Paradise, visible, unattainable. And I loved the way you could so quickly put it all behind you, when so much beauty was enough for a working day, turn a corner into Market Street, or cross the Cornmarket, that short, narrow road that divides town from gown as dramatically and simply as death divides this world from the next. Then we were among the modern shopping arcades full of chain stores, and our pavement companions were the like of ordinary shoppers anywhere.

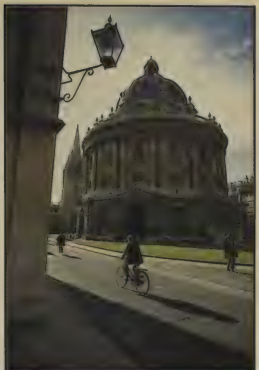
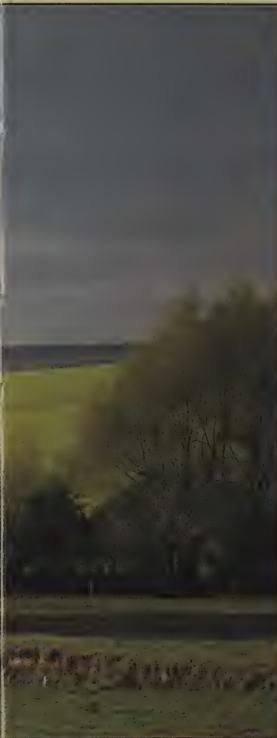
And back home to north Oxford: the glories of *that* are the trees, all those magnificent horse-chestnuts and oaks and limes and cedars, in their prime now. I have thanked the Victorians and Edwardians daily for planting so many, and later generations and an enlightened council for preserving them; and the villas and mansions sit back behind them, up gravelled drives.

And every time I have driven or ridden or walked in spring down those two great arteries, the Woodstock and the Banbury Roads into the city, I have said Beethoven's lines about bony Ball-broughton Road, with its prunus and forsythia, gleefully in my head.

And then we moved from the city into the country, and that brings me to the motorway. I cannot write about this part of Oxfordshire—of Oxfordshire at all—without coming up against it. The M40 already runs through the county from just outside Oxford down towards London. That motorway will

be extended, if the Ministry and the planners have their way, up through the north-east of Oxfordshire. It will relieve the congestion of all the market towns and all the small villages on the A34, on the way to Stratford and Birmingham, rid them of the danger and noise and fumes of heavy lorries and tourist traffic. It will provide a much needed relief road, too, for that appallingly overloaded, terrifying M1. It will clear the Cotswolds. It will also bring more light industry to Oxfordshire, erode more green belt and farmland, pollute a different bit of the air, and cross Otmoor, within sight and sound of my own home.

Ten years ago I often drove down through the county towards Henley. The best bits are up through the beeches of the Chiltern Hills towards Watlington, and then on again through narrow lanes, between tree-graved cornfields, winding and dipping past graceful Stonor House and Park. ➔



Top left, a church spire rises from Burford on the edge of the Cotswolds; top centre, an inhabitant of Charlton-on-Otmoor; top right, the Radcliffe Camera, built as a library by James Gibbs and now included in the Bodleian Library in Oxford; centre, Brasenose College, Oxford, founded in 1509; above left, Chastleton House, built on land bought from the Gunpowder Plot conspirator Robert Catesby; above right, the "Bridge of Sighs" in Oxford, which links the buildings of Hertford College.



Oxfordshire

I love the names of those places, Pishill and Bix Bottom and Christmas Common. I love the flint-faced brick farmhouses that stand so four-square.

Every six months or so, when I came this way, I watched them carve the motorway out of the countryside with the earth-eating monsters. Now it is there and it is a fine road, probably the best motorway in the country. It has such wonderful views, it curves so elegantly. What is more, it has relieved the

old, overcrowded A40. You can drive down that today and meet only a little local traffic and the villages are quiet again, left high and dry and empty of cars and lorries. If the M40 brings the peace and safety of the past back to those poor, besieged market towns and the small villages carved in two by busy highways, who dares to complain?

But two and a half years ago we came to live in the small village of Beckley high on a hill overlooking Otmoor. It is at the end of the line, we lead nowhere, we have no through traffic.

Below us lie those ancient, mysterious, empty acres, haunt of rare butterflies and grasses, of legends and ghosts, crossed by dykes and ditches, dotted about with villages known as "the seven towns". A man may still be lost in the mist out there.

Our cottage was built, like the other stone dwellings in the village, in the mid 18th century. Immediately beyond it are unspoilt, undulating meadows, coursed just below the surface with hundreds of tiny streams dropping down on to Otmoor itself. On some days the mist encloses us so closely that we cannot see beyond the garden wall; but often we can see for miles, over to Brill, across to Bicester. And is it all to be destroyed utterly and forever by the motorway? Should it be? Some say so. Perhaps it is only self-interest that urges me to protest, but if this small piece of the county goes, Oxfordshire's face will be altered and its character changed more than superficially.

Every county has its famous beauty-spots, its much visited great buildings, and they are none the less beautiful for being familiar. Oxfordshire has Blenheim and Broughton Castle, it has Burford High Street and Dorchester Abbey. I like the lesser-known nooks and crannies. I love Chastleton House, on the Gloucestershire edge of the county. It is an Elizabethan manor house set formidably behind wrought-iron gates. The tiny village itself is a backwater, best approached by the single-track road across country from Charlbury; you can drive in the height of the summer season and never see

Field- and sky-scape near Swinbrook.

another soul. But I prefer the place in winter, on any lowering, grey November day of early dark, for then it presents its real face, it is eerie and forbidding, and the ghosts lurk.

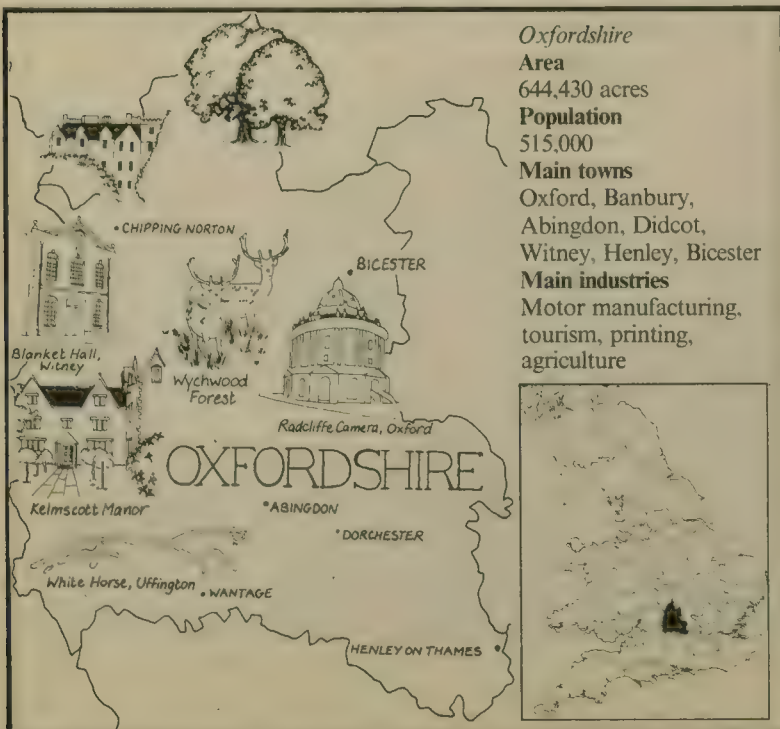
I love the village of Cropredy in the far north, as you look down upon it from the road above—a typically tucked-in Oxfordshire hamlet with good farm architecture, handsome, serviceable stone, and exactly the sort of place that is often cut off by snow—we get harsh winters here.

I love Swinbrook with its ford and its stone effigies, lying on their shelves in the light and airy church where the Mitford sisters, Nancy and Unity, lie in the austere graveyard.

I love Noke Wood, that nestles at the bottom of a sloping field 100 yards from my home. In autumn its fringes are set with berries—sloes, elder, and crab apples. Inside it is never silent because of the small stream that trickles through. In spring, if you stand at its centre, you will be surrounded by so many bluebells, smelling so achingly of childhood past, that you will weep.

I love the sight of the spires set against the red, late afternoon sky of a frosty winter's day, as I come to the crest of Elsfield Hill. At last after seven years the scaffolding has been taken down from Magdalen Tower and it has resumed its rightful place among the others. The college has done the rest of the world a great service—the sight of the tower catches and lifts the heart.

It is all Oxfordshire ●



Oxfordshire

Area

644,430 acres

Population

515,000

Main towns

Oxford, Banbury, Abingdon, Didcot, Witney, Henley, Bicester

Main industries

Motor manufacturing, tourism, printing, agriculture

Cordon Bleu

by Martell



decanter by Baccarat



TEACHER'S. A WEL COME AWAITING.



A man of many parts

by J. C. Trewin

Our drama critic recalls the gallery of characters that have been brought to life by Ralph Richardson, the virtuoso actor who is 80 this month.

When I went first to the theatre, down in the south-west, and one Shakespeare company or another seemed usually to be about, an Irish actor-manager called Charles Doran arrived at the Theatre Royal in Plymouth. That, with its famous Ionic-pillared portico, has been lost for nearly 50 years; there is now a new theatre of the name.

I could not have imagined then that, months before his death, over four decades later Charles Doran would lunch with us in Hampstead. We spoke of his touring experience and his casts, and he said wistfully: "I did know how to find them, didn't I?" Indeed he did. Thus his *Macbeth* company in 1922 contained, besides Doran as Macbeth, such names as Edith Sharpe (the Lady Macbeth), Norman Shelley, Abraham Sofaer, Arthur Young, Neil Porter; as First Witch a black-haired Midland youth, Donald Woolfitt, who had not yet simplified the spelling of his name; and, as Banquo, Ralph Richardson. He was just 19, eight months younger than Woolfitt. Now, on December 19 Sir Ralph, as he has been since 1947, will be celebrating his 80th birthday.

It is pleasant to have been so near the theatrical birth of a great English actor, though it would be cheating to say, at this remove, that I remember more than a tall, sturdy shadow; he was Fabian in *Twelfth Night* and a few other characters. Today he is unforgettable—a word, easy enough to write, that in one sense must be modified.

When we say Richardson's name, what do we visualize? I see 20 or more people, from Falstaff to the man named Kitchen in David Storey's *Early Days*, but invariably I see the character, not Richardson himself. One can describe immediately, or make a shot at doing it, Olivier, Gielgud, Scofield. But until one meets him in a given part Richardson's features are curiously blurred. There was a time when you might have said that his face was a mosaic of all the faces that went with a bowler hat when most businessmen wore them: travellers across the way in an Underground train. An actor's face? No; not as this would have once been judged. But in the theatre the features were startlingly malleable; everything heightened, moreover, by the strange, throaty, now distant, now eerily high-pitched voice that seldom, in my recollection, moved into splendour. It had instead an oddly tentative, though generally inescapable, truth in its fits and starts, its wandering rhythms, its throw-away phrases. It remains memorable, especially in the low tones that linger after many years: those of the young Peer Gynt, or of Falstaff



urging Doll Tearsheet not to remind him of his end, or—not often recalled, I think, for the part troubled him—of Timon speaking his own epitaph:

"Say to Athens

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood..."

I wrote, after the Old Vic première (1956), "Richardson 'ne'er lets Timon's silver tread upon his lip'." Memory has proved me wrong.

No ordinary men, these; again and again in Richardson's life the extraordinary has taken over. "Acting," he has said, "is to some extent a controlled dream... Three or four layers of consciousness are at work during the time one is giving a performance."

I speak of him confidently as a great actor because so many of the parts he has created, or re-created, are fixed firmly in the mind. Truth preserves

them. He has had certain glum failures—more, maybe, than his peers, Olivier, Gielgud—because he has refused sometimes to believe in a part and has let it trail away. But most of what he has done since the late 30s does endure—now and then I would not pretend to say why. There has long been a form of criticism determined—at the time honestly—to divine so much from a look, a phrase, a pause, that the player would be surprised to hear it. I have been guilty myself of such hyperbole, and it is wrong to think of Ralph Richardson in those terms. Subtle he has usually been; rarely super-subtle.

Born at Cheltenham, he went on the stage at Brighton during 1921; before this he had been for a short period an art student. After some two years with Doran he was with the Birmingham Repertory company where—and in the London *Yellow Sands*—he developed a

useful Devon accent for the Phillpotts plays. In 1928 he was in Sir Barry Jackson's Royal Court season which included *Back to Methuselah*. Then, from the early autumn of 1930 to the spring of 1932 he had his first astonishing Old Vic period: marvellously right, we are told, and he must have been exact casting for, say, Kent, Enobarbus and the Bastard—"he strides the play like a god," said John Gielgud after *King John*. One may be doubtful about Prince Hal and Henry V; but records confute disbelief. When he returned to the West End he was a new star, and a sequence of parts, four in Priestley plays, established him.

One of the parts was the mildly tippling out-of-work actor in *Eden End*, proudly recalling Weedon Grossmith's praise for him: "You've got a touch, Appleby, old boy. You've got something. And I have." Richardson's touch could be uncanny. During that decade, when his private life was clouded by his first wife's incurable illness, there was nothing so uncanny as his Johnson in Priestley's modern morality, *Johnson over Jordan*. The man, not long dead, passes through the state of Bardo which, according to the Tibetans, is that immediately after death: unknowing, he believes his thoughts to be actual. Even if Priestley tested too many theatrical devices, the play lives for its poignant inspiration when Johnson bids farewell to this life before going out on a fresh adventure, with attaché case and bowler hat, against the great blue arch of space lit by a single star. Though the play failed it was a fine thing on Richardson's own journey: apparent utter simplicity fortified by his poetic imagination. "Over all the combination of opposites," Garry O'Connor has observed in his biography, "the essence of the poet towers."

Next came the war, Richardson's service in the Fleet Air Arm, and at length his stage meridian as a leader of the Old Vic company during its New Theatre seasons. He played such parts—the order is not chronological—as Shaw's Bluntschli, Ibsen's Peer Gynt, Chekhov's Vanya, Falstaff, Ben Jonson's protean Face, Cyrano de Bergerac, Tiresias, Priestley's Inspector Goole and, in *Richard III*, the Earl of Richmond whom the programme announced as "afterwards King Edward VII". The heart of them all was Falstaff in both parts of *Henry IV*, the great twin brethren. London had not known them acted excitingly for years, though as an ardent Stratfordian at a day when few critics visited Stratford I had to remember with admiration the undervalued Roy Byford.

A man of many parts

By now Richardson's Falstaff has become, in the dangerously familiar term, a legend; it has not been matched to this hour. He offered little of the platoon or the sensualist: we did not live with the old man in a round of invitations to "a rump and a dozen"; he was the least thirsty Falstaff in recollection. On the other side, no one had driven so surely into the knight's wise, agile mind or phrased the closely textured prose with more zest, making of it something "apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of

nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes". There was dignity here; no robust buffoonery; only a certain warmth of voice was lacking. Sometimes Richardson's tone was dry, sand-papery even, when we looked for the lip-smacking roll of a speech nourished by good sherris.

That did not really disturb us. The key scene was in the Tavern of *Part Two*, otherwise indifferently directed and cast. As Falstaff turned aside with the low "Peace, good Doll! . . . do not bid me remember my end," we caught suddenly a sight of the abyss, that dread of the approaching shade. From the close of the play I recall the moment when, as the royal rebuke began,

Richardson stood in puzzled half-appreciation. Surely the Boar's Head humour again? He had a last hint of the true Falstaff, a kindling of the eye and a swing of the body as he prepared to launch an answering quip. We could see the line coming—his timing was miraculous—before, cruelly, it was quenched in Henry's "Reply not to me with a fool-born jest," the spark died, and Falstaff faded into a man tired and old: the King had killed his heart.

That was his crest in the theatre. I have changed my mind about Cyrano de Bergerac, acted in an inferior translation, though at the time, fresh to Rostand, I was stirred by Richardson's

plume of Gascony. A reveling performance, yet after 36 years it has grown hazy. Not so Inspector Goole in Priestley's parable, *An Inspector Calls*. The visitor who shutters a complacent family one evening in the smug world of 1912 could be anything—conscience personified, the representative of a celestial Watch Committee: he held an unearthly tension, and Richardson's acting, at his quietest, was a masterly exercise in technique.

It can be perilous to run into catalogue, for so much slips by, but mere names can restore many nights with a mesmerizing actor, his voice as a rule, his face less surely. We had the complexity-

in-simplicity of the harsh doctor in *The Heiress* (1949). In R. C. Sherriff's *Home at Seven* (1950) Richardson was a bank clerk of regular habits who had unaccountably lost a day in his life; amnesia probably, but what might have happened during that day? The actor hinted at his terrors with a tingling restraint that made them the more terrifying. He could do less with Sherriff's *The White Carnation* (1953); throughout he was a modern ghost in a fantasy where a coroner had the most persuasive lines: after all, when a man is dead he has no right to be frequenting what, legally, is no longer his house.

In the previous year, at Stratford-

upon-Avon, Richardson had had his saddest failures: a Macbeth whose wits seemed to be awry and a Prospero who was astray on his own enchanted isle. A detached, worried figure, he was clearly troubled about his imperfect knowledge of magic.

What performances still hold the mind from the last decades—as if it were possible to telescope them? Sharply affecting moments from Robert Bolt's *Flowering Cherry* (1957) and Greene's *The Compliant Lover* (1959)—one puts Richardson's emotion before his comedy, precise though that is. A grand, entirely direct Shylock at the Haymarket in 1967; a night in a

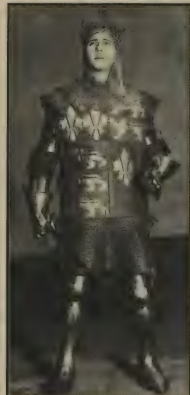
feeble Orion farce that suggested he disliked both character and play; David Storey's *Home* in which he and John Gielgud were frighteningly and wearily on the very rim of reason; also with Gielgud as partner, the enigma of the host in Pinter's *No Man's Land* at the National; and there, too, John Gabriel Borkman, a miniature of Firs in *The Cherry Orchard*. Always, too, films, films, films: at random through his career, *Things to Come*, *The Fallen Idol*, *The Wrong Box*, *Micawber* in *David Copperfield*.

From all of these emerges the composite portrait of a strange, instinctive virtuoso, a compassionate man who

felt intensely, a lonely tragedian, a comedian who can utilize the hesitant siera of his speech; a man with a passion—outside the theatre—for fast cars, motor-bicycles, unexpected hobbies, an eccentric who sustains his reputation for enduring eccentricity; withal, a great actor. Sending him our happy returns on the edge of his 80th birthday, we can simply repeat: "You've got a touch, old boy. You've got something". He has had it gloriously through 60 years. Charles Doran did know how to "find them". But I have often wondered, ungratefully, whether he had any idea how young Richardson would develop. ●



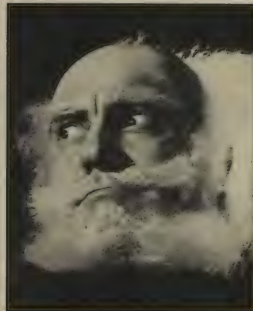
In two "Devonshire" plays by Eden Phillpotts: top, *The Farmer's Wife*, with Primrose Morgan, 1925, and *Yellow Sands*, with Viola Lyle and Cedric Hardwicke, 1926.



As Henry V at the Old Vic, 1931. Below, in the first staging of Shaw's *Too True to be Good* at Malvern, 1932.



As Iago, with Edith Evans as Emilia, 1932; top, with Beatrix Lehmann in Priestley's *Eden End*, 1934.



Left, as Bluntschli in *Arms and the Man*, 1945; top left, as Falstaff, 1945; top right, as Gladstone in the film *Khartoum*, 1966; above, with Dandy Nichols and John Gielgud in David Storey's *Home*, 1970.

Tracing the origins of an Italian abbey

by David Whitehouse

The first modern excavations at Farfa Abbey in the Sabine Hills near Rome were begun in 1978. This report takes stock of the discoveries made in five seasons' work.



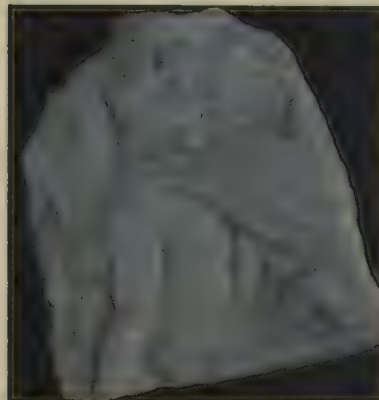
"With one exception... in the entire kingdom of Italy there was not to be found a monastery of comparable wealth". With these words Abbot Hugo (998-1039) recalled the importance of Farfa in the ninth century. Even in Hugo's day Farfa was old. The community attributed its foundation to a local bishop, Lawrence the Syrian, not later than the sixth century. Lawrence's monastery, however, was short-lived and in the 680s Thomas, a pilgrim from Maurienne, east of Grenoble, found only "an old basilica, overgrown and infested with vipers". Thomas established a new monastery which soon enjoyed the protection of the Lombard Duke of Spoleto, a position recognized by the Pope in 705. When Charlemagne conquered the Lombards in 774 Farfa came under the control of the Franks and the following year was granted exemption from taxes. In the early ninth century Farfa, by now a considerable landowner, was an imperial abbey one day's journey from Rome, but independent of the Pope.

Fortunes, however, can change. In 897, while bands of Saracens roamed the countryside, Farfa was abandoned. Looters from a nearby village lit a fire in the deserted monastery which got out of control and "burned all that remained". Shortly afterwards the monks returned, but the years that followed were difficult. In 936 the Abbot was murdered. In 947 Alberic, Prince of Rome, angered at Farfa's continuing independence, attacked the abbey with troops. Reconstruction was slow and it was not until the arrival of Hugo in 998 that Farfa began to regain its former prestige.

Hugo left a glowing description of Farfa before the fire of 897. The abbey church, dedicated to the Virgin, was richly adorned and there were five subsidiary churches. Other buildings included apartments reserved for the emperor, dormitories, baths and workshops, all with stone floors and tile roofs. The abbey was surrounded by a wall with towers. According to another medieval writer among the greatest of Farfa's builders was Abbot Sichard (830-41), who was responsible for the construction of an oratory with a crypt, which was consecrated by the Pope.

At the end of the Middle Ages nearly all these buildings were demolished. A new monastery was constructed on the same site, but with a different plan and alignment. The new church, for example, was built at right angles to the old. This means that cloisters, gardens and other spaces which are empty today, and therefore available for excavation, were not necessarily empty 1,000 years ago.

The area between the new church and the library is a case in point. As excavations have shown, in the Middle Ages it contained the crypt of the old church, a chapel and other structures, which in the 15th century were replaced by the residence of the Cardinal-Abbot. According to a later description the ground floor of the residence consisted of stables, rented to merchants attending Farfa's twice-yearly fair which attracted visitors from all parts of the Sabine Hills. Above the stables was the *piano nobile* with apartments for the Cardinal and his followers. The upper floor has vanished but the stables remain, readily identifiable by their



General view of the excavation. Left, part of a marble *oscillum*, a hanging ornament, one of the Roman finds. Far left, a fine marble sarcophagus of the late second century AD.

cobbled floors, drains and mangers.

The builders of the Cardinal's residence were well aware of the earlier structures; indeed, wherever possible, they retained them. Our investigation of the medieval buildings, therefore, has two aspects: distinguishing between old and new walls in the Cardinal's stables, and excavating the foundations of structures demolished in, or before, the 15th century.

The history of the area is clear enough—in outline at least. We know now that a building (perhaps a villa) stood on the site in Roman times. Pottery imported from north Africa and a coin show that occupation continued until the sixth century—the period in which Lawrence the Syrian may have founded the first monastery at Farfa. After this there is a gap; the Longobards invaded the Sabine Hills and the villa, or monastery, was abandoned.

Towards the end of the seventh century Thomas of Maurienne refounded Farfa and he, or one of his successors, built the old church, which remained the focal point of the abbey for 700 years or more. In the ninth century Abbot Sichard enlarged the church by adding an oratory with a crypt, the remains of which occupy one corner of our site.

Sichard's crypt was the starting point of our excavation. This has confirmed an earlier report that there was an ambulatory outside the crypt—a fascinating discovery since, unlike the crypt which belongs to the local architectural tradition, it resembles contemporary buildings north of the Alps—the great Carolingian abbey of Fulda, for example. Its presence here does not sur-

prise us. Farfa was an imperial abbey with close contacts with royal and monastic centres in western Europe.

Beyond the ambulatory was a rectangular area with a complicated history, not yet fully understood. At an early date it contained a cemetery; in the 12th century it was a garden; in the 15th, a stable yard. The area was enclosed on at least one side by a portico and this, too, had a long history of reconstruction and repair, beginning, we believe, in the ninth century.

Outside the portico virtually every wall of the Cardinal's residence has emerged as a medieval structure, reused in the 15th century. In the Middle Ages, therefore, a substantial "hall" stood on the site of the main stable and a study of fragmentary wall paintings leads to the provisional view that this, too, was standing in the ninth century. The chapel was added later, probably in the 11th century, when part of the earlier complex was demolished.

Dominating the scene is a massive tower. The upper part is modern, but the three lowest storeys are medieval. The tower, which was neither a bell-tower nor part of the defences of the abbey, is a good candidate for identification as part of the "palace", which the monks of Farfa maintained for the use of their Imperial patron (Louis II stayed here in 872).

A striking feature of the excavated buildings and the tower is the regularity of their plan, parallel or perpendicular to the nave of the old church. At least one structure—the crypt—is identified with confidence as the work of Sichard and, the chapel apart, a case can be made for attributing others to the ninth century. Is the layout of the area part of a master-plan, and does it explain one short, but crucial, line in Sichard's epitaph? The abbot, we read, *Haec loca prudenti construxit et ordine miro*: "he constructed these places with well thought out and remarkable regularity". A fitting description, perhaps, of the author of a master-plan.

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Practically Christmas

by Ursula Robertshaw



The recession still nips and in these beleaguered times it seems unfitting to suggest for Christmas such gifts as a silver, gold and diamond credit card holder in the form of a mousetrap—but don't think I have not been shown one. Instead many of the things chosen are highly practical. For example there is an electric steam iron which combines elegant good looks with the facility of using tap water even in hard-water areas and which can give a hot-shot of extra steam when needed. There is a smart new torch with a flip-switch like those used for a lighter whose cap pro-

tests lens and bulb when not in use. Hoover's new Compact cleaner was included for its good appearance, lightness and power, the Cassette Hose also for its lightness and compactness. Kitchen Karousel's Rotastore is a bright idea that doubles shelf storage and enables objects to be

For addresses see page 80.

Black cowhide attaché case, suede lined, solid brass combination locks, £158 from Benson & Hedges. Hedgehog pencil holder with sharpener in nose, £2.75 plus £1.25 p & p from Imperial Cancer

Research Fund. Six wooden angel musicians, £2.50 plus 30p p & p from Mencap. Sensory 9 Chess Challenger, £149.95 from Harrods. Green socks with red and blue leaves, £4.25 a pair, red socks with green and blue dots, £3.25 a pair from Liberty. African blackwood beehive sewing box by Mike Fitz, £26 from Charles de Temple. Pussycat jersey, £42 from The Lock Shop. Kodak's Disc 6000 camera, £48. Durabeam torch, complete with longlife batteries, £2.75. Mason Pearson bristle hair brush, natural wood back, £17.10. Handcrafted horn snuff/pill box, £14.25

from Benson & Hedges. "Fortnum's 275" perfume in Eric White bottle, £35 from Fortnum & Mason. Rosecraddock Pottery butter mould, £3.20 from The Design Centre. Nine-piece handcarved Nativity by David Plagerson, £75 from the artist. Starlet tins by Dodo Designs, 75p each from Heal's. Tiger jigsaw, £6.45 from The Design Centre. Oz puzzle, £2.95 from W. H. Smith. Perfumed candle in blue glass holder, £6.95 from Floris. Set of four felt finger puppets, £1.20 from The Design Centre. Bridge cloth, £19.95, and double pack of cards, Japan design, £4.75 from Liberty.

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Practically Christmas

reached at a finger's touch simply by turning either tier. Kodak's compact little Disc camera earns its place because it is pretty well foolproof: it winds the film on automatically, adjusts for light, sets the exposure and switches in flash when needed.

The Mason Pearson hair brush shown is just one, recommended for long hair, from their range which starts at prices from £3; all have the pneumatic rubber pad set with bristle or nylon-and-bristle and all are efficient and gentle. Ideal for a student or any member of the bedsit brigade is the Mellerware oven-frypan in which you can fry, roast, braise, slow cook, steam, casserole—even bake a cake—and

whose detachable base can be used as a hot plate. It saves space, energy and work—its interior is of non-stick Teflon Silver Stone.

I have included some gifts from the charities, which certainly need all the help they can get this year. Give them as much time as you can when ordering by post if you need the things by Christmas. This advice applies, too, to the *ILN* pack of smoked salmon and eel we have organized for our readers. This comes in a heat-insulated pack and will keep for 14 days in the refrigerator. Strathaird suggest December 9 as the last date to ensure Christmas delivery.

Some games are included, in particular the Sensory 9 Chess Challenger, described by our Editor as "a highly sophisticated opponent", and the devilish puzzle *Oz* which is simple indeed to play but extremely difficult to win de-

spite its 5,000 solutions. There are some purely Christmassy things, some comestibles and a few luxuries, such as the superb leather attaché case, lined in burgundy suède. And there are some pieces for collectors: the beehive sewing box made by Mike Fitz; the perfume made for Fortnum's 275th birthday contained in a miniature bottle designed and hand-blown by Eric White; the hand-crafted horn box; and David Plagerson's Nativity group in limewood.

Mellerware oven-frypan, £24.50 from Boots. **New Hoover Super Compact cleaner, £59.95.** **Sunbeam 124 Super Shot of Steam iron, £17.95.** **Dartington Glass Ripple cheese dish with wood base, £19.50** from The Design Centre. **Huntley & Palmer Poppies tin of biscuits, £3.30.** **Hand-made chocolates, £4.95** from Benson & Hedges. **Hamper con-**

taining plum cake, brandy snaps, strawberry jam, peppermint tea and Earl Grey, £7.95 plus £1.20 p & p from Save the Children. **Circular Christmas cloth, 1.5 metres diameter, £17.50** from The Danish House. **Robins PVC coated tote bag, £3.20** from John Lewis. **Pussy's very own dish, £3.50** from The Lock Shop. **Calendar linen tea towel, £1.85** from Harrods. **Horse-radish, tarragon and thyme, and chive mustards by Colman 54p each, standing on two-tier Rotastore, £3.95 plus 95p p & p** from Kitchen Karousels. **Ravenhead cocktail glasses, £5.99** for pack of four. **Special *ILN* pack of 1lb 4oz smoked salmon and 8 oz smoked eel, £9.25 inclusive** from Strathaird Ltd. **Nest of three cake tins, £7.25 plus £1.85 p & p** from Imperial Cancer Research. **Lay-flat hose on reel, 65 feet, weighs 1½lb, by In-Home, £18.95** with fittings, from Halford's.

Gift ideas



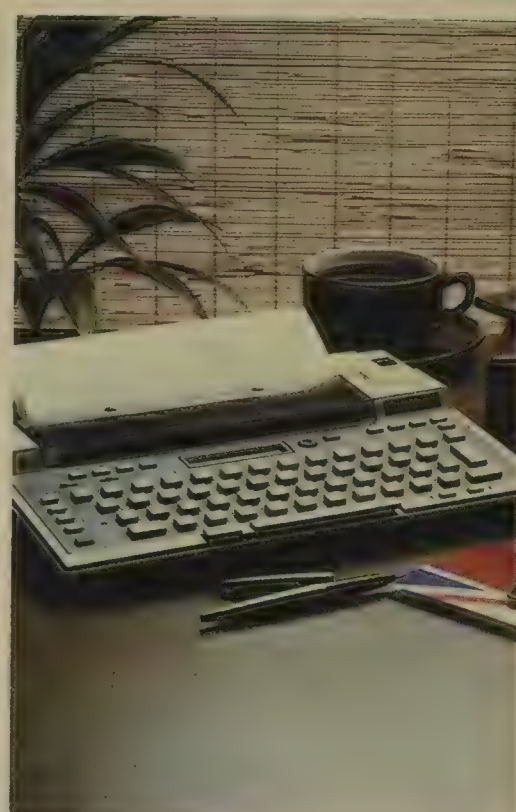
Flower arrangements

Interflora's new Gift Vouchers are the ideal gift to send to family and friends this Christmas. They can be exchanged for cut flowers, an arrangement or a pot plant at any one of the 2,500 Interflora florists throughout the United Kingdom. Available now from your Interflora florist, from just £1.00 including free greetings card.



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Christmas miscellany

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

Christmas is approaching fast and if you are like me you are well behind with your shopping and are now faced with a mad rush. Luckily there are other presents than those that must be fought for in the big stores.

For a modest gift, needing no more organization than a trip to the ironmonger's, what could be more wickedly attractive than shiny, sharp cutting blades? Wilkinson's Sword have put some of their smaller garden tools in Christmas packs: secateurs, pruning knives, hand forks and trowels and their cleverly designed Wishbone Shears, reminiscent of Christmas turkeys—all are ideal gifts for gardeners.

You can also do your Christmas shopping at the Royal Horticultural Society's 240-acre garden at Wisley. It is on the Portsmouth Road, the A3, between Cobham and Ripley in Surrey and you can reach it by Green Line coach No 715 which runs from Oxford Circus to Guildford. There is a vast car park. The first things you see are the garden and gift shops. The garden shop stocks good house plants and a few seeds and sundries. Outside are hardy plants, alpiners, shrubs and roses.

The Wisley gift shop is a delightful

place, spacious, warm and smelling of pot pourri, where Barry Ambrose has gathered together a store of high-quality goods, all with a floral theme. There are pretty kitchen linens, Christmas cards, calendars and wrapping paper, Dartington glass, and china which includes the Portmeirion Botanic Garden and Pomona ware—Pomona is decorated with fruit—and a new range designed for the RHS called White Almond Blossom. You will find every delicious thing that can be concocted from herbs, fruit and flowers, including soaps, sweets and sachets, candles and cosmetics, flower scents from good perfumers such as Floris. Profits go to the RHS and help to keep subscriptions down.

Here, too, is what must be the largest collection in the country of books on gardening, natural history or flower arranging subjects, over 1,600 titles including children's and cookery books. There is a book list but you really should pay a personal visit. I found it hard to choose. The most expensive book was Teiji Itoh's superb *Imperial Gardens of Japan* at £50 which makes his lovely *Space and Illusion* a snip at £5.50. There were classics like Gilbert White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* in a splendid new edition, while several feet of shelf

were devoted to the works of Gertrude Jekyll and Edwin Lutyens, some of them reprints of her books, others about their partnership, of which *Gardens of a Golden Afternoon* by Jane Brown, Allen Lane, £12.95, has given me most pleasure. The long life of *William Robinson 1838-1935*, subtitled *Father of the English Flower Garden* by Mea Allen is most interesting, Faber & Faber, £10.50. I discovered it at Gravey Manor near East Grinstead, once William Robinson's home; now, with the garden restored it is a good hotel with fine cuisine.

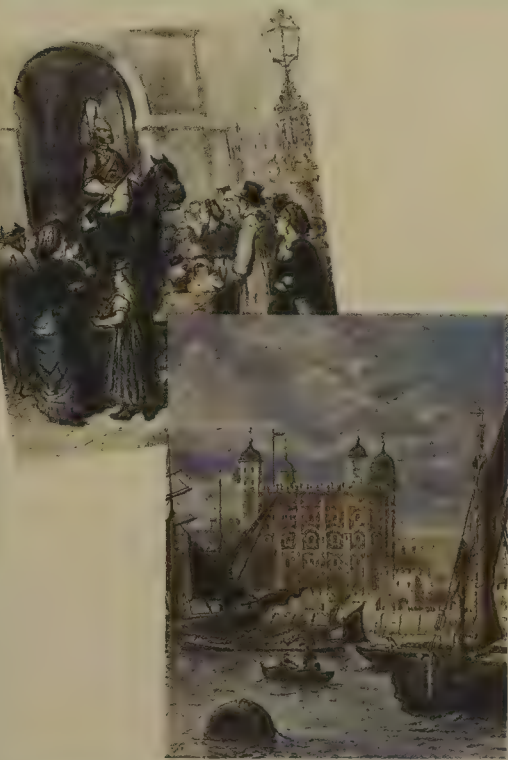
If you like books on particular plants I recommend Michael Gibson's on roses, or *Growing Irises* by G. E. Cassidy and S. Linnegar of the British Iris Society, Croom Helm, £7.95. But time and money spent on plants are wasted if a garden is badly designed. Look out for John Brookes's excellent and practical *Room Outside* in glossy paperback at £2.75, or *Garden Design* by Dame Sylvia Crowe, reissued with additions by the author and more than 200 illustrations, Packard Publishing at £20.

I have a love-hate relationship with Wisley. It is fascinating to visit a great garden in winter. In December you can see various horticultural activities going on. You can go for a long walk, see the pines and the heathers, explore

the rock garden and Battleston Hill and find small treasures in the alpine and orchid houses. You will learn the importance of evergreens and their contrasting foliage. I first noticed *Eleagnus pungens maculata* at Wisley on a winter day when its gold-variegated leaves mimicked forsythia in bloom from my vantage point near the restaurant. This is closed from November 2 until February 6 but the kiosk in the car park will sell hot and cold snacks until the end of the year.

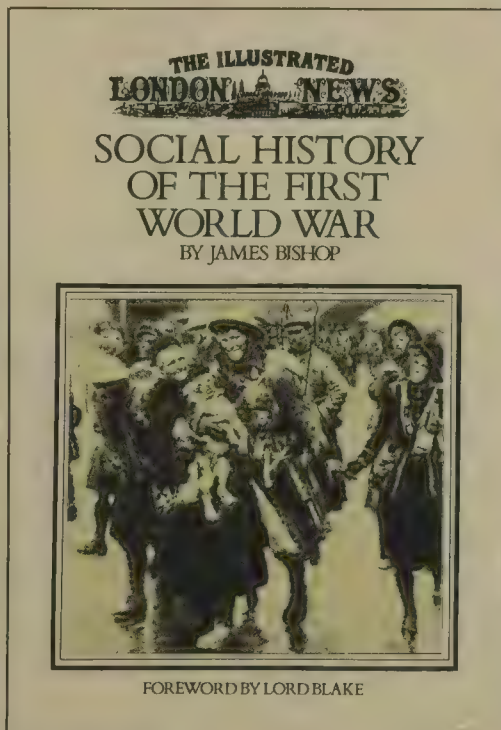
But just as it worries me in summer that Lanning Roper's lovely planting scheme in the walled garden has been lost among clashing substitutions, in winter I see a spreading blight of hideously inappropriate paving—if you doubt me look at the herb garden. And must the garden for the disabled be so ugly? I feel they deserve more than this economical assemblage from a builder's yard, all tarmac, concrete, gas pipes, drain pipes and old motor tyres. The once beautiful cool end of the big glasshouse has just been uglified as a conservatory displaying Victorian bedding in pots. Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe's fine tank and fountain should have led to more first-class design, not a slide into mediocrity. The RHS should influence taste and ought to retain a leading landscape architect.

Gift ideas



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Christmas roll-call

by Peta Fordham

It is hard to imagine Christmas without some heart-warming spirit in the house. Even in the tectotal surroundings of my own childhood there was brandy for the game of snapdragon (do children play it still, I wonder?); and the Christmas pudding came into the room in its proper splendour.

Is there perhaps an atavistic link that binds Christmas spirits with an older festival of returning light? Even if was-sail and stirrup-cup are no longer necessary in a world of central heating and insulation, it is pleasantly fanciful to re-associate oneself with the ancient dispellers of gloom.

So this is the time of year for good whisky. From a bewildering choice of names several obvious ones spring to mind. The Glenlivet, majestic doyen of the range; Highland Park, another great bottle; The Famous Grouse (splendid name); Johnnie Walker—now Black Label only in this country, going, as ever remarkably strong; Cutty Sark, pride of the “pale” varieties; Bell’s, a strong favourite; White Horse, which certainly does get taken everywhere; the old-established Dewar’s and the cleverly packed Dimple Haig. All these are familiar

friends which, with many another, should claim an honoured place on the Christmas table. Very expensive, very smooth and with a lightness which belies its strength is the new Dunhill Old Master, a blended Scotch at something like £25 a bottle.

There is an equally fine roll-call of cognacs. Otard, Martell (the Cordon Bleu for preference), Hine, Courvoisier and Rémy Martin come to mind at once. Delamain is not always easy to find but is a true aristocrat; and the robust Hennessys are remarkably consistent. Cognac is unique, say its producers with truth, since no spirit is more carefully controlled and de-limited; but a good, straight brandy is not to be despised. It is true that the makers of cognac are now recommending its use in “mixes”; but to drown the taste of even a good VSOP in a Whisky Mac offends my Edwardian upbringing. Good brandy, under its own name, is a sound drink: Asbach, the German one, for instance, and Italian Stock; and many tourists who have met good Spanish brandy are happy enough with Carlos or the best of Torres brandies.

Armagnac is allegedly becoming popular. I hope this is true for it is a splendid brandy, well suited to cold weather, its more earthy and robust character suiting many palates. What is

imported into this country is all of good quality, though those planning a holiday anywhere near the Armagnac region will find some lovely novelties on the spot, some of the small producers, family businesses as a rule, making delicious distillations. Palatable and easy to find over here, Janneau can be recommended; but hunt around as there are many more; and, especially in Condom, look for Armagnac Labeyrie.

Gin becomes ever more popular. All the old names persist and tastes are subjective. Beefeater, High and Dry and Gordons for instance, suit three different palates. New and exciting cocktails, the majority of them based on gin, are constantly being invented so a good supply of this in the house is a wise step. Among liqueurs it takes a lot to beat the old favourites, headed by Chartreuse and closely followed by Cointreau, the first for straight liqueur drinking, the second, flexibility itself, to be drunk on its own or used in a variety of ways, which should be available in a leaflet from your supplier. Reid’s of Bristol also stock a delicious Chartreuse speciality, a Myrtille drink, made from bilberries and not very alcoholic.

Those who like experimenting might consider laying in a store of miniatures, with which all sorts of novelties can be created and which can be used in pud-

dings and cakes. The Italian Amaretto, a prime favourite in its own country, is with its strong almond flavour a wonderful booster for almond icing. It is not on the whole suitable for neat drinking, but it is ideal for adding in extremely discreet quantities to many a dish, drink or gâteau. For a straightforward assortment of the more familiar liqueurs a set of the de Kuyper miniatures could be a good idea.

Rising prices and the recession have brought one possible advantage to the customer this year. The trade, which has had a rough time, is prepared in many cases to slash profits; and prices depend largely on where you buy. My own observations suggest that the duty-free shops offer less to the customer for Christmas this year than does the High Street; and it is well worth starting to look around for special offers. Oddbins, Augustus Barnett and Bottoms Up are good sources for bargains and by now the supermarkets should be well geared up.

Wine of the month

Something to drink on a cold night—the superb Madeira, Cossart’s Duo Centenary Celebration 1745-1945 Very Old Bual, £10.35, from Ellis Son and Vidler, 57 Cambridge St, SW1 or 27 White Rock, Hastings, Sussex. Well worth its price ●



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"Go on, open it."



"Go on, open it."



"Go on, open it."

The wanderer returns

by Patrick Moore

On October 18 two astronomers at Palomar Mountain in California made an exciting discovery. It did not look in the least spectacular, just a tiny blur at the limit of the recording capability of the world's largest fully operative telescope, the Hale 200 inch reflector. But it was immensely significant. The blur was Halley's Comet, which had been out of sight for more than 70 years.

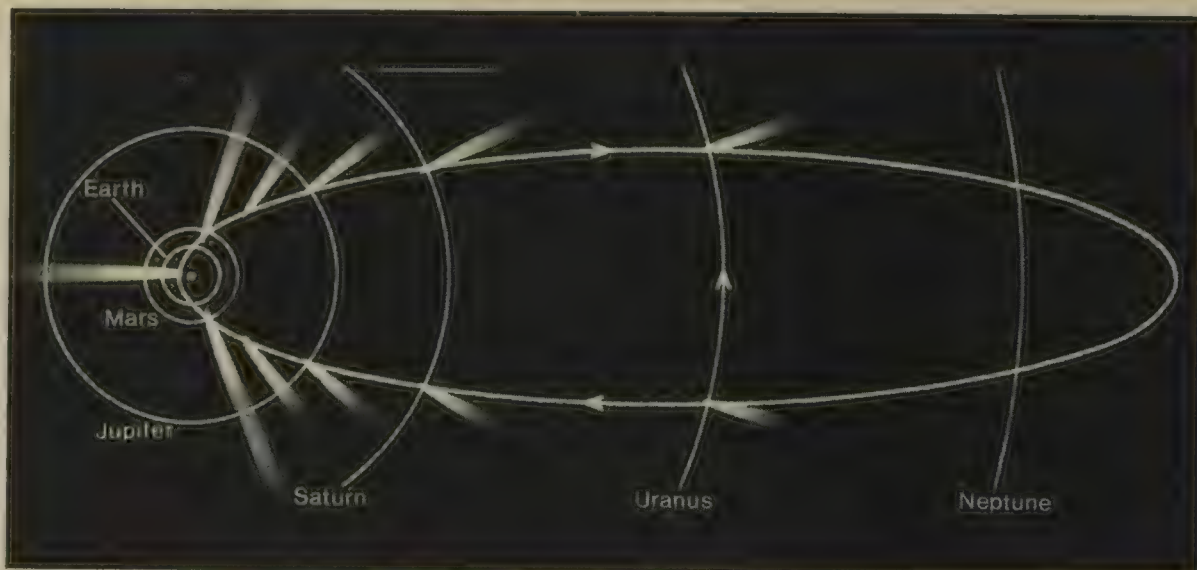
Comets have been termed the stray members of the Solar System. They are not solid, massive bodies like planets but are made up chiefly of small particles, mainly ices, together with fine "dust" and tenuous gas. A major comet may have a long tail stretching across the sky, though fainter ones may be entirely tailless so that they look like small luminous patches. There are even some comets which seem superficially to be like faint stars.

Comets shine by reflected sunlight, though it is true that when they are near perihelion (the point of closest approach to the Sun) their gases give out a certain amount of self-luminosity. They are visible only when well inside the orbit of Uranus, which orbits the Sun at a mean distance of over 1,700 million miles, and generally their paths are elliptical.

Some comets take so long to complete one journey round the Sun that they may be regarded as non-periodical. We cannot predict them. They take us by surprise and after a few weeks, months or years they pass out of view. However, there are also many comets with short periods so that they return regularly: Encke's Comet, for instance, has a period of only 3.3 years, and has now been seen at more than 50 returns (in fact, it can now be followed throughout its orbit); Crommelin's Comet, due back in 1983, has a period of 27 years; Olbers's Comet, 70 years. Unfortunately, with one notable exception, all the periodical comets are dim objects, seldom or never visible with the naked eye. The one exception is, of course, Halley's Comet.

It has a long history. It was recorded by the Chinese several hundred years before the birth of Christ, and it has been observed at every return since 11 BC. The mean period is 76 years, though this is not quite constant and may vary by a couple of years either way. At some returns it may be magnificent, while at others it is comparatively inconspicuous. This is due not to changes in the comet itself but to the relative positions of the comet and the Earth near the time of perihelion.

At the return of 1682 the comet was carefully observed from England by John Flamsteed, the Astronomer Royal, and by Edmond Halley, whose observations of the stars in the southern hemisphere had made him well known.



Halley's Comet, sighted by two astronomers in California on October 18 between the orbits of Saturn and Uranus.

At that time it was not known that comets are members of the Solar System and it was more generally thought that they travelled in straight lines. Halley was dubious. When he worked out the orbit of the 1682 comet he found that it was practically the same as those of comets seen previously in 1607 and in 1531. Could they be one and the same?

Finally he sent a paper to the Royal Society in which he wrote: "Now many things lead me to believe that the comet of 1531, observed by Apian, is the same as that which in the year 1607 was described by Kepler and Longomontanus... I may, therefore, with confidence predict its return in the year 1758. If this prediction is fulfilled, there is no reason to doubt that other comets will return." He added, modestly, that if he were proved right, posterity would not fail to appreciate that the discovery had first been made by an Englishman.

Halley could not hope to live until 1758—he died in 1742. Later some new calculations were made and the date of perihelion was revised to 1759. On Christmas Night, 1758, a German amateur named Palitzsch picked up the comet more or less where it had been expected, and it duly passed through perihelion on the following March 12. It was surely appropriate to refer to it henceforth as Halley's Comet.

Since then there have been two returns, those of 1835 and 1910. It was followed on the latter occasion until June, 1911, after which it was out of view until it was recorded again this October by Dr Edward Danielson and David Jewitt from Palomar.

We must admit, with reluctance, that the coming return is not a good one. The Earth and the comet will be in the wrong places at the wrong times. Halley's Comet will not be so striking as it has been on many previous occasions. In 1066, for example, it shone down as Duke William was preparing to launch his invasion of England and was

regarded by the Saxons as a warning of disasters to come, and in 1456 the Pope, Calixtus III, preached against it as an agent of the Devil. It was also prominent in 1910, when the Earth actually passed through its tail, and there were reports of alarm in several countries including the United States. In fact a comet's tail is so insubstantial that it can do no harm, and no effects whatsoever were recorded.

Yet the coming return will be of special importance because of the rapid development of astronomical instruments and techniques since 1910. By the time the comet approaches perihelion the Space Telescope, a 94 inch reflector, should be safely in orbit round the Earth, and will be used to make careful studies. Even more important, four rocket probes are scheduled to be launched to the comet during 1985. One of these, named Giotto in honour of the famous artist who once painted the comet, will be launched by an Ariane rocket. This is a project of the European Space Agency, and there is every hope that it will be successful. The Russians are to dispatch two probes which will rendezvous with the comet after having bypassed Venus and dropped probes into the atmosphere of that decidedly peculiar and hostile planet. Finally there is the Japanese vehicle, Planet A, which will mark Japan's first major venture into space.

The main task of these probes will be to investigate the conditions inside the comet's head and, in particular, to send back information about the nucleus—the very heart of the comet. At the moment we know very little about cometary nuclei because they are always surrounded by the "dust" and gas of the head and are effectively hidden. We are not even sure of the size of a nucleus; it may be a few miles in diameter, but no reliable estimates have been made. With luck, Halley will provide us with the answers.

It is not likely that any of the spacecraft will survive to emerge from the head of the comet. A collision with a particle large enough to destroy any probe seems almost certain. All we can hope is that at least one of the four vehicles will last long enough to send back details about the hidden nucleus.

When Danielson and Jewitt made their discovery, Halley's Comet was over 1,000 million miles from the Sun between the orbits of Saturn and Uranus. Its magnitude was estimated as 24.3, making it one of the very faintest objects ever recorded, and it was a mere 8 seconds of arc from its predicted position. As it draws inward it will brighten, at first slowly and then much more rapidly. By the beginning of 1985 it should have come within range of the telescopes used by amateur astronomers, and in November it is expected to become visible with the naked eye. It will remain a naked-eye object until the late spring of 1986, apart from a period when it will be on the far side of the Sun as seen from Earth. After that it will fade, though powerful telescopes should keep it under observation until 1990 at least. We cannot yet say much about its probable appearance. Comets develop tails as they near the Sun and the ices in their nuclei evaporate; Halley's is no exception, but as yet it is too early to make any definite predictions.

As Halley's Comet draws inward, and its tail starts to develop, it is safe to say that it will be studied more intensively than any comet has ever been. Whether or not it becomes an impressive naked-eye spectacle (and we must admit that the outlook is not promising), it will be of unique scientific importance, and the fact that it has been picked up so early means that it will remain under observation for almost a decade. If we do not avail ourselves of the opportunity we must wait until AD 2061 for another chance. But at least Halley's Comet itself has not failed us. The wanderer has returned.

Foreign currencies

by John Gaselee

Since October, 1979, Britain has been free from exchange control which means that anyone can invest overseas, take as much money as he likes when travelling abroad, transfer funds to anyone overseas, or buy overseas properties. It also means that bank accounts can be held in foreign currencies. Many banks offer a variety of accounts including current accounts, deposits at call or at some fixed notice, and term deposits for a fixed time period at a fixed rate of interest. Although some banks do not allow interest on current accounts, it is traditionally allowed on all deposit accounts.

Some of the accounts opened with high street banks are for such specific purposes as paying for a holiday, or in connexion with a hobby which might involve purchases overseas. It may seem attractive, on the face of it, to open an account for certain foreign currencies in view of the relatively high rates of interest which can be earned. But you should bear in mind that often the currencies giving high interest rates are those which are most likely to fall in value. Any gain on interest (which will be taxed), therefore, may very well be counter-balanced by depreciation.

If foreign currency will be required, say, for a holiday, it is possible to arrange a forward contract with your bank some months in advance, whereby the bank will undertake to sell the foreign currency at a guaranteed rate. In this way you can pay for your holiday in advance and not be caught out by an unfavourable change in the exchange rates. If, however, the foreign currency appears to be weak it may be better not to negotiate in advance. If a devaluation takes place before the holiday you will be able to buy more foreign currency, at the spot rate, for your sterling.

Sometimes people are attracted by the idea of borrowing in a foreign currency where the interest rate is low. That, however, involves problems similar to investing in a currency at a high rate of interest. Normally the stronger currencies have the lowest rates of interest. The snag is that the loan will have to be repaid in the foreign currency which may harden, so that more sterling will have to be used (to buy the foreign currency when the loan is repaid) than was provided by the foreign currency loan at the outset.

If you have the right skills and nerve, it is possible to play the currency markets by switching your funds from one deposit account to another. But buying and selling currency costs money. Any profit or loss must be computed after paying the switching costs. Probably a much better alternative is to let the professionals manage money on your behalf. Of course they have to be paid

but, because they handle a large volume of funds, the actual costs of switching will be much lower.

For instance, Vanbrugh Life set up a wholly owned subsidiary company to offer a fund providing currency management which has been successful, and it costs the fund around 0.1 per cent to switch from sterling to US dollars, and back to sterling. The initial management charge is 5 per cent and the annual charge is 0.75 per cent. For a private individual the cost may be about 1.5 per cent. In view of the way a currency fund is managed, it probably presents less risk than equities—and probably less reward in good times. There is, however, some risk.

With the Vanbrugh Currency Fund the risk is being tempered in various ways. For instance, never fewer than three currencies will be held by the Fund, and it is unlikely that more than 50 per cent will be in any single currency at any one time. While that spreads the risk it also sometimes has the effect of diluting what, otherwise, might have been first-class dealing.

In view of the risk, this is not the right type of fund for widows and orphans. Nor is it right for high-rate taxpayers as there will be a good deal of income as well as capital appreciation. It is aimed at those in between these two groups who want money available without risking it on stock markets. It is not the same, however, as putting money "on deposit" in sterling.

There are some currency funds which can be linked to life and personal pension policies. Cannon Assurance offers such a fund, managed by Guinness Mahon, which has the advantage of a facility to switch the linking of the policy with other funds operated by the life office.

The tax position is different. With the Vanbrugh Fund, which is a Jersey corporation tax company, both income and capital gains within the fund are tax free, though both are taxed in the hands of individual members of the Fund. With a single premium bond, 5 per cent of the original investment may be withdrawn for 20 years, with any tax liability deferred until encashment.

Freedom from exchange control may not last forever. Should there be a large-scale movement of money out of sterling, with people feeling that they would do better in other currencies, there could be a snowball effect putting sterling under extreme pressure. To avoid such a serious position for the country and to protect sterling, some form of control of the outflow of funds might have to be imposed.

Though Britain is currently free from exchange control, a number of less wealthy countries operate their own controls. There can be difficulties in obtaining money from these countries and there is not complete worldwide freedom for the transfer of funds ●

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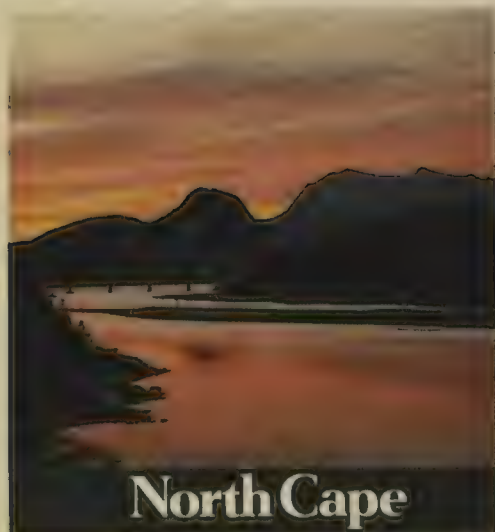
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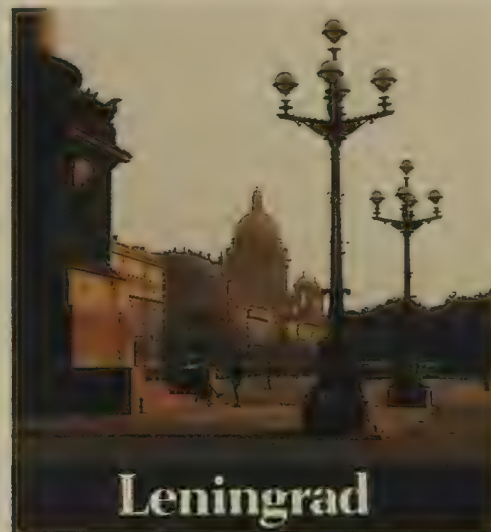
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Canadian contrasts

by David Tennant

The morning mist which had been so thick outside my 11th-floor room vanished rapidly, revealing the first ferry boat of the day easing out from the jetty below and heading for the off-shore islands. By the time breakfast arrived I had a panoramic view along the lakeshore, where joggers pounded the pathways in the late summer sun. The place was the splendid Harbour Castle Hotel in Toronto, part of the Hilton chain and the only hotel right by Lake Ontario, and yet within easy reach of "downtown". It is a superbly well run establishment.

My most recent visit to Toronto in late August confirmed my enthusiasm for this great Canadian city, even though it does have one or two blemishes. Not only has it some of Canada's finest modern architecture (the recently opened Roy Thomson Hall is stunning), it is among the cleanest cities I know. Even with a high car-owning population its public transport is excellent, with a well planned and still expanding network of subways, trolley cars (trams), buses, suburban trains (many double-deckers) and a few ferries, all maintained in pristine condition. And the cost of travel is well below that in London.

Dominating the city is the 1,815 foot high CN Tower, the world's tallest, which you zoom up on outside elevators. On top are revolving observation platforms and a restaurant and at its foot is the "Harbourfront" development, one of the best changes in recent years, which has turned a decidedly rundown zone into a recreational and artistic complex with restaurants and cafés, a railway museum, marinas and sports facilities.

Ontario Place, also on the lakeside and opened several years ago, is an imaginative 100 acre theme park, part recreational, part educational, with an amazing giant screen cinema and the "Futurepod", a temple to micro-chip technology in all its forms. It is adjacent to the Canadian National Exhibition grounds, where in the second half of August you can see displays from all over the country (and many other nations as well).

I went sightseeing around the city centre in a 60-year-old tramcar: the attractions include the preserved Fort York dating from the early 1800s. And I enjoyed my few hours at "Canada's Wonderland", the nation's answer to the Disney enterprises, a few miles north of the city. It is open from late May to early October.

Toronto's range of restaurants continues to expand with just about every ethnic cuisine from Cantonese to Ukrainian, Basque to Mexican. Eating out is mostly cheaper than in the UK.

Not the least of Toronto's attrac-



The old courthouse and the war memorial in the small town of Niagara-on-the-Lake.

tions as a holiday centre is the fact that you can easily visit many interesting places, the foremost of which is Niagara Falls. But it was to Niagara-on-the-Lake, only a few miles from the Falls (and about 80 from Toronto), that I made my way by road on a beautiful day, passing acres of vineyards.

This small town with wide, tree-lined streets, restored houses, shops and stores dating from the 19th and early 20th centuries was once the capital of Upper Canada. Now it is largely given up to tourism and cultural activities—the annual Shaw Festival is held in the smart, modern theatre named after the playwright every May to September with a wide range of plays. In the old Theatre Royal there is Canadian Mime, and the early British connexion is further exemplified by the Prince of Wales Hotel, built in 1864 and named after the future Edward VII. It is charming and very discreetly modernized. At the Shaw Theatre I saw a fine performance of *Pygmalion*. And no visit to the town is complete without a stroll through The Niagara Apothecary, preserved from the 1880s.

It was just after midnight when *The Canadian*, the only surviving trans-continental train in the country, pulled out of Toronto's handsome, neo-classical Union Station. I was already snug in my roomette complete with liquid nightcap and heading west for Winnipeg and the prairies. A few years ago it looked as if the long train trip (it is the better part of four days from Montreal to Vancouver) would be abandoned, but with the creation of VIA Rail (a federal-backed organization for most long- and medium-distance trains akin to AMTRAK in the USA) this great journey was saved.

The rolling stock has all been completely overhauled and refurbished and is extremely comfortable, with a choice of sleeping accommodation, two vista-dome cars on each train, bar-lounge service, buffet and full diner. Speed is slow by European and British stan-

dards, but the train is carrying largely leisure traffic. With a variety of money-saving tickets available it provides an excellent way to cross Canada at one go or in sections. My route was not the most scenic part (that is in the Rockies) but it was interesting and quite beautiful along the north shore of Lake Superior at sunset. The food was good, wholesome, typically Canadian and moderately priced, the staff were polite and helpful and I made friends within minutes.

My main purpose in heading west was to take another train, *The Hudson Bay*, right up through the forest, lake and mineral-rich country of northern Manitoba to Churchill, the deep-water port on the great bay after which the train was named. It was another comfortable trip, taking two nights and a day from Winnipeg, with lengthy stops at small townships *en route*. My fellow passengers were mainly locals, a handful of keen sportsmen, ornithologists and a scattering of curious outsiders like myself keen to see this remote outpost reachable only by rail and air.

Although there had been a temporary Danish settlement there in about 1620, it was not until 1717 that the all-important Hudson's Bay Company established their first post, followed some 60 years later by the building of the massive Fort Prince of Wales and other defence works to keep out the French who never arrived. Throughout the 19th century Churchill (named after the Duke of Marlborough in his role as head of the Company) was essentially a trading post and tiny port. But after decades of pressure the railway arrived in 1929 and the first two grain ships left two years later—the huge waterside grain elevators and deep-water quay are ice-free from June to October.

Churchill's current population is around 1,500 and includes white Canadians, Red Indians and Inuit Eskimos. It exports grain in the late summer (two large Polish ships were there on

my visit) and has a US weather rocket base, a huge experimental windmill to supplement the electricity supply and the Churchill Northern Studies Centre, a locally sponsored institute which studies polar bears (there are around 60,000 of them in the area in the "denning" season).

The town also has a fine, small Eskimo museum with beautiful carvings in soap stone, ivory and bone as well as a collection of vivid photographs of Eskimo life, past and present.

Churchill is not a beautiful town, but there are several comfortable hotels. The Tundra Inn where I stayed is reckoned to be the best and I could not have wished for greater comfort or better home cooking. The owners, Bob and Pat Penwarden, took me to the local rubbish dump to see four polar bears, the first of the thousands which would be arriving in the weeks after I left. And I was lucky, too, in seeing a school of white beluga whales at the harbour entrance.

My Pacific Western Airlines jet whisked me south to Winnipeg in just over two hours. During my stopover there I made a worthwhile discovery—the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature which depicts in dioramas, reconstructions, specimens and effective audio-visuals the story of central Canada from pre-history to the present. It is a place not to be missed.

I flew by courtesy of CP Air (part of the Canadian Pacific group) on one of their charter flights from Gatwick to Toronto and back. The food, wines and entertainment (all on the house) were excellent, but above all the courtesy and helpfulness of the cabin staff on both full flights could not have been better. Apart from the standard economy seating, I could easily have been travelling Business or Club Class on a scheduled flight. CP Air operate all year round from Gatwick and Manchester to both Toronto and Vancouver and from Prestwick to Toronto. In summer they also fly from Newcastle, Cardiff and Belfast and serve other destinations from Gatwick and Manchester including Calgary and Edmonton. Sample fare: Gatwick to Toronto, £258 to £316 return, advance booking ●

Canadian Government Office of Tourism, Canada House, Trafalgar Square, London SW1Y 5BJ (tel 01-629 9492). Ministry of Industry & Tourism, Ontario House, Charles II Street, London SW1Y 4QS (tel 01-930 6404). CP Air, 8 Waterloo Place, London SW1 (tel 01-930 5664).

In the article on Rome in the October issue we inadvertently gave an out-of-date address for Pegasus Holidays. This should be 24A Earl's Court Gardens, London SW5 0TA (tel 01-370 6851).

Skiing in the Dolomites

by Alex Finer

The annual dilemma for the hardened skiing addict is where, never whether, to go. It matters little whether you move like a pushed penguin or carve graceful curves through the most forbidding mogul field, skiing is habit-forming. Each year the package tour operators have to offer the growing number of skiers an ever wider range of destinations. For instance, Banff now lures British skiers 6,000 miles to the Canadian Rockies; or you can go east behind the Iron Curtain to Rumania and enjoy the Carpathians of Transylvania—with the Dracula legend duly exploited.

Wherever there is a mountain with snow, these days there are skiers. In fact it does not always matter about the snow: technology has the answer and man, especially in America, makes his own if nature fails to oblige.

There is no end to the exotic locations. Skiers on the Greek mountain of Parnassos stay at nearby Delphi where the oracle can be consulted about daily conditions on the slopes. Israelis have been known to ski down the slopes of Mount Hermon in full view of Syrian artillery. And Chacaltaya in Bolivia boasts the world's highest ski-lift, the *bottom* of which is more than 16,000 feet above sea level. I can testify that it is hard enough to breathe and walk up there, let alone leap into skis and head higher on the drag-lift.

It is a considerable relief and pleasure, therefore, to be able to report that it is still possible to make new discoveries in the heart of Europe. Although few British skiers yet know the Dolomites, many of those who do return year after year. Cortina is most famous as the site of the 1956 Winter Olympics. But there are attractive Italian resorts at Colfosco, La Villa, Arabba and Selva, set among mountains of raw and rugged beauty.

The Dolomites also offer a bonus, unrivalled elsewhere. The Dolomiti Superski-pass gives unlimited access to some 500 lifts in 10 different skiing areas. Last season a six-day pass cost £38, a 13-day one just £62. Around the town of Selva, for instance, there are 17 cable-cars, 10 gondola lifts, 51 chairlifts and 150 anchor or button lifts. The Forcella Sassolungo run is steep enough to suit the sort of kamikaze skiers who model themselves on the Japanese gentleman who recently climbed most of the way up Everest and then skied straight down. (He survived.) For the most part the runs have wide *pistes* so that relative beginners can scale the mountain tops and descend without fear by making wide turns; while downhill experts may ski more vertically in the edges or off-*piste*.

In summer the town attracts walkers and climbers, so it is not one of those



Situated in the heart of the Dolomites, the Italian resort of Selva is suitable for skiers of any standard.

hollow, purpose-built resorts open only four months a year, lacking all sign of independent life and soul. The closest influence is the Austrian Tyrol, but the mood is definitely Italian. In Selva's churchyard the candles burn brightly under the moon illuminating the pictures of departed relatives on the gravestones. On the ice hockey rink local teams get drunk and play with brooms and a puck but no skates. And there is spaghetti for lunch.

To use any lift, the Superski-pass must be put under a scanner which bleeps like a digital watch and allows the local owner of the lift to keep a tally of how many skiers use the facilities and accordingly how much of the Superski-pass money comes his way. The system even benefits the skier: individual lifts compete for custom with good, cheap meals and deckchairs in the sun.

There is plenty of opportunity to sample local liqueurs such as Williams (pear) and Prugna (prune). Some entrepreneurs break the law and set up bars in the snow, where you can buy a tot from a bottle cooling on an ice shelf. It is served with marinated segment of the appropriate fruit.

The greatest challenge in the area is to ski the Sella Ronda. This continuous circuit of lifts and runs links Selva across a pass or two to Arabba to Corvara to Colfosco and eventually to the Panorama hut above Selva, where it is the custom to stay until after the sun has set so that you ski the last run by moonlight—or, in my case, in the complete dark as the moon inconveniently disappeared. On the way round the circuit proficient skiers can sample the best runs at each resort.

Small World, the biggest British chalet party operator in the area,

offers mainly two-week chalet holidays throughout the Dolomites from December to April. They have three chalets in Selva in each of which two or three hardworking English girls provide breakfast, tea and a sumptuous three-course dinner. At the biggest of the chalets, the Sonnenheim, one of the girls, Judy, had broken her collarbone but managed to make her left arm perform the work of two. Couples seemed to be having a better time than singles; and if you put together 10 people you can take an entire chalet. The cost of two weeks is between £229 and £289. In addition the company also offers seven nights (£169 to £219) and two 10-night departures covering Christmas and Easter for £259 and £239 respectively.

Also highly recommended is the *demi-pension* arrangement at the Pralong, a delightfully run small hotel where two weeks cost about £180, exclusive of travel. Small World can sometimes offer seats on their weekly planes to Venice, followed by a four-and-a-half-hour coach transfer to the resort. The length of the airport transfer is the main disadvantage of the region. It is hard to reach and therefore particularly worth going for two weeks rather than one.

Addresses for Practically Christmas, pages 68 and 71:

Benson & Hedges, 13 Old Bond St, W1; The Danish House, 16 Sloane St, SW1; The Design Centre, 28 Haymarket, SW1; Charles de Temple, 52 Jermyn St, SW1; Floris, 89 Jermyn St, SW1; Fortnum & Mason, 161 Piccadilly, W1; Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1; Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1; Imperial Cancer Research, PO Box 48, Burton-upon-Trent DE14 3LQ; Kitchen Karousels, Rockingham

Chambers, Rockingham Rd, Kettering, Northants NN16 8HG; John Lewis, Oxford St, W1; Liberty, Regent St, W1; The Lock Shop, Commercial Place, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1; Mencap, 123 Golden Lane, EC1; David Plageron, 5 Cliff View Terrace, Gunnislake, Cornwall PL18 9DD; Save the Children Fund, Trading Dept, Mary Datchelor House, Camberwell Grove, SE5; Selfridge's, Oxford St, W1; Strathaird Ltd, 21 Longman Drive, Inverness, Scotland.

Small World, Russell Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8AW (836 7836). Hotel Pralong, 39048 Selva, Val Gardena, Dolomites (0471 75370).

Satisfying Sierra

by Stuart Marshall

The Ford Sierra, successor to the Cortina, is as *avant-garde* in its styling as the Cortina had become dated. The Cortina was Britain's best-selling car for years because its utter simplicity appealed to the fleet managers who buy cars by the thousand. On the Continent it was widely held to be dull and old fashioned and it did badly by comparison with cars like the VW Passat and Renault 18.

Will the Sierra frighten off traditional Ford buyers who found the Cortina's blandness comforting? It should not, because the Sierra is a vastly better product than the Cortina in every important respect.

Ford have been clever with the Sierra. At a time when most of the rest of the world's car makers have plunged into front-wheel drive for all but the largest models they have retained rear-wheel drive and can therefore use all the Cortina's engines, from a 1.3 litre four-cylinder to a 2.8 litre V6. Front-drive would have ruled out the use of a V6 because of lack of under-bonnet space. The front suspension is little different from a Cortina's but the rear suspension is fully independent like a Granada's (or, as Ford point out, that of a Mercedes-Benz or BMW).

So the first thing you notice when driving a Sierra is that it sounds like a Cortina—though the noise level is muted—but rides as smoothly and shock absorbently as the latest Granada. Rear-seat passengers, who had a hard time in the Cortina, will especially approve of the Sierra. Even on rough dirt roads, as I discovered when testing the car in Sardinia, the Sierra rides extremely well.

Ford have gone all out for fuel economy with the Sierra. The shape of the car was dictated more by the need to reduce aerodynamic drag than a desire to please the eye, though both aims have been achieved. The Sierra's drag factor is 22 per cent lower than the European average and that spells fuel economy, especially at high cruising speeds.

The body—which you and I know as a hatchback—is described by Ford as of "aeroback" design. The sloping tailgate opens up on to generous luggage

space and the sill is low enough to permit easy loading. Rear-seat backrests are split 60/40 to allow passengers and bulky luggage to be accommodated. The seats are most comfortable and are tuned to suit the suspension.

At the time of writing I have tried only two Sierras—a 1.6 litre with GL trim and a 2 litre Ghia with the highest trim level. Initially the ride quality impressed me most, but after a few miles of Sardinia's winding but well surfaced main roads I found the handling and cornering capabilities most satisfying. The Sierra may be hustled round bends with a minimum of roll and it responds nimbly and eagerly to a hard driver. There was little road-induced noise but I cannot pass an opinion on wind roar: Sardinia with the thermometer in the mid 90s is no place to drive with all the windows and the sunroof closed.

Five-speed manual gearboxes, with an overdrive top for economy, are standard on all but the cheapest Sierras. Ford gearshift quality has become a byword in recent years and the Sierra's new five-speeder maintains the tradition. In fifth both cars were as quiet mechanically as any of their rivals and had a feel of refinement.

The Sierra will be offered with a diesel engine (a 2.3 litre four-cylinder manufactured by Peugeot), and automatic transmission is available on certain models. A good-looking estate car with four passenger doors and a nicely rounded tailgate is no less wind-cheating than the hatchbacks, though its carrying capacity is massive. Taking a leaf out of Mercedes's and Volkswagen's book, Ford have equipped the Sierra estate with integral roof-rack side rails.

Maximum speeds range from 94 mph for the 1.3 litre Sierra, which costs under £4,800, to a claimed 125 mph for the XR4i, which will not be on sale until the New Year. Average fuel consumptions are from 30 mpg (the 1.6 litre economy model which returns 51.3 mpg at a steady 56 mph) to 23.3 mpg for the V6. The diesel handsomely beats this with 55.4 mpg at 56 mph.

To sum up, the Cortina was a sensible purchase; a Sierra will attract buyers because it is a thoroughly enjoyable car to drive.



Ford's new Sierra is more like a Granada than the Cortina which it replaces.

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BOOKS

A son's assessment

by Robert Blake

Rules of the Game: Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley 1896-1933

by Nicholas Mosley
Secker & Warburg, £8.95

"Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd and a young man with the face of the ruling class of Great Britain but with the gait of a Douglas Fairbanks thrust himself forward through the throng to the platform followed by a lady in heavy costly furs. There stood Oswald Mosley, whose later ascent was to be one of the strangest phenomena of the working class movement of the world."

Thus wrote a young German reporter attending a Labour meeting in the Empire Hall in south-east London in the spring of 1924. Mosley's life is indeed an extraordinary story, and told very well in this first volume going up to 1933 by his son, Nicholas. The author's correct name is Lord Ravensdale. The peerage was one of many acquired by his grandfather, the Marquis Curzon, who arranged for it to go by special remainder through the female line if, as proved to be the case, he had no sons.

The author's mother, Lady Cynthia Curzon, fell passionately in love with Oswald Mosley in 1919. Mosley was 23 and already an experienced amorist who could count numerous affairs with married women on his record. The couple had frequent encounters in the flat of a complacent friend and were married in May, 1920, in the Chapel Royal in the presence of the King and Queen. It was an aristocratic occasion. The Curzons were an old family, and the earliest of three Mosley baronetcies had been created in 1640. Lord Curzon married first an heiress, then a rich widow. The Mosleys enjoyed hereditary wealth derived from their estate in Staffordshire. There was however a tradition of animosity between father and son. Oswald (always known as "Tom") had a father and grandfather also called Oswald. The first Oswald had a bout of fisticuffs with the second and left most of his money to his grandson. The second Oswald also came to blows with the next Oswald, that is Tom. Lord Ravensdale was not struck by his father but he was cut out of his will.

The Mosley family was characterized by aggressive rowdiness and total promiscuity. Tom was genuinely in love with "Cimmie", as his wife was called, but this did not stop him having a continuous series of extramarital liaisons. Shortly before her tragically sudden death in 1933, she became worried about his relations with Diana Guinness (*née* Mitford) whom Mosley was later to marry. Tom conceived the curious idea that, if he informed his wife about all the women he had been

to bed with during their married life, it would somehow make her less anxious about this particular episode. At dinner that night he told Lord Boothby what he had done. "All, Tom?", said Boothby. "Well, all except her step-mother and sister" was the reply.

It is not easy for a son to write his father's biography. The only successful precedent that comes to mind is Winston Churchill's life of Lord Randolph. This has in the end been superseded but it is only recently that Roy Foster shrewdly analysed the extent to which it was a tract for the times in defence of Winston's own political transformation. Nicholas Mosley has no comparable axe to grind, for he is a novelist—and a very good one—not a politician. There is a sense in which the novelist has an advantage over the academic biographer when dealing with a character like Tom Mosley. "My father was adored and hated, respected and feared, pitied and reviled. But both those who abominated him from a distance and those who were charmed by his presence (most people were) had the impression of something awesome about him that could not quite be put into words. It was as if he were a Greek tragic hero to whom disaster had occurred (or which he had caused to occur) which set him apart."

The author puts his finger on a vital point in interpreting Mosley's career when he says that his father's great power lay in the spoken word. He was a wonderful orator and a master of repartee. He never used notes. He acquired the gift of impromptu speaking by getting someone to read him leaders from *The Times* and answering them "taking each point *seriatim* in the order read". He had a wonderful memory for figures. He also possessed the orator's art of rhythmic sentences and cadences which play on people's minds like music. But there were disadvantages. As his son puts it, "Tom never understood the limitation of the power of words. He was apt to think that once a case had been reasonably and passionately stated, the cause had been won; that if a difficult question had been parried or skilfully avoided, it had somehow disappeared." He never saw that the very genius which he had in the use of words might make people distrust him after the effect had worn off and wonder what all this oratory had to do with the real world.

The political aspect of Mosley's life has already been covered, ably if controversially by Robert Skidelsky. Lord Ravensdale does not add—or purport to add—much to this. What he depicts brilliantly is a picture of the style of life and the mentality which enabled Tom and Cimmie, natural denizens of the world of café society, to be enthusiastic members of the socialist party. The Fascist period lies ahead. I have only one criticism—those dreadful love letters of which Lord Ravensdale prints far too many in Chapter Four. They are not improper, just embarrassing.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

Schindler's Ark

by Thomas Keneally
Hodder, £7.95

On the Black Hill

by Bruce Chatwin
Cape, £7.50

Schindler's Ark, winner of this year's Booker prize, stars the extraordinary Oskar Schindler, a maverick German industrialist who saved hundreds of Polish Jews from the holocaust, even setting up his own fake concentration camp—"Schindler's Ark"—where they could be safe. Some have challenged its eligibility for the Booker prize for fiction because it is based on a true story, but then most good novels are based on true stories of one kind or another. It has the texture and devices of a novel—an authorial stance, character development, plot and moral message. The author Thomas Keneally—three of whose fictions have in the past been shortlisted for the Booker—has scrupulously researched his subject but is too much a novelist not to fill in episodes and conversations where recollections are patchy in a way which lifts this excellent book far above the level of a documentary.

Towering over Keneally's story is the character of Oskar Schindler, a Rhett Butler figure of worldly tastes and enormous charm. At the start of the narrative, he is keeping house in Cracow with his German mistress while maintaining a long affair with his Polish secretary. His wife still lives in Germany and comes to visit him in Poland only occasionally. Schindler has followed the German armies into Poland in order to make money in the conquered territory. He runs an enamelware factory with forced Jewish labour, deals in the black market, consorts with the SS, bribes when he needs to and drinks, eats and dresses with style and extravagance. He is a rich man, and a confident one. "His manner implied that he knew where the next cigarette was coming from and the next bottle of cognac." He does not conform to the conventional image of a good man, and indeed it was only during the short, fierce period from 1939 to 45 that he displayed the courage and compassion which must put him among the world's heroes.

At an SS dinner party in the autumn of 1943 we see Schindler's distaste for his host, the sadistic, bullying Amon Goeth, the SS commandant, a man of the same age and background whose story runs parallel to his. A conventional novel might well have sought to excuse Amon's savagery and explain Schindler's decency by filling in their psychological backgrounds. Keneally, however, judges them by their deeds,

perhaps the only way people can be judged in crises. Truth gets away with more than fiction: it can say this man was evil because he did evil things.

At first, in his factory, Schindler did little more than show ordinary human kindness and treat his workers like human beings. Soon, however, he began to warn Cracow's Jewish population of coming raids on their ghetto, and in doing so put himself in danger. But he was able to bribe and charm himself out of any tricky situation because he understood those he dealt with, because he was one of them. As Amon and his gang took things further, so Schindler responded by stepping up his involvement with the Jews who came under his protection. He took more risks.

Always a generous man, he used his wealth to bribe officials, including Amon, into letting him set up a benign concentration camp in the backyard of his factory. Later he created a factory camp in Czechoslovakia where he was supposed to be manufacturing anti-tank shells and in fact gloried in manufacturing nothing at all. By sleight of hand, chicanery and the help of women who loved him, Oskar Schindler made a fool of the system. At various stages in his story he bought his workers out of Auschwitz and Gross-Rosen with handfuls of diamonds, was arrested himself, travelled on forged documents and acquired a cache of arms from the SS so that his workers could take over their own camp. He is a remarkable figure and his story is told with strength and clarity. There is neither sentimentality here nor any relish in the horrors described. *Schindler's Ark* is a difficult book to stop reading but at times so moving it is a relief to put it down.

While Keneally is a novelist trying his hand at a documentary with great success, Bruce Chatwin has until this first novel, *On the Black Hill*, been acclaimed as a non-fiction writer (*The Viceroy of Oidah* and his travel book *In Patagonia* received first-class reviews). *On the Black Hill* is another beautifully written book, each sentence marvelously crafted. It tells the story of closely bonded twins—Lewis and Benjamin Jones—against the background of the farm in Wales in which they grow up and die during the first 80 years of this century. Bruce Chatwin describes the changing seasons and how the changing times encroach on the rural life of a small community. He details the tormenting, wonderful love between Lewis and Benjamin who cannot bear to be apart and the turbulent affection between their refined mother and at times brutish father.

But, for all its grace of language and sensitive perceptions, this book lacks the heart of a novel. It is exhilarating to read and yet curiously forgettable and two-dimensional, as though the qualities of a novel lie not in language or character but in something else, a strength and vitality that those who only record and observe cannot attain.

London through artists' eyes

by James Bishop

Artists' London

by David Piper
Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £10.95

A wobbly representation of Westminster Abbey as the body of Edward the Confessor was carried towards it for burial on January 6, 1066, is the first pictorial record of a London building that we have—though record is probably the wrong word, for this outline in the Bayeux Tapestry is, as David Piper suggests, likely to be more token than accurate, like a child's "think" of a place. For 1,000 years before this no visual record of London remains, and for several hundred years thereafter surviving illustrations are few. But from the 16th century the growing city attracted an increasing number of topographers, engravers, painters and artists of all kinds. Their work is the theme of this delightful book, and in David Piper we are fortunate in having a guide with both a discerning eye and an entertaining and informed pen, which is quite equal to the task of moving, in the turn of a page, from the London of Hogarth to that of his contemporaneous visitor, Giovanni Antonio Canal, better known as Canaletto.

London has been the inspiration of many visiting artists, including Doré, Whistler, Derain, Kokoschka, Pissarro, Sisley and Monet, as well as such native Britons as Constable, Turner, Sickert, Sutherland, Lowry and Moore. All have fine examples of their London work illustrated in this book. The images they have distilled from the city are as diverse as their subject, but since the first view recorded by Mathew Paris in 1252 the majority seem to have included one or more of the subjects he portrayed—the Tower, St Paul's, the river, and Westminster. All have changed in the seven centuries since he produced his condensed view of London to illustrate a papal envoy's journey across Europe, but all have survived in fact as well as in paint.

David Piper is less than enthusiastic about some recent changes. He recalls that Henry James once composed a tremendous list of reasons why London should be insupportable, though going on to acknowledge that the city was "on the whole the most passable form of life". Almost a century on, Mr Piper feels we should be even more guarded in our conclusions about London, though he concedes that "the sense of excitement, of the possible, can still tingle in the air". He concludes the book with a modest canvas by a 20th-century painter, Mary Potter, showing a pot of hyacinths on a Harley Street window-sill, beyond which can be seen a murky sky articulated by chimney pots. Painted in 1948,

"at the bleak period of the 'ersatz-victory' when England still was being rationed and peace was failing to provide its promised bliss", it nonetheless represents for the author that sense of the possible, and of the pleasure of being alive at the heart of London. This is a book that takes us close to that heart.

Full Circle

by Janet Baker
Julia MacRae, £9.95

This is a day-to-day diary of the last year of Janet Baker's working life as an opera singer, from September, 1981, to July, 1982, covering her final performances at Covent Garden, the Coliseum and at Glyndebourne. It is as much concerned with the trivialities of life as with the hard work that goes into the preparation of an opera role, and shows her to be a dedicated, single-minded woman, sustained by her religion, her marriage and the duty that she feels to share the rare talent of an outstanding voice with others. She is most informative on the preparation for *Alceste* at Covent Garden with the producer John Copley, who was also responsible for the ENO production of *Mary Stuart* and for some of Dame Janet's other outstanding performances at the Coliseum. Writing about the rehearsal weeks at Glyndebourne leading up to her final *Orfeo* there this summer, she conveys the joy of working as one of a team to bring an opera to life in the concentrated, enclosed conditions which Glyndebourne offers. The text is complemented by Zoë Dominic's fine pictures of Dame Janet rehearsing, performing and relaxing.

The House—A Portrait of Chatsworth

by the Duchess of Devonshire
Macmillan, £9.95

"Not a palace, not a castle, not a museum, but a house"—the author, who has lived in Chatsworth for the last 23 years, is firm on the subject. It is nonetheless a very big house—360 times the size of an ordinary house, we are told—and it has taken some 400 years to reach its present state of seeming perfection. To appreciate the house and its landscape one needs to know its history and have a sympathetic and understanding guide to its construction and contents. The Duchess of Devonshire has succeeded in providing both in this book, while at the same time demonstrating that she shares the literary ability of the Mitfords.

The house, she notes, grew in a haphazard sort of way. "Nothing fits exactly, none of the rooms except the Chapel is a set-piece ... you find a hideous thing next to a beautiful thing, and since taste is intensely personal you would probably disagree with me as to which is which. It is a decorator's nightmare." It was all created by the confident dictators of the past, with no recourse to committees.

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CHESS

Books for players

by John Nunn

With Christmas approaching this seems an appropriate moment to survey the chess book market.

Openings works still represent the largest slice of chess book output and most of these are in the standard format which is probably familiar to many readers. The 12th edition of *Modern Chess Openings* appeared this year, revised by Walter Korn (A&C Black, softback, £8.95). Once the undisputed leader in the field of chess openings, this book has to face stiff competition today, although it still represents good value for money. Of the many other openings books I will pick out two. *How to Play the Nimzo-Indian Defence* by R. Keene and S. Taulbut (B. T. Batsford, softback, £5.95) provides a well-written, painless introduction to the opening of the title and is well suited to the average player. *Opening Preparation* by Assiac and O'Connell is an unusual collaboration providing an amalgam of Assiac's racy style and O'Connell's theoretical knowledge. The final product makes interesting reading, although one might need to refer to a more detailed openings book to flesh out the skeleton provided by O'Connell.

There are two recent books on middle-game topics which stand out. *Three Steps to Chess Mastery* by A. Suetin (Pergamon, softback, £5.95, hardback, £9.50) is in the style of Kotov's famous *Think Like a Grandmaster* in that it deals with the mental processes involved in playing chess as much as the moves themselves. The translation from the Russian reads smoothly and Suetin has included plenty of interesting examples. Almost any player would learn something from reading this book. In the past few years there have been a number of books in which the reader is confronted with a large number of middle-game positions and is invited to find the winning continuation. I find the whole concept rather boring, but if you enjoy it then *Test Your Tactical Ability* by Y. Neishtadt (B. T. Batsford, softback, £5.95) is one of the best examples of the genre. The reader should note, however, that this differs from the original Russian edition in that a large number of positions have been cut out. There are 378 positions left, however, which should be enough to occupy the Christmas holiday.

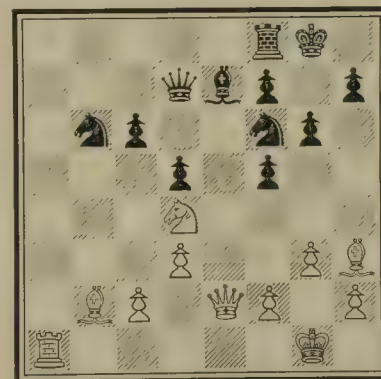
Pergamon Press had the bright idea of collecting together 300 of Larry Evans's syndicated newspaper columns covering the period 1973-81 under the title *The Chess Beat* (softback, £5.50, hardback, £8.95). Since these appeared only in American newspapers they will be new to European readers. Some sections appear rather dated now, but on the whole the book

provides interesting reading.

London 1982 by R. Keene is an account of the Phillips & Drew Kings tournament held in April and costs £8.60 post free from British Chess Magazine, 9 Market Street, St Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex. Although the book is nicely produced, the price is very high for 120 pages and readers who attended the tournament should be warned that the book is only slightly different from the bulletins published at the time.

Draw! by W. Heidenfeld (George Allen & Unwin, hardback, £7.95) is a games collection with a difference. Draws are frequently boring games but, as Heidenfeld shows, they can also be supremely exciting since a draw is the natural result when both sides play with equal imagination. *Draw!* contains 64 games and the analysis is at a level suitable for average players. I highly recommend it. *Best Chess Games 1970-80* by Jon Speelman (George Allen & Unwin, hardback, £9.95) is another fine book aimed at club players and above. Speelman's analysis and commentary is a model for grandmasterly game annotations and one can only wonder how much time he must have devoted to the analysis of these 47 games. There are fresh discoveries in many famous encounters.

The following spectacular finish is from Keene-Kovacevic, Amsterdam II 1973, one of the games dissected in Speelman's book.



21 BxP

This would deserve an exclamation mark were it not for the fact that the simple move 21 NxQBP gives White a clear advantage at no risk.

21 ...PxB

22 R-R7! QxR

23 NxQBP

Speelman's analysis proves the surprising fact that 23 NxKBP was better.

23 ...Q-Q2?

Total collapse. Black had to play 23...B-R6!, when Speelman analyses 24 BxN Q-R5! 25 Q-K3! as good for White, although perhaps not enough to win.

24 NxBch K-N2

25 Q-R5 Resigns

The threats of 26 Q-N5ch and 26 NxPch admit of no defence.

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Win some, lose some

by Jack Marx

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars" was never truer than at team-of-four match play. A supposed inevitable loss may well be nullified by events at the other table; sometimes it may even have been transformed into a substantial profit. This may not be due to any merit of your own side, but simply to some failing by your counterparts.

As West on this hand you have arrived at a rather pedestrian Six Diamonds and taken 13 tricks without the slightest difficulty. The opposing team are using a complex and artificial system that seems to work efficiently and you imagine that it will be equal to coping with these nicely fitting hands.

♠ Q 10 5 2 Dealer South
♥ J 8 6 5 3 North-South
♦ 4 Game
♣ J 8 7

♠ 9 7 ♠ A 8 6 4
♥ 10 ♥ A K Q
♦ K J 5 3 2 ♦ A Q 9 6
♣ A 10 9 6 5 ♣ K 3

♠ K J 3
♥ 9 7 4 2
♦ 10 8 7
♣ Q 4 2

Fourth to speak, your partner, with 22 points, opens a normal Two No-trumps. You await developments with a natural Three Diamonds, but they are not very welcome in the form of Three Hearts from East. Losing interest, you subside into Three No-trumps, but partner now bounds into Six Diamonds. No further investigation is possible at this level and you are far from pleased at your partner's kangaroo-like antics. Did he fear that you might pass Four Diamonds? Though trumps do not break two-two, clubs break three-three and 13 tricks roll smoothly in.

At the other table Two No-trumps has also been opened, not however by East but by West. It purported to show a minor two-suiter, at this score of indifferent quality. East simply checked up through Blackwood for one Ace and then bid Seven Diamonds.

In a sense this West played the hand better than you did, though he made a trick less. He did not rely on minor-suit breaks but planned a dummy-reversal by ruffing spades in his own hand. The first two tricks were dummy's Ace and King of Hearts and the next two were taken by Ace of Spades and a spade ruff. A club to the King, a second spade ruff, a trump to the Ace and a third spade ruff with Diamond King left this:

♥ J 8 6
♣ J 8

♥ Q
♦ Q 9 6
♣ 3

♦ J
♣ A 10 9 6

♥ 9 7
♦ 10 8
♣ Q

West had only to draw trumps, but he could not enter dummy to do so without being overruffed in clubs. His dummy-reversal was well conceived but faultily executed. He should have thrown both his spades on dummy's top hearts and then have proceeded to ruff three spades before cashing the Spade Ace. South cannot now shed a club, as he actually had done, on the fourth round of spades. There would also be no risk of an overruff if North had three spades instead of four.

The East-West pair who had triumphed on the last hand were far less successful on this one, for at their table the opposing South bid and made Six Diamonds against them.

♠ A K 8 6 3 Dealer South
♥ K 4 Game All
♦ J 2
♣ Q 10 6 3

♠ 10 7 5 2 ♠ Q J 9
♥ J 3 ♥ Q 9 7 2
♦ 6 4 ♦ 7 5 3
♣ A K 9 7 4 ♣ J 5 2

♠ 4
♥ A 10 8 6 5
♦ A K Q 10 9 8
♣ 8

North-South conducted a somewhat complex though natural auction, with South displaying a marked red two-suiter with longer diamonds.

North 1♠ 3♣ 4♦ 4♠ 5♥
South 1♦ 2♥ 3♥ 4♥ 5♠ 6♦

West cashed Club King and shifted to a trump, as he thought harmlessly enough. There were 10 top tricks, and a heart ruff in dummy would provide one more, but without an even heart split the source of a 12th was not clear-cut. However, South ruffed the third round of hearts with dummy's one remaining trump. South ruffed himself back to hand via a club and played out trumps:

♠ A K 8
♥
♦
♣ Q

♠ 10 7 5 ♠ Q J 9
♥ ♥ Q
♦ ♦
♣ A ♣

♠ 4
♥ 10 8
♦ 10
♣

On South's last trump, East-West succumbed to a double squeeze. Both defenders had to part with a spade, West to protect clubs and East to protect hearts.

At the other table South was also declarer at Six Diamonds after a similar though simpler auction. This West player saw no need to shift to trumps after taking his club trick, since he could insert his Four of trumps on a third round of hearts. The bidding clearly revealed declarer's shortage in spades, so a spade lead now turned out to be a killer, ruining South's communications for the squeeze. ●

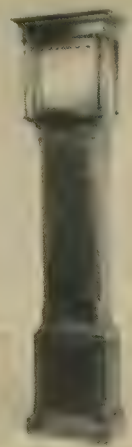
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DECEMBER BRIEFING

The countdown to Christmas is well under way with pantomimes and special exhibitions. On December 9 the tree in Trafalgar Square is lit and the carol singing starts in earnest. Two days later a funfair complete with big wheel and coconut shies opens in Covent Garden's east piazza. Royalty is much in evidence. The Queen attends a gala performance of *Peter Pan* at the Barbican, and on

Christmas Day delivers her speech to the Commonwealth. Earlier in the month there are royal film premières for Sir Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi* and Steven Spielberg's *ET* as well as an anniversary gala by the Royal Ballet. There is a season of cabaret at the Savoy, George Melly at Ronnie Scott's and the annual Smithfield Show. On New Year's Eve 1983 is ushered in with beacons across the country.



Spirit of Christmas: Bethnal Green from December 1.



E.T. arrives: première December 9.



Clive James talks: December 14.

MONDAY

Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for telephone numbers and further details. Add 01- in front of seven-digit numbers when calling from outside London. Credit card booking facilities are indicated by the symbol CC.

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

December 1
Exhibitions of the Spirit of Christmas & Wire Toys of Zimbabwe open at Bethnal Green Museum (p103)
Peter Skellern in concert at the Dominion, Tottenham Ct Rd (p97)
First day of the ice figure skating championships at Richmond (p94)

Full moon

THURSDAY

December 2
Royal charity gala given by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden includes première of Nureyev's *The Tempest* (p98)
British première of *Le Grand Macabre* at the Coliseum (p98)
Royal European première of Richard Attenborough's film *Gandhi* (p91)

FRIDAY

December 3
Programme of music by Messaien, Stravinsky & Varèse played by the BBC Symphony Orchestra & Gillian Weir at the Festival Hall (p95)
Caroline Holden runs a workshop for children at the National Theatre (p99)
First day of Thornton's British Closed Squash Championship at Sheffield (p94)

SATURDAY

December 4
Church of England Children's Society Christingle Service at Southwark Cathedral (p96)
Jan Pienkowski supervises mural painting at Hammicks bookshop (p99)
The Subject of Painting opens at the Arnolfini in Bristol (p101)
Santa steam specials in Derbyshire & Hampshire (p106)

SUNDAY

December 5
Janet Baker sings in *The Dream of Gerontius* at the Festival Hall (p95)
Ronald Pickup reads Tennyson at the Hampstead Theatre (p99)
King Vidor's *The Crowd* on C4 (p93)
Last day of The Art of the Van de Veldes at the Queen's House, Greenwich (p100)

December 6 First day of the Royal Smithfield Show (p99) First performance of the Coventry Cycle plays at St Peter-upon-Cornhill (p99) First night of <i>The School for Scandal</i> at the Ashcroft (p88) Savoy cabaret season starts (p105) Ernestine Anderson at the Canteen (p97)	December 13 First night of Tim Brooke-Taylor in <i>Dick Whittington</i> at the Shaw (p90) George Melly takes up residence at Ronnie Scott's (p97) Sale of seascapes & ships' portraits at Phillips (p102) First day of World Doubles Snooker Championships at Crystal Palace (p94)	December 20 <i>Sooty's Circus</i> opens at the May Fair, <i>Le Cirque Imaginaire</i> at the Bloomsbury & <i>Annie</i> at the Adelphi (p90) Bargain night at the National Theatre: all seats for <i>Don Quixote</i> £2 (p89) Pete Thomas's Jive 'n' Jump Band at the Canteen (p97) Shura Cherkassky gives a lunchtime piano recital at St John's (p95)	December 27 First night of the London Festival Ballet's production of <i>The Nutcracker</i> at the Festival Hall (p98) Racing at Market Rasen, Wetherby & Wincanton (p106) Boxing Day cricket in Leeds & Matlock Bath raft race in Derbyshire (p106) Bank holiday
December 7 First night of <i>Dash</i> with Wayne Sleep at Sadler's Wells (p98) Anne Boleyn's psalter for sale at Sotheby's (p102) Rugby: Oxford v Cambridge at Twickenham (p94) Royal Opera House Retrospective opens at the Royal Academy (p101)	December 14 First night of <i>Clay</i> at The Pit (p88) Clive James reads on the South Bank (p99) Evening lecture on Van Dyck at the National Portrait Gallery (p99) London Mozart Players & St Bartholomew's Hospital Choral Society perform <i>The Magic Flute</i> at the Albert Hall (p95)	December 21 Evening lecture on Van Dyck's Flemish period at the National Portrait Gallery (p99) Films on the Horyuji temple & coloured Nabeshima ware at the British Museum (p99) Shortest day	December 28 First night of <i>Coppelia</i> at Sadler's Wells (p98) First day of International Chess Congress at Hastings (p106) Racing: Coral Welsh National at Chepstow (p94) Bank holiday
December 8 Football: Oxford v Cambridge at Wembley (p94) Lunchtime service of nine lessons & carols at St Clement Danes (p96) Exhibition of Louis Wain's cats opens at Michael Parkin (p100) <i>Calling the World</i> , a celebration of the 50th anniversary of the BBC's external services on BBC1 (p93)	December 15 The Queen attends a gala performance of <i>Peter Pan</i> at the Barbican (p88) First night of <i>Twelfth Night</i> at the Donmar Warehouse (p88) Football: England v Luxembourg at Wembley (p94) New moon	December 22 <i>The Nightingale</i> opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith (p90) LSO & Chorus give a programme of Christmas carols at the Barbican (p96) Nine lessons & carols at St Martin-in-the-Fields (p96)	December 29 <i>The Red Shoes</i> , ballet film at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p98) Exhibition of photographs of East Ham opens at the Passmore Edwards Museum (p103) Meet "Seurat" at the National Gallery (p99) Gold & Silver family activities start at the Museum of London (p99)
December 9 Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square is lit up (p99) Royal charity première of <i>E.T.</i> (p91) First night of <i>Robin Hood</i> at the Young Vic (p90) Sale of sporting & rural prints at Bonham's (p102)	December 16 First nights of RSC's <i>Peter Pan</i> at the Barbican, and <i>Cannon & Ball</i> at the Dominion (p90) <i>The Trail of the Pink Panther</i> opens in West End cinemas (p92) First day of international showjumping at Olympia (p94) First day of Lincoln's new Christmas market (p106)	December 23 First night of <i>Otello</i> at the Coliseum (p98) Roald Dahl reads from <i>The B.F.G.</i> at the National Theatre (p99) <i>Babes in the Wood</i> opens at Croydon (p90)	December 30 Concert given by the Endymion Ensemble with Geoffrey Parsons & Marie Slorach at the Wigmore Hall (p96) Gallery talk on Edo Japan at the British Museum (p99) Full moon
December 10 Sale of Botticelli portrait at Christie's (p102) First night of <i>The Rake's Progress</i> at Covent Garden (p98) Quentin Blake holds a workshop for children at the National Theatre (p99) First day of the Badminton Championships in Coventry & of the Women's Squash finals at Wembley (p94)	December 17 First night of <i>Le nozze di Figaro</i> at Covent Garden (p98) <i>Cinderella</i> opens at Richmond, <i>Jack & the Beanstalk</i> at Chichester, <i>Dick Whittington</i> at Windsor (p90) Exhibition of flash photography opens at the Photographers' Gallery (p101) Slade concert at Hammersmith Odeon (p97)	December 24 Children's crib & gift service, 2pm; Midnight Eucharist, 11.30pm; Westminster Abbey (p96) Elvis Costello concert at the Albert Hall (p97) Last day of a Festive Table at the British Crafts Centre (p101) Christmas Eve	December 31 Old Father Time beacons nationwide (p106) First night of <i>La Fille Mal Gardée</i> at Sadler's Wells (p98) The Academy of Ancient Music & friends present A New Year's Gifte for 1983 at the Wigmore Hall (p96) New Year's Eve
December 11 First night of <i>La Bohème</i> at the Coliseum (p98) International gymnastics at Wembley (p94) Indian costumes from Guatemala at the Commonwealth Institute (p103) Cat Club Show at Olympia (p99) Racing: Massey Ferguson Gold Cup at Cheltenham (p94)	December 18 Rugby: England v The Rest at Twickenham (p94) Massed choirs of the London hospitals with Julian Lloyd Webber, cello; carols at the Festival Hall (p96) <i>Mother Goose</i> opens at Wimbledon & <i>Aladdin</i> at Dartford (p90) Christmas carols at Blickling Hall, Norfolk (p106)	December 25 Christmas Day swim in Brighton (p106) Edna O'Brien reads a children's story on ITV (p93) London church services (p96) The Queen's Christmas message Christmas Day	
December 12 Last day of Painting in Naples at the Royal Academy (p101) Family carols with the Bach Choir at the Albert Hall (p96) National Trust Christmas concert in Mold (p106)	December 19 Messiah at the Albert Hall played by the LPO under Groves (p96) Carols for choir & audience at the Festival Hall (p96) <i>The Railway Children</i> film at the Victoria & Albert Museum (p99)	December 26 Services at Westminster Abbey & Westminster Cathedral (p96) Gerard Benson & Jean Phillips give a programme of music & stories in the Purcell Room (p96) Boxing Day	

Nureyev as choreographer: *The Tempest* opens December 2.

THEATRE
J C TREWIN

Miles Anderson: the RSC's Peter Pan at the Barbican from December 16.

J. M. BARRIE ORIGINALLY intended Peter Pan to be played by a boy, though Fate and the later workings of tradition decreed that the part should always be taken by a girl, from Nina Boucicault onwards. The play contains a line, in another context, "One girl is worth 20 boys." Maybe; but we shall see about that on December 16 when Miles Anderson, who also plays the devil-dog in *The Witch of Edmonton*, appears as Peter at the Barbican in an RSC production co-directed by Trevor Nunn and John Caird. Jane Carr is Wendy. The Queen will attend a royal gala performance on December 15 in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.

□ Hans Andersen takes over for Christmas at the Lyric Hammersmith on December 22, with a musical adapted from his story, *The Nightingale*, directed by Peter James. Score and lyrics are by Charles Strouse, who created the music for *Bye Bye Birdie*, *Applause* and *Annie* (which itself returns on December 20 for an eight-week season at the Adelphi).

□ Peter Whelan's *Clay*, at The Pit from December 14, is the dramatist's third piece for the RSC: the others were *Captain Swing* and *The Accrington Pals*, both directed by Bill Alexander who will also stage *Clay*. Set on the Staffordshire-Derbyshire border, it is about a reunion between two couples, childhood friends, who have grown apart during the absence of one pair in Germany. Janet Dale, Geoffrey Hutchings, Gemma Jones and John McAndrew have leading parts.

□ At Greenwich, Alan Strachan is directing Terence Rattigan's *French Without Tears* for Christmas, opening on December 16.

NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

Major Barbara

Shaw's play is both a "conflict between real life & the romantic imagination" & an assurance that "poverty is an infectious pestilence to be prevented at all costs". Though it ought still to hold the stage, it does seem now discursive & repetitious, though Peter Gill has directed it with all sympathy. Not a production for especially memorable performances, it has Brewster Mason & Penelope Wilton, as father & daughter, to control the argument; & the second act, in the East End Salvation Army shelter, keeps its ring. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

The Mikado

In 1885 London was in the midst of a vogue for all things Japanese. As one newspaper

put it, "We are all being more or less Japanned." Hence Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Mikado*, which is as fresh today as it was 97 years ago. What we get at the Cambridge are costumes that offer a modern interpretation of a Victorian interpretation of Japanese life, with new choreography & new orchestration. Chris Hayes's revival, up from the Theatre Royal at Plymouth, is definitely not D'Oyly Carte. This can be a matter for regret—we should never undervalue the old company's care for precision & articulation—but now & again it can also freshen the airs of Titipu. Certainly we cannot be glum about Murray Melvin's Cockney Ko-Ko; though I did not feel really at home until Nicholas Smith appeared to sing the Mikado's grand first song in a manner Darrell Fancourt might not have disdained. He has to say "flexibly rostered trains" instead of "parliamentary trains," but I think that, had Aslee been round in the mid 1880s, Gilbert might not have objected to the gag. Cam-

bridge, Earlham St, WC2 (836 6056, cc).

Mr Fothergill's Murder

This, I am afraid, is the kind of play that gives the West End a bad name. For that matter, it does no good to any "small village in the Home Counties". The dramatist, Frank O'Donnell, does not lack ingenuity but it is wasted on a narrative so anxious to be a thriller that it desperately fails to thrill. Frank Windsor, as an author who becomes obsessed by his own puppet-creation, acts with true courage. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 9837).

Nuts

Though the first-night audience liked Tom Topor's play very much, I found it an unsatisfying affair, depending mainly on the performance of an American actress, Anne Twomey, who created her part off- & on-Broadway. She is the central figure of a court inquiry held in the psychiatric wing of a New York hospital to decide whether she is sane enough to be tried for manslaughter (a charge of which we hear little); if she is sane enough, she may face permanent life in a mental hospital. Miss Twomey rises grandly to a third-act challenge; but much of the piece, until near the end of the second act, is worthy but tedious. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (839 6979, cc).

Other Places

In *A Kind of Alaska*, the third of Harold Pinter's plays in this trinity, Judi Dench gives one of the most haunting & astonishing performances I have known in all my decades of playgoing. She is a woman, waking in hospital after 29 years of sleeping sickness, who has to come to terms with the loss of the world she knew when she was a girl of 16. We are at once in her mind, & it is an experience of agonizing truth, something that only a great actress—and we should not be shy of the epithet—could accomplish so surely. Pinter, who says that he was inspired by the neurologist Oliver Sacks's book, *Awakenings*, & the use of a remarkable new drug, has written the play with a subtlety & tact that are marvellously expressed by Judi Dench, with Paul Rogers as the doctor & Anna Massey as her sister. The other pieces in the bill, also directed by Peter Hall, are *Family Voices*, a fragment of non-communication acted by Anna Massey, Nigel Havers & Paul Rogers; & *Victoria Station*, a telephonic duologue, between a taxi-cab controller & one of his cabmen, that manages—as done by Mr Rogers & Martin Jarvis—to be exceedingly funny with a chilling hint of the macabre. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

The Taming of the Shrew

Revivals of the farce seem to get either crueller or more fantastic during the years: certainly some of the knockabout at Stratford is excessive. The director, Barry Kyle, has used too much comic business, & there is no reason for the *Shrew* to run on for over three hours. That said, we ought not to be blindly ungrateful for efforts to lighten the *longueurs*—even when Petruchio & Katharina fall successively into a swimming pool. Mr Kyle has sought, as various directors before him, to keep Christopher Sly more or less with us by adding stray scenes borrowed from the other, & anonymous, Elizabethan *Shrew*, but they do not really help the merriment. My special pleasure in this revival is Sinead Cusack's Kate, a beautiful fury who at first reminds me irresistibly of the Ada Rehan portrait in the theatre picture gallery. Alun Armstrong is a sound Petruchio. From the others I am happiest with the Gremio of John Carlisle, making an elegant

Judi Dench in *Other Places*; see new reviews.

veteran of Bianca's customarily wizened suitor; & David Waller's Baptista, who cannot conceal his delight at the notion that his elder daughter may be wedded. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc 0789 297129).

FIRST NIGHTS

Pantomime openings appear in a special section, Christmas Shows, on p89.

Dec 6. The School for Scandal

A pre-West End presentation of Sheridan's comedy, with Donald Sinden & Beryl Reid. Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey (688 9291, cc A, Bc 681 0578). Until Dec 18.

Dec 8. Orders of Obedience

A collaboration between the National Theatre company & figurative sculptor Michael Poynter. His naked figures portray the problems & humour of the human condition. ICA, Nash House, The Mall, SW1 (930 3647). Until Dec 23.

Dec 14. Clay

New play by Peter Whelan, about a reunion between two couples who have known each other since childhood. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Dec 15. Twelfth Night

John Fraser's revival includes Edward Petherbridge, Edward Hardwicke, Emily Richard, Suzanne Farmer & himself. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (836 1071, cc 379 6565). Until Jan 15.

Dec 16. French Without Tears

Terence Rattigan's comedy set in a language school in the south of France during the 1930s. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc A, Bc).

ALSO PLAYING

Shows particularly suitable for family audiences will be found under Christmas Shows on p89.

Andy Capp

A dramatization of a strip-cartoon feature which arrives raucously in the theatre, though one can trust Tom Courtenay, the principal layabout. Book by Trevor Peacock; music by Alan Price. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc).

Another Country

Julian Mitchell's play, set in a public school, reflects the changes taking place in English society in the 1930s. Now with Daniel Day Lewis & John Dougall. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Antony & Cleopatra

Michael Gambon & Helen Mirren in a production by Adrian Noble. The Other Place. Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623).

The Beggar's Opera

In a near-Dickensian set, & with a cast led by Paul Jones's Macheath in full voice & a Clydeside accent, Gay's operetta gets the liveliest of re-crea-

tions. Richard Eyre directs. Belinda Sinclair & Imelda Staunton are blissfully at ease as that best pair of sirens, Polly & Lucy. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

The Business of Murder

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty, with Richard Todd & Darren Nesbitt. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

Can't Pay? Won't Pay!

Dario Fo's swift & happy romp about the aftermath of a women's raid on a Milan supermarket. Surely no play currently in London can be acted faster. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

Children of a Lesser God

An uncannily compelling performance by Elizabeth Quinn in Mark Medoff's play about the hidden world of deafness. Oliver Cotton plays her teacher. British sign translation Dec 18 matinee. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 5565).

Danton's Death

Peter Gill manoeuvres a vast company with so much art that Georg Büchner's narrative should impress even those unsure about the facts of the French Revolution. Most of the acting, certainly that of Brian Cox as Danton & John Normington as Robespierre, is first-rate. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Design for Living

Alan Strachan has done his admirable best with this uninspiring Coward comedy from the late 1930s. Maria Aitken, Ian Ogilvy (especially persuasive) & Gary Bond are the principals in the design. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Don Quixote

Paul Scofield's resolute knight-errant comes direct from Cervantes, even though he does ride a penny-farthing bicycle; & with Tony Haygarth as Sancho Panza & the loyalty of a big cast, Keith Dewhurst's play is a really memorable experience. Olivier. Bargain night Dec 20; all seats £2 from 8.30am on day of performance. Until Dec 22.

Ducking Out

New English version of Eduardo de Filippo's comedy about a family Christmas, with Warren Mitchell. Greenwich. Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc A, Bc). Until Dec 11.

84 Charing Cross Road

James Roose-Evans's charming dramatization of the 20-year correspondence between New Yorker Helene Hanft & Frank Doel, a London antiquarian bookseller. Doreen Mantle & Ronnie Stevens now play the two correspondents. Ambassador's, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc).

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

Guys & Dolls

It is refreshing to get a chance to rave about this production by Richard Eyre which brings Damon Runyon's characters to the National's stage. An uncommon night, with Julia McKenzie's performance a joy. Now with Paul Jones, Trevor Peacock & Belinda Sinclair. Olivier.

A Handful of Dust

Stage version of Evelyn Waugh's novel about the disintegration of a marriage in the café society of the early 1930s. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Dec 4.

The Importance of Being Earnest

Peter Hall & his company know what style means. The sun-in-splendour of English farce now shines undimmed, with a glorious unstrained performance by Judi Dench as Wilde's near-mythical Lady Bracknell. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

The Insomniac in Morgue Drawer 9

A production by Shared Experience, with Bob Goody. Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404). Until Dec 5.

Key for Two

New comedy by John Chapman & Dave Freeman, with Moira Lister, Patrick Cargill, Barbara Murray & Glyn Houston. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9988, cc).

King Lear

Michael Gambon is a commendable Lear, though Adrian Noble's production is sadly marred by its treatment of the Fool as a red-nosed comedian from some Edwardian music-hall or circus.

No fault of a gallant actor, Antony Sher. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Warwicks (0789 295623, cc 0789 297129).

Ladies in Retirement

Isabel Dean & Helen Cherry in the first of the Fortune's new season of 1940s thrillers. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Lear

This is Edward Bond's ferocious play on the Lear theme. Bob Peck leads a cast that contains several of those in Shakespeare's tragedy in the main theatre. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Macbeth

Bob Peck is unimpressive in this production where verse is tossed away, several characters appear in braces & the set resembles a factory workshop. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Macbeth

Philip Madoc in the title role, & Sarah Miles as Lady Macbeth in George Murcell's revival. St George's, Tufnell Park Rd, N7 (607 1128). Until Dec 16.

Man & Superman

This revival of Shaw's play has Peter O'Toole as John Tanner. The cast also includes Lisa Harrow, Joyce Carey & James Grout. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until Jan 1.

Messiah

Comedy by Martin Sherman about a group of people looking for the Messiah in 15th-century Poland. With Maureen Lipman. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Bryden's new revival with Paul Scofield, Susan Fleetwood & Derek Newark. Cottesloe.

Molière

Antony Sher plays the 17th-century French playwright in Mikhail Bulgakov's play. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Mousetrap

Though now entering its 31st year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc).

Much Ado About Nothing

Thanks largely to Derek Jacobi & Sinead Cusack as Benedick & Beatrice, & Derek Godfrey as Don Pedro, Stratford's mascot-play comes across, in a production by Terry Hands, without any loss of wit or charm. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Noises Off

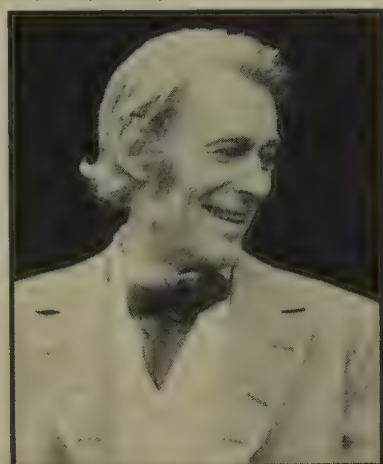
Everything that happens during Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce called *Nothing On*, a wild helter-skelter touring business, exactly the kind of thing that can breed catastrophe. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 930 9232).

No Sex Please—We're British

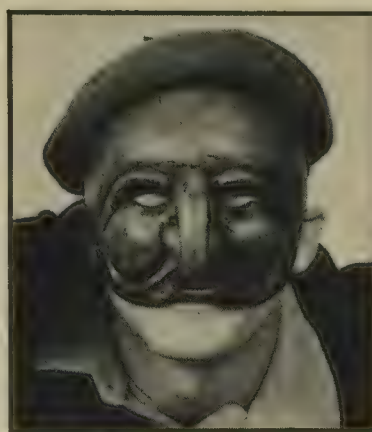
Good farces do not wane, & this one, directed by Allan Davis, does not after 11 years, more than 4,500 performances & innumerable cast changes. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

Passionate Leave

The Moving Picture Mime Show present a humorous view of the problems of a travel writer & his companion when abroad. The Place, 17 Duke's Rd, WC1 (387 0031). Until Dec 18.



Peter O'Toole: in *Man & Superman*.



Passionate Leave: mime at The Place.

Peer Gynt

New translation by David Rudkin of Ibsen's play, with Derek Jacobi in the title role. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Poppy

An extravagant affair, directed by Terry Hands, in which Peter Nichols has tried to present the opium wars of 1839-42 within the framework of a pantomime. One of those superfluous ambitions, though the RSC cast joins in loyally. Music by Monty Norman. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

The Real Thing

New play by Tom Stoppard, with Roger Rees as a contemporary writer examining the nature of love. Also with Felicity Kendal & Polly Adams. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc 930 9232).

Rocket to the Moon

Mary Maddox is enchantingly right as the New York dentist's assistant at the heart of this wisely rediscovered comedy by Clifford Odets, from the late 1930s. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Schweyk in the Second World War

Bill Paterson has a most acceptable bounce for the little Czech dog-dealer whom Brecht borrowed from Hasek. This war play begins at a Prague public-house & ends on the blizzard-swept Russian steppes; Richard Eyre has staged it spectacularly, & there is a lovely sympathetic performance by Julia McKenzie. Olivier.

Slab Boy Trilogy

John Byrne's trilogy opens with a revival of his play about Edinburgh apprentices. All three plays will be performed on Saturdays throughout the run. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc). Until Dec 18.

Song & Dance

Marti Webb sings the long cycle of songs "Tell Me on a Sunday". The second half has Stephen Jeffries dancing to Lloyd Webber's Paganini Variations. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 6834, cc).

The Spanish Tragedy

Thomas Kyd's Elizabethan melodrama, precursor of so many revenge plays, in a collector's-piece revival by Michael Bogdanov. Even if that subtle actor, Michael Bryant, may not have the full armoury for the agonized father, Hieronimo, the night does not suffer. Cottesloe.

A Star is Torn

Robyn Archer, a fine protean artist, recreates 11 singers for the special pleasure of those who remember them & the polite admiration of those who do not. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Steaming

Good-tempered piece by Nell Dunn about the patrons of a municipal Turkish bath united in a hopeless effort to keep the place going. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

Stuffing It

Set in Northern Ireland, Robert Glendenning's comedy is about the problems of being liberal in a society polarized by religious & political extremes. Tricycle, 269 Kilburn High Rd, NW6 (328 8626). Until Dec 4.

The Tempest

An inventive revival by Ron Daniels which, with Derek Jacobi as Prospero, does not diminish the verse. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Trafford Tanzi

Claire Luckham has had the idea of presenting a woman's life from babyhood, in a sequence of all-in wrestling bouts. It can often be very funny, once you are accustomed to its relentless progress. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 236 5324).

Twelfth Night

George Murcell's production has Philip Madoc as Orsino & Sarah Miles as Viola. St George's. Until Dec 18.

The Twin Rivals

John Caird's revival of this unfamiliar Farquhar comedy has Mike Gwilym at its centre as a thoroughly bad lot. Miles Anderson is, engagingly, the elder twin, & Miriam Karlin prowls watchfully as a reminiscent midwife. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Underneath the Arches

The exploits of the Crazy Gang may strike some of us as an acquired taste. Still, Christopher Timothy as Chesney Allen, Roy Hudd as Bud Flanagan & a company that affectionately carbon-copies the old Gang are getting enthusiastic houses. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0846).

Waiting

New thriller by Julia Kearsley about a killer on the loose in a close-knit northern community. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Dec 11.

Way Upstream

Alan Ayckbourn's play, held up by a scenic complication, was worth waiting for, though it does dwindle during the last 20 minutes. Passengers in a cabin-cruiser, moving upstream, suffer a series of mishaps in what turns out to be an allegorical view of contemporary life. Alan Ayckbourn has directed, & Susan Fleetwood, as a disgruntled wife, is splendidly comic. Lyttelton.

What the Butler Saw

Sex comedy by Joe Orton. Churchill, Bromley, Kent (460 6677, cc A, Bc). Until Dec 11.

Windy City

A good musical that keeps the spirit of Hecht & MacArthur's black comedy of Chicago journalism in 1929, *The Front Page*. Directed by Peter Wood, with tough performances by Anton Rodgers, Dennis Waterman & Robert Longden; book & lyrics are by Dick Vosburgh & the score by Tony Macaulay. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

The Winter's Tale

Ronald Eyre's production has controlled performances by Patrick Stewart & Gemma Jones; Robert Eddison's voice must excite anybody who cares for fine Shakespearian speech. Barbican.

The Witch of Edmonton

A topical Jacobean shocker by three dramatists, Dekker, Rowley & Ford, this revives indifferently. Such players as Miriam Karlin & Miles Anderson are unremittingly loyal. The Pit.

Yakety Yak

1950s musical by Lieber & Stoller, set on the streets of New York. With Paul, Steve & Mark McGann & The Darts. Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000).

Car parking

An evening's parking for £2.40 may be booked at the same time as tickets for Albery, Criterion, Donmar Warehouse, Piccadilly & Wyndham's theatres.

Cheap tickets

Half price ticket booth, west side of Leicester Square. Unsold tickets for that day's performances on sale for half price plus 50p service charge. Personal callers only, no cheques or credit cards. Mon-Sat 2.30-6.30pm, matinee days noon-2pm.

Fringe theatre

Information & box office facilities for 20 fringe theatres are available in the Criterion foyer, Piccadilly Circus. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm (839 6987, cc).

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

Dec 1. Jack & the Beanstalk

David Cregan has adapted the classic fairy tale, with a 7 foot giant & Cosmo the Dwarf as the giant's assistant. Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15 (534 0310). Until Jan 22.

Dec 4. Angelo

Black theatre puppets, operated on sticks, retell Quentin Blake's story about a troupe of musicians & acrobats. Little Angel, 14 Dagmar Passage, N1 (226 1787). Until Jan 22.

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An 80th Birthday Tribute

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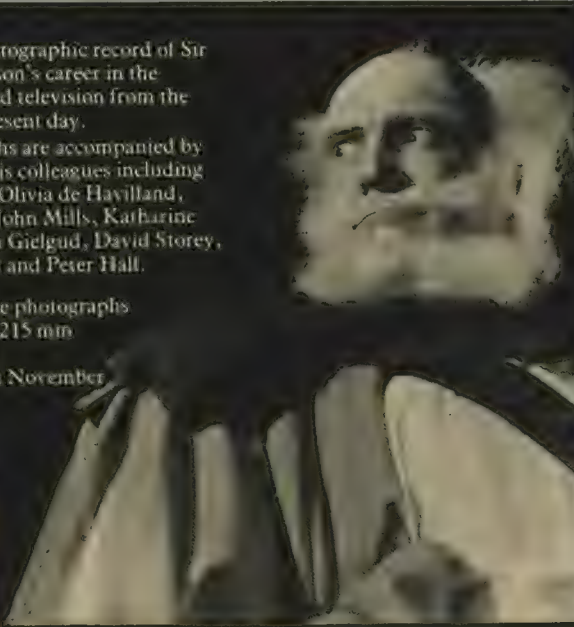
ROBERT TANITCH

A stunning photographic record of Sir Ralph Richardson's career in the theatre, film and television from the 1920s to the present day.

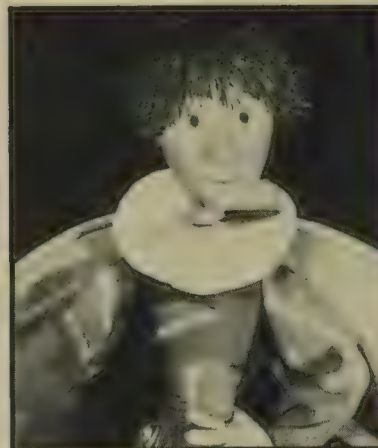
The photographs are accompanied by tributes from his colleagues including Flora Robson, Olivia de Havilland, Paul Scofield, John Mills, Katharine Hepburn, John Gielgud, David Storey, Peggy Ashcroft and Peter Hall.

Black and white photographs
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Evans



BRIEFING THEATRE CONTINUED



Angelo: The Little Angel from December 4.

Dec 4. *Asterix the Gaul*

Ken Campbell has adapted Goscinn's *The Great Divide* as a play for 8- to 12-year-olds. Unicorn, Gt Newport St, WC2 (836 2234). Until Jan 23.

Dec 9. *Robin Hood*

New play, with music, by David Wood & *Play-aven's* Dave & Toni Arthur. Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363). Until Jan 1.

Dec 13. *Toad of Toad Hall*

Kenneth Grahame's riverbank friends are back for matinee performances with David King as Badger & a new Toad, Graham Chinn. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565). Until Jan 8.

Dec 13. *Dick Whittington*

George Layton directs, with Tim Brooke-Taylor as Sarah the Cook & Anita Dobson as Dick. Shaw, Euston Rd, NW1 (388 7727). Until Jan 8.

Dec 15. *Jack & the Beanstalk*

Basil Brush with Tony Brandon, McDonald Hobley & Kathy Evans. Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191). Until Jan 15.

Dec 16. *Peter Pan*

The RSC revive J. M. Barrie's classic about the little boy who would not grow up (see intro). Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Dec 16. *Babes in the Wood*

This pantomime version includes Robin Hood & his Merry Men for good measure. Reg Dixon is the Dame & Michael Robbins is the Bad Robber. Churchill, Bromley, Kent (460 6677, cc). Until Jan 22.

Dec 16. *Cannon & Ball*

The popular comedy performers in a Christmas spectacular. Dominion, Tottenham Ct Rd, W1 (580 9562, cc 636 8686). Until Jan 29.



Cinderella: Emanuel design for Richmond.

Dec 17. *Cinderella*

Lionel Blair directs this new production, with costumes by the Emanuels. The cast includes Anna Neagle, Susannah York, Kenneth Connor, Rodney Bewes & Jill Gascoine. Richmond, Surrey (940 0088). Until Jan 29.

Dec 17. *Jack & the Beanstalk*

Frankie Howerd plays Simple Simon, with June

Whitfield as the Vegetable Fairy. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until Jan 15.

Dec 17. *Dick Whittington*

Dennis Ramsden is the Dame in this year's production, with Bryan Burden & Jacqueline Clark. Theatre Royal, Windsor, Berks (95 53888, cc A, Bc). Until Jan 29.

Dec 18. *Aladdin*

First pantomime for this recently opened theatre, with Dora Bryan as Widow Twankey, Bernie Winters & dog Schnorbits, Toni Arthur & Jackie Pallo. Orchard, Dartford, Kent (0322 77331, cc A, Bc). Until Jan 22.

Dec 18. *Mother Goose*

In his first panto for five years, Larry Grayson has the title role, with Honor Blackman, Anna Dawson & Dilys Watling. Wimbledon, The Broadway, SW19 (946 5211, cc). Until Jan 29.

Dec 20. *Sooty's Circus*

Matthew Corbett's glove puppet & friends. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc). Until Jan 8.

Dec 20. *Le Cirque Imaginaire*

Victoria Chaplin & Jean-Baptiste Thierée's delightful & amusing show, with acrobatics & small performing pets. Bloomsbury, Gordon St, WC1 (387 9629, cc). Until Jan 15.

Dec 20. *Annie*

The comic-strip orphan is back for an eight-week season, with Charles West & Ursula Smith. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611). Until Feb 12.

Dec 22. *The Nightingale*

Hans Andersen's fairy tale transformed by Charles Strouse into a musical. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 23112, cc). Until Jan 29.

Dec 23. *Babes in the Wood*

Nicholas Parsons plays the Sheriff of Nottingham with Richard Briers, Peter Goodwright, Arthur English & Suzanne Danielle. Ashcroft, Croydon Surrey (688 9291, cc A, Bc 681 0578). Until Jan 29.

Dec 27. *Tin Pan Ali*

Jeremy James Taylor's new production of *Alf Baba & the 40 Thieves*, set in Chicago's gangsterland of the 1930s. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd NW1 (267 2564). Until Jan 8.

Dec 27. *The Wizard of Oz*

Dorothy & her friends follow the yellow-brick road in a new East End show. Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000). Until Jan 29.

Dec 27. *Holiday on Ice*

Wembley's traditional ice spectacular, with a cast of top international skaters. Wembley Arena Midx (902 1234, cc A, Bc). Until Feb 27.

Also playing

Barnum

Its circus framework is far more interesting than the narrative of a show-business musical about P. T. Barnum, acted loyally by Michael Crawford. Palladium, Argyl St, W1 (437 7373, cc 437 2055).

Camelot

Richard Harris plays King Arthur in Lerner & Loewe's musical. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd SW1 (834 6177, cc 636 8686).

Cats

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc).

The Gingerbread Man

David Wood's musical version, for younger children, of the tale of the gingerbread man who escaped from the oven. With Clive Dunn as Herr von Cuckoo. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc). Until Jan 15.

Hiawatha

Michael Bogdanov's visually superb production of Longfellow's poem is suitable for all ages except the very young. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

The Mikado

Flexible new production of Gilbert & Sullivan's Japanese operetta (see New Reviews). Cambridge, Earham St, WC2 (836 6056).

The Pirates of Penzance

Ebullient Broadway revival of Gilbert & Sullivan's nautical operetta, with George Cole, Tim Curry & Michael Praed. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

The Wonderful Lamp

Actors, magic & puppets tell the story of Aladdin the beggar boy, & his faithful panda. Polka, 240 The Broadway, SW19 (543 4888). Until Jan 22.

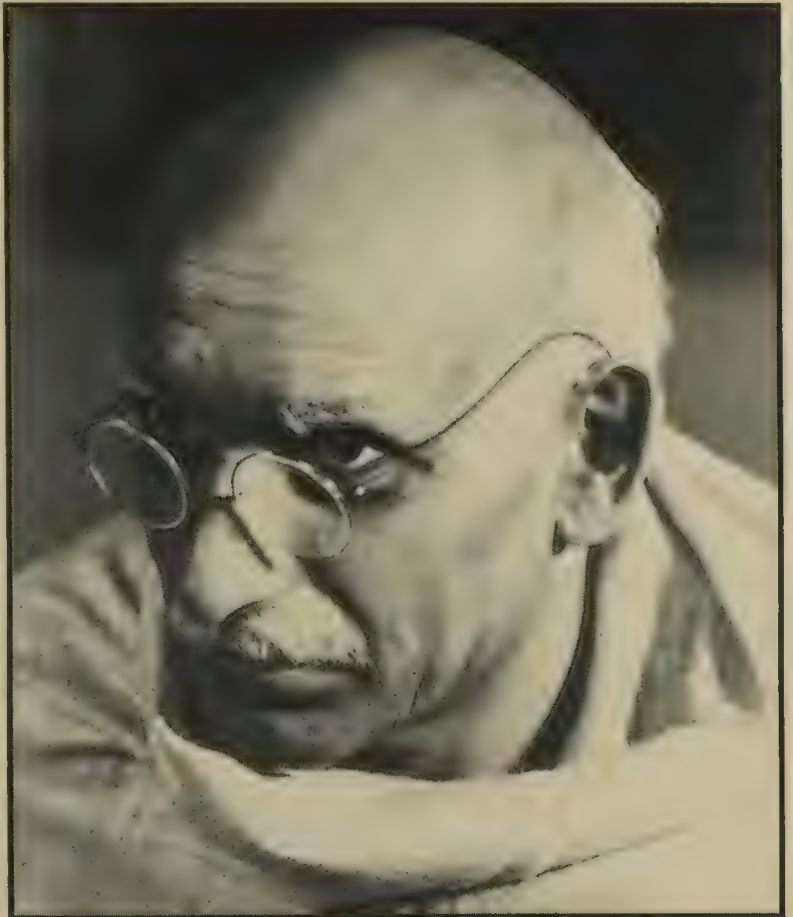
CINEMA
GEORGE PERRY

"DON'T DEIFY HIM" said Pandit Nehru to Richard Attenborough in 1963 when he bestowed his approval on the proposal to make a film about the life of the father of modern India. It took years to persuade backers that *Gandhi* (reviewed below) was worthwhile, and many Hollywood majors would consider it only if a superstar played the lead. One of them demanded Richard Burton, and could not be budged. Attenborough (now Sir Richard) held fast and gave the role to the Anglo-Indian actor Ben Kingsley, best known for his work at the National Theatre and with the Royal Shakespeare Company. It is a breathtaking performance, justifying the faith of Goldcrest who put up two-thirds of the \$22 million needed to make the film. It has a royal première in London on December 2.

□ On December 9 Britain at long last gets the chance to see *E.T.*, Steven Spielberg's much-praised fantasy, as it should be seen, on the big screen and not on a pirate videocassette. Can the film stand such a sustained pre-sell? The answer: unequivocally yes. It is a consistent delight, beautiful in its imagery and special effects, its high regard for the sensitivities of children, its gentle humour and occasional slapstick.

□ David Shipman is a film scholar who actually loves the cinema and is never content to reiterate received opinions. The first volume of his monumental *The Story of Cinema* is now published (Hodder & Stoughton, £14.95) taking us from the beginnings to *Gone With The Wind*; the second volume is due out next spring. His revaluations and correction of myths are particularly valuable, especially as he has spent much of the last 10 years disinterring and viewing the thousands of films he writes about. His industry shames most writers of film books.

□ This month's listings carry the new classification from the British Board of Film Censors, which retains the old U certificate, followed by PG indicating that parental guidance is advised. Certificates 15 and 18 mean that children under those ages are not admitted. It's farewell to the old X certificate, introduced more than 30 years ago to replace H (for Horror), but subsequently tarnished by the desire of exploitation producers to secure it for sex-and-violence films.



Ben Kingsley as Mahatma Gandhi: royal première on December 2.

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200. V indicates that a film is available on video.

Angel (15)

Ireland has produced an exciting new talent with Neil Jordan, whose previous work in the cinema was as creative consultant on John Boorman's *Excalibur*. Boorman is executive producer of Jordan's feature debut, a film he has written & directed with a background reflecting the violence & terror of life in border counties. A young saxophonist witnesses the murder of the manager at the country dance hall in which he is playing. The assassins then kill a girl who happened to be present. The corrupting power of death seizes the hero & a thirst for vengeance eventually motivates his entire existence. V Palace Video.

Diner (15)

Screenwriter Barry Levinson, who worked with Mel Brooks on *Silent Movie* & *High Anxiety*, makes an auspicious directing debut, recollecting his own Baltimore background in the late 1950s. A group of young men, some Jewish, some Catholic, keep their "old buddy" friendships alive, meeting in an all-night diner to munch gravy-covered French fries & compare notes on their immature & apprehensive relations with girls. One of them refuses to marry his fiancée until she has swotted up & passed a mind-bending oral exam he has set on American football, while another nearly

destroys his early marriage because his wife has failed to replace his jazz & rock albums under their correctly classified headings. Levinson has artfully caught the obsessions, the fears, the emotional insecurity of the young, stuck in the uneasy years of post-adolescence, & is helped by a cast of young actors which includes Steve Guttenberg, Daniel Stern & Mickey Rourke.

The Draughtsman's Contract (15)

Peter Greenaway's sumptuous-looking film was made for a mere £300,000, in itself an extraordinary achievement. Set in the late 17th century it relates a curious story in which an arrogant young artist sets out to accomplish a dozen drawings of a stately home in exchange for the pleasures of the bedroom of milady, which are then supplemented by those of her daughter. There is a murder, & the artist's truthful self-confidence proves no match for the way the aristocracy can gang up against an outsider. The film is shot in a style suggesting the art of the day, & Michael Nyman's score reflects the scholarship of a Purcellian musicologist. The plot is intricate, enigmatic, mathematically structured. Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman & Anne Louise Lambert head a superbly costumed cast. At the end one tries to dismiss the thought that the whole thing is an astonishingly elaborate leg-pull, a literary, visual & musical pastiche as labyrinthine in its arcane allusions as Resnais's once highly regarded *Last Year in Marienbad*.

E.T. (The Extra-Terrestrial) (U)

"E.T.", as if anyone still needs to know, is an alien left behind by his colleagues when their plant-sampling mission to Earth is suddenly terminated. He is befriended by a small boy & concealed in his spacious Californian playroom. It is a measure of Spielberg's

extraordinary skill that he can present a creature as grotesque as a Notre Dame gargoyle & make his audience end up loving it more than any furry, cuddly animal. Steven Spielberg is Hollywood's Peter Pan, his "E.T." the imaginary playmate he was obliged to invent to help him through the dark night. The touching screenplay was the work of Melissa Mathison (who wrote *The Black Stallion* film) but the conceptualization was completely Spielberg's. The adults in the cast take second place to the children, including the solemnly caring Henry Thomas, his hearty older brother Robert Macnaughton, & his fetching little sister Drew Barrymore, who entirely lives up to the family name. The film is unmissable. Opens Dec 10.

Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2. Dec 9.



Higgins: *The Draughtsman's Contract*.

Gandhi (PG)

Richard Attenborough has wrought an impeccable epic from the life story of one of the 20th century's most powerful leaders. Gandhi, unlike the dictators who were his contemporaries, was mankind's greatest advocate of non-violence, which he used as his weapon to secure the independence of India. Attenborough worked 20 years to get the film made, overcoming formidable obstacles not least of which were the feelings of Indians themselves, resentful that the Mahatma's biography be made by Europeans. One proposal was that Gandhi, in accord with his saintly reputation, should be represented by a beam of light rather than a mere actor, but Attenborough, firmly rejecting the notion of turning his hero into Tinkerbell, cast Ben Kingsley in the part. It is a great screen performance, spanning more than 50 years from Gandhi's days as a young lawyer in South Africa to his assassination in 1948. Kingsley renders him as a credible & fallible human being. John Briley's screenplay is efficient at digesting the complications of Indian history & making them comprehensible to an unaware audience, & Ravi Shankar's music is appropriate. The huge cast (some 300,000 people can be seen in the funeral sequence) includes the great, such as Gielgud, John Mills, Trevor Howard, Michael Hordern, & only Candice Bergen is inadequate as *Life's* celebrated photographer, Margaret Bourke-White. Opens Dec 3.

Royal European première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of the Mountbatten Memorial Trust, the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Trust & the Variety Club of Great Britain. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2. Dec 2.

TRAVEL AND CRUISING

BY UNION LLOYD



Cruising the Caribbean

I have been lucky enough to go on several cruises in this part of the world and I can say without hesitation that each one has been more enjoyable than the last. Some may believe that the main attraction of the Caribbean is its tropical and semi-deserted islands whose beaches and scenery, after a few days, all begin to take on a similarity. However, I can assure you that this judgement is far from the reality.

A Sun Line cruise in itself is an unforgettable experience. No doubt you will find those marvellous beaches you always dreamed of, but also you will find much more than that. Each port-of-call has its own charm, its own distinct personality and its own way of life, frequently influenced by the customs and cultures of the first Europeans who settled here, but now unmistakably of an individual and often exotic character.

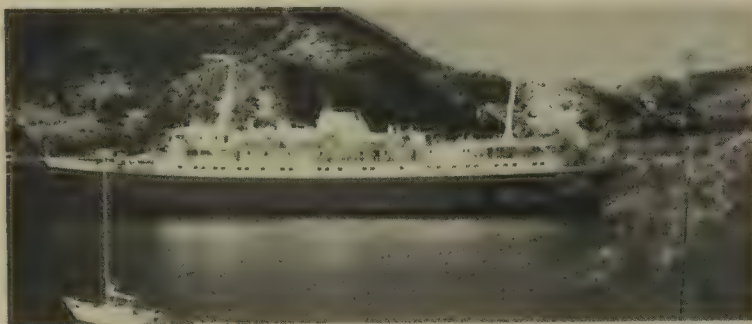
Sailing from San Juan, the gracious Stella Oceanis will take you beyond the obvious Caribbean (lovely as that is) to a world of magic, rhythm and colour. Hideaway islands and little-known ports provide endless scenario with complete surprises to last in your memory, and all while you are pampered by Sun Line's cool efficient service and warm hospitality.

And then, to this unusual Caribbean, Sun Line has added a 180-mile journey up the Orinoco River to the heart of Venezuela. The cruise lasts 14 days from San Juan and operates from January through to March. Before starting her series, Stella Oceanis will perform a 15-day Christmas and New Year cruise departing San Juan on December 23rd.

Why don't you join us this year on a Sun Line Caribbean cruise? Amongst other places we'll take you to: St Maarten—Iles des Saintes—Dominica—Tobago—St Vincent—Bequia—Antigua—St Thomas . . . and the magnificent Canaima Falls in Venezuela. Owing to the Stella Oceanis' yachtlike design (280 guests and 140 crew), we are able to call at ports which larger liners are unable to approach.

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CINEMA CONTINUED



Henry Thomas in *E.T.*: see new reviews.

Giro City (15)

Glenda Jackson & Jon Finch play television investigators in Karl Francis's feature, enjoying a brief run before its Channel 4 showing. It is the first serious film about television to be made in Britain, which says something for the pusillanimity of the film industry all these years. The film is flawed by the presence of a long subplot involving an IRA gunman, tracked down & interviewed by the team in Dublin, which has nothing to do with the central story involving a Welsh landgrab by a multi-national corporation & a local council official having his hand in the till. Karl Francis, an old hand on LWT's *Weekend World*, shows the pressures that can distort & suppress current affairs output. Ironically, it is television in the shape of Channel 4 that has made his polemic possible.

Malou (Not yet certified)

German film, directed by Jeanine Meerapfel, about a contemporary woman retracing the life of her Jewish mother who emigrated by luxury liner to South America before the Second World War. Opens Dec 16.

Night Shift (15)

Ron Howard, late of TV's *Happy Days*, directs his colleague Henry Winkler in this amiable, eccentric comedy in which two New York mortuary attendants run a successful callgirl agency from their morgue. Michael Keaton plays the more extrovert & flamboyant of the two, while Winkler applies Wall Street financial logic to the business, fulfilling his talents as a businessman. Shelly Long, a newcomer reminiscent of Goldie Hawn, plays a sweet-hearted hooker who unites the girls. Improbable as it sounds, the basis of the story is real. Opens Dec 26.

Scrubbers (15)

The first film Mai Zetterling has directed in English could well be called *Scum II* for its script is partly by Roy Minton who wrote the earlier film. The Borstal inmates have undergone a sex-change, & the result is even more disturbing, a scathing indictment of the futility of locking up desperate, inadequate, mentally ill young women in a maximum security institution. The Zetterling style is unsubtle but effective & she obtains moving performances from her cast, some of whom had served time themselves.

The Trail of the Pink Panther (PG)

There is a smell of desperation in the way Blake Edwards has cemented together a feeble story using off-cuts of Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau & choice sequences from earlier films in the canon. Joanna Lumley plays a French TV reporter attempting to track down the Inspector who

has gone missing in the middle of a case, & calls on his old associates such as Burt Kwouk (Cato, his valet), Capucine (his ex-wife), David Niven (Sir Charles Litton), Herbert Lom (Dreyfus, his police superior), Graham Stark (Hercule, his assistant) in the hope that they will furnish clues in reminiscence à la *Citizen Kane*. But the cruel truth is that with the leading man dead it would have been better to leave well alone. Opens Dec 16.

ALSO SHOWING

Another Way (18)

Hungarian film, winner of both the Critics' & Best Actor awards at Cannes, about an uncompromising woman journalist & her lesbian affair with a colleague. Directed by Karoly Makk.

The Atomic Café (15)

An amazing compilation of archive footage relating to the first atomic age of the 1940s & 50s. What emerges clearly is that the public was consciously misled by the authorities on the dangers of nuclear tests.

Author! Author! (PG)

Arthur Hiller's sledgehammer direction defeats even an actor of Al Pacino's stature. Pacino plays a successful New York playwright with a failed marriage.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas (15)

Colin Higgins's adaptation of the Broadway musical has Burt Reynolds as a good-natured sheriff & Dolly Parton as the proprietress of a rural bordello which is threatened with closure. Vulgar, without being erotic.

Carbon Copy (15)

A humorous presentation of the fall from wealth & power of a top executive following the appearance of his black son, the product of a college romance. With George Segal, Susan St James, Jack Warden & Denzel Washington. Directed by Michael Schultz.

Creepshow (15)

Five separate creepy stories, based on a 1950s American book, directed by George A. Romero.

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (PG)

This ingenious comedy thriller is a delight for devotees of grainy old Hollywood thrillers. Steve Martin plays a Marlowesque private eye, with Rachel Ward as his torrid client. Juxtaposed clips from movies of the 1940s & 50s make other parts appear to be played by Bogart, Stanwyck, Gardner, Ladd, Milland & others.

Deathtrap (PG)

Sidney Lumet blows his reputation with the film version of Ira Levin's slick, implausible, stagey thriller in which scarcely anyone is what he seems to be. Michael Caine & Christopher Reeve plough through the corkscrew twists of the plot.

The Entity (18)

Barbara Hershey plays a young widow who becomes the victim of a phantom rapist. A team of parapsychologists use her to try to isolate a presence from another plane of existence. The film, while engrossing, is overlong & slightly repetitive.

The Evil Dead (18)

Original & nightmarish horror movie where five young people spending a weekend in a lonely Tennessee cabin become possessed zombies. The special effects are ingenious & sickening.

Five Days One Summer (PG)

Fred Zinnemann's film is a disappointment, full of unrealized potential. Sean Connery is excellent as a Scottish doctor on a Swiss climbing holiday in 1932, but the film does not gel dramatically.

Giselle (18)

Brazilian sex film described as "somewhere between *Emmanuelle* & *Caligula*", recently the top box office success in America.

A Good Marriage (15)

Eric Rohmer directed Béatrice Romand & André Dussollier in this story about a young art student in Paris who decides to find a husband.

Hammett (15)

An imaginary episode in the life of writer Dashiell Hammett, convincingly played by Frederick Forrest. Immensely complicated plot, with sets evocative of Warner Brothers thrillers of the 1940s.

High Risk (15)

Four men tell their wives they are going fishing but actually set out to steal gold. With Anthony

TELEVISION
JOHN HOWKINS

THERE ARE PROMISES of outstanding programmes over Christmas, though all four channels remain unspecific about dates until as late as possible. Watch out for *Janet Baker: Full Circle* (BBC2) in which Dame Janet celebrates her last year of opera singing, and for a BBC1 documentary, *Three More Men in a Boat*, following Tim Rice, Benny Green and Christopher Matthew on a jaunt up the Thames to Oxford. On Christmas morning Edna O'Brien reads *A Christmas Treat* (ITV), a children's story.

□ During the Christmas period, ITV plans to show the James Bond film *Moonraker*, Disney's *The Black Hole* and Peter Yates's film about a teenage racing cyclist, *Breaking Away*. An interesting film earlier in the month is King Vidor's silent classic *The Crowd* which Channel 4 is showing on December 5.

□ The Prime Minister seems enthusiastic to give the go-ahead to cable television as soon as possible. The point about cable is, first, that it allows viewers to spend more money and, second, that they can spend it on programmes they really want to see. Never underestimate the public's desire to spend money on having a bit of fun. People who moan about the licence fee of £46 a year will willingly spend three times that on video cassettes and, now, on cable television.

THE MONTH IN VIEW

Dec 4. *Upstairs Downstairs* (C4)

There's nothing wrong with a good repeat; this story of Edwardian manners will run & run.

Dec 5. *Report to the Nation* (C4)

A neat idea: the nationalized industries do not hold annual general meetings where we, their customers & shareholders, can prod & complain, so Paul Ellis, who used to run BBC's *Money Programme*, has decided to hold public audits on our behalf. It promises to be as lively & revealing as the best AGM.

Dec 5. *Porgy, Bess & Simon Rattle* (ITV)

Simon Rattle was appointed principal conductor of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra at the tender age of 25; by all accounts, including that of this Central documentary, he seems a wise choice. He reciprocates the city's faith by saying he can achieve better music outside London; among the proof, shown here, is his conducting of Gershwin's *Porgy & Bess*.

Dec 5. *The Crowd* (C4)

This classic "silent" film, directed by King Vidor, was recently revived with new music by Carl Davis (forever killing the myth that so-called "silent" movies were silent at all). The tale of a young man & a young woman trying to cope with poverty, unemployment & marriage in New York in the 1920s should transfer very well to the small screen.

Dec 5. *Sunday Night* (BBC1)

Postponed from October, this Religious Affairs series hopes to raise moral & philosophical issues in current affairs. Given that it was postponed because of a BBC strike, perhaps it should look at the role of the trades unions in the media?

Dec 6. *The Chopper* (BBC2)

A topical *Horizon* on the history of the helicopter from the first Russian experiments in the early years of the century to the daring manoeuvres in Vietnam & especially, in the Falklands.

Dec 7. *The Flip Side of Dominick Hide* (BBC1)

This repeat of the quirky, futuristic *Play for Today* about a modern time-traveller is a welcome curtain-raiser to the sequel to be shown next Tuesday. Peter Firth is aptly cast as the 2130 man who lands in London in 1980 to study transport & trace his ancestors. His first discovery, on landing at Shepherds Bush, is that the last train has just gone.

Dec 8. *Calling the World* (BBC1)

A celebration of the 50th anniversary of the BBC's External Services. Long may they continue.

Dec 10. *Marks* (BBC2)

More wry stuff from Alan Bennett, about a woman who finds herself a grandmother at the age of 43. Marjorie Yates plays grandma.

Dec 13. *The State of the Planet* (BBC2)

Ten years after the United Nations' memorable Stockholm conference, which put the environment high on the agenda of global issues, the UN has been meeting again to check what progress has been made; the answer is, not much. According to the meeting, held in London last June, our planet's terrain, rain forests, air & climate are being slowly - but surely destabilized.

Dec 14. *Another Flip for Dominick* (BBC1)

Peter Firth as Dominick (see Dec 7) travels back from the year 2132 to 1982 to look for a colleague (& to see if London Transport has improved).

Dec 16. *Splash!* (C4)

David Wilkie, Olympic gold medallist, shows that swimming is healthy & fun. If anyone can convince me, he can.

Dec 17. *Ravi Shankar* (C4)

When the Beatles met Ravi Shankar they called him "master", though this virtuoso of the sitar disclaimed the title. This report shows him playing & talking.

Dec 17. *Say Something Happened* (BBC2)

This black comedy by Alan Bennett about a social worker who calls on (interferes with) an old couple should be a warning to people who want to help (boss about) other people. Hugh Lloyd & Thora Hird are Mr & Mrs Rhodes, who do not want any help, & Julie Walters is the social worker who does not know how to give it.

Dec 19. *The Weavers: Wasn't That a Time?* (C4)

A marvellous uplifting film about a post-war American folk/pop group, including Pete Seeger, who won popular & critical acclaim until, tragically, they were blacklisted by McCarthy. But they survived & even played a reunion concert in Carnegie Hall in 1980, shown here, with interviews.

Dec 19. *St Francis of Assisi* (C4)

Born 800 years ago into a wealthy merchant family, Giovanni de Bernadocce (as he then was) renounced all worldly goods in his mid-20s & within five years, in 1210, won papal approval for his own order of Franciscans. This film traces his life, including his purported imprinting of stigmata, & his order's fortunes.



Rex Harrison in *Kingfisher*: see below.

Dec 23. *Kingfisher* (ITV)

Rex Harrison stars in William Douglas-Home's play, with Wendy Hiller as the woman he regrets not marrying. It is a marvellous role, first played by Ralph Richardson (with Celia Johnson) & Rex Harrison suits it perfectly.



Lydia Lei as Crystal Ling: in *Hamnett*.

Quinn, James Brolin, Lindsay Wagner & James Coburn. Directed by Stewart Raffill.

The Line (15)

Russ Thacker plays a US soldier who goes AWOL from Vietnam. His family, worried that he is going mad, want the authorities to find him, & he ends up in prison, needing to "cross the line" to escape. A very nasty film. V IPC Video.

The Loveless (15)

Set in the deep south of the JFK years, this old-fashioned road film about a group of bikers who stop over in a sweaty, barren roadside hamlet is charmless & ultimately depressing. V Palace Video.

The Man With the Deadly Lens (15)

Director, producer & screenwriter Richard Brooks has cast Sean Connery as a television superstar in this drama involving political intrigue & international conflict.

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (15)

In his new film, set at the turn of the century, Woody Allen plays a slightly mad inventor who falls for a friend's fiancée (Mia Farrow). Much changing of partners goes on during a weekend in the meadows of upstate New York.

The Night of San Lorenzo (15)

Italian film directed by Paolo & Vittorio Tavani. The inhabitants of a Tuscan village in 1944 defy orders to gather for their August celebrations.

Nutcracker (18)

Comedy thriller about a Russian ballerina who defects & joins an international ballet school in the West. With Joan Collins, Carol White, Paul Nicolas & Finola Hughes.

Pictures (PG)

This New Zealand film, directed by Michael Black, is set at the turn of the century. Two brothers, both photographers, photograph Maori life. One takes controversial pictures of the defeated Maoris' plight; the other complies with government requests to take only pictures which romanticize their life.

Privileged (15)

Very good undergraduate film by a group of

Oxford students. The story concerns a feckless hero falling for two girls in succession, while seething at his poor casting in an OUDS production of *The Duchess of Malfi*.

Race for the Yankee Zephyr (PG)

Donald Pleasance & Ken Wahl struggle to retrieve an old US plane full of money before it falls into the hands of a crook. David Hemmings directed.

Raggedy Man (15)

Sissy Spacek plays a divorced mother working a telephone switchboard in rural Texas during the Second World War. A young sailor takes to her, but she sends him on his way for fear of local gossip. Jack Fisk's film is thoughtful & assured until the last 20 minutes, when it becomes a conventional scare thriller.

The Scarecrow (15)

New Zealand thriller about a teenage boy & his sister. Directed by Sam Pillsbury, with John Carradine, Tracy Mann & Jonathan Smith. V Channel Video.

The Sword & the Sorcerer (15)

Lee Horsley, as a hero of the Dark Ages, has taken centuries to catch up with his mother's murderer. Though it is the most palpable nonsense, it moves at a zesty pace with astonishing stuntwork & special effects.

36 Chowringhee Lane (PG)

Impressive directorial debut by Indian actress Aparna Sen. Jennifer Kendal gives a beautifully realized performance as an Anglo-Indian schoolteacher. Her father, Geoffrey Kendal, plays her senile septuagenarian brother.

Tron (PG)

Steven Lisberger's film uses stunning animation sequences, though the story is paper-thin, the characterization minimal & the plot credibility non-existent. In an attempt to defeat an evil computer genius, Jeff Bridges finds himself inside a computer, helping to destroy its master control program.

The Watcher in the Woods (PG)

David McCallum & Carroll Baker play an American couple who rent a spooky Victorian pile from owner Bette Davis. The couple's daughter bears an uncanny resemblance to Bette Davis's teenage daughter who vanished 30 years earlier. The ensuing supernatural phenomena build up to an extraordinary climax.

Certificates

U = unrestricted

PG = passed for general exhibition, but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer young children not to see

15 = no admittance under 15 years

18 = no admittance under 18 years

Special venues

Made in London: season continues; Dec 2, *Bunny Lake is Missing*; Dec 7, *Goodnight Vienna*; Dec 9, *HMS Defiant*; Dec 14, *Nicholas Nickleby*; Dec 16, *The Camels are Coming*; 6.10pm. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

South Bank films: Dec 26, 27, 30, 31, 3pm; Dec 27, 28, 7pm, *Annie*; Dec 29, 7pm, *The Red Shoes*; Dec 30, 7pm, *Don Giovanni*; Dec 31, Jan 1, 7pm, *Guys & Dolls*. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc A, Bc 928 6544).



Sean Connery plays a television reporter: *The Man With the Deadly Lens*.

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BRIEFING

SPORT

FRANK KEATING

THOSE SHRINES of the British winter's two major field games, Twickenham and Wembley, are worth a pilgrimage on successive December days if you feel inclined to gauge the health of the country's youthful élite. On December 7 Oxford University play Cambridge at rugby union, and the old grey-brick piles collide again the following afternoon at soccer. The last University Blue to play for England at soccer was the Cambridge captain, Ashton, in 1925. However at Twickenham there will almost certainly be on view a hatful of players who will soon win international caps. Indeed, the most precociously talented young man to announce himself may well be the Oxford back, Stuart Barnes, who was born in England and brought up in Wales and therefore qualifies to play for either country. □ In vintage years the University rugby match has been an extra England trial for the New Year's international season. This year the official trial takes place, also at Twickenham, on December 18. Three days earlier Wembley, far fuller than for the University students, is host to England's soccer international against Luxembourg. When Europe's minnows last came to Wembley in 1977 they were beaten by 5-0 and Trevor Francis scored his first goal for England. He is sure to be the only survivor from that side in this month's match, provided he has recovered from the injury he sustained in Italy in the autumn.

HIGHLIGHTS

BADMINTON

Dec 10-12. Crest Hotels English National Championships, Coventry Sports & Recreation Centre, Coventry, W Midlands.

EQUESTRIANISM

Dec 16-20. Olympia International Showjumping Championships, Olympia, W14.

Through the year there have been complaints—not least from the paymasters of television—that showjumpers have allowed their major events to become dull, predictable & stereotyped. "Make all your shows more of a carnival, like the last night of the Christmas event at Olympia," they have been told. We shall see whether Olympia itself responds with even more festive fun & games this year.

Albion, Dec 28.

Watford v Manchester United, Dec 4; v Ipswich Town, Dec 18; v West Ham United, Dec 29.

West Ham United v Coventry City, Dec 11; v Swansea City, Dec 27.

Wimbledon v Mansfield Town, Dec 27.

The traditional local "derbies" over Christmas—Arsenal v Spurs, Chelsea v Fulham & so on—will turn neighbours against each other in anticipation, but one of the fascinations of the month will be observing how Watford maintain their thrilling early form as they play host, successively, to such powerful visitors as Manchester United, Ipswich & West Ham.

GYMNASTICS

Dec 4. British Modern Rhythmic Gymnastics Team Championships, Leisure Centre, Hinckley, Leics.

Dec 11, 12. Bottlers of Coca Cola International Gymnastics Tournament, Wembley Arena, Middx.

HORSE RACING

Dec 4. Mecca Bookmakers' Handicap Hurdle, Sandown Park.

Dec 11. Massey-Ferguson Gold Cup, Cheltenham.

Dec 18. SGB Handicap Chase, Ascot.

Dec 27. King George VI Chase, Christmas Hurdle, Kempton Park.

If Ascot is for hats, Cheltenham for the serious punter & Epsom for the funfair, then Kempton Park on Boxing Day is for goodwill to all racing men. The often seedy "Sport of Kings" puts a smile on its face this day. Champagne flows with the bonhomie & even Lester Piggott will be seen smiling broadly!

Dec 28. Coral Welsh National, Chepstow.

RUGBY

Dec 7. Oxford v Cambridge, Twickenham.

Dec 18. England v The Rest, Twickenham.

SNOOKER

Nov 22-Dec 4. Coral UK Championship, Guildhall, Preston, Lancs.

Dec 13-19. Hofmeister World Doubles Championships, Crystal Palace, SE19.

SQUASH

Dec 3-9. Thornton's British Closed Championship, Abbeydale SC, Sheffield, S Yorks.

Dec 10-13. Women's British Closed Final, Wembley Squash Centre, Middx.

SWIMMING

Dec 3. Arena Sprint Final, Leeds International Pool, Leeds, W Yorks.

Dec 4. Cadbury's Club Championships of Great Britain Final, Leeds.

Dec 4, 5. National 1m Diving Championships, Derby Sports Centre, Derby.

Dec 18, 19. European Swimming Cup, Gothenburg, Sweden.

Wimbledon 1983

Applications for tickets should be made now for next year's tournament (June 20-July 3). Details from All-England Lawn Tennis Club, Church Rd, SW19 (enclosing sac).



Trevor Francis: Wembley on December 15.

FOOTBALL

Dec 8. Oxford v Cambridge, Wembley Stadium, Middx.

Dec 15. England v Luxembourg, Wembley Stadium.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Aston Villa, Dec 7; v Tottenham Hotspur, Dec 27.

Brentford v Wrexham, Dec 4; v Exeter City, Dec 18; v Gillingham, Dec 28.

Charlton Athletic v Barnsley, Dec 18; v Queen's Park Rangers, Dec 29.

Chelsea v Burnley, Dec 4; v Bolton Wanderers, Dec 18; v Fulham, Dec 28.

Crystal Palace v Sheffield Wednesday, Dec 11; v Charlton Athletic, Dec 27.

Fulham v Derby County, Dec 11; v Cambridge United, Dec 27.

Millwall v Orient, Dec 26.

Orient v Preston North End, Dec 17; v AFC Bournemouth, Dec 28.

Queen's Park Rangers v Grimsby Town, Dec 11; v Chelsea, Dec 27.

Tottenham Hotspur v West Bromwich Albion, Dec 4; v Birmingham City, Dec 18; v Brighton & Hove

CLASSICAL MUSIC

MARGARET DAVIES



THERE IS, predictably, strong emphasis on Christmas music this month. There are performances of Messiah at the Albert Hall, the Barbican Hall and the Festival Hall; the Clerkes of Oxenford explore Christmas music from 1200 to the present at St John's; the LSO perform Berlioz's *L'enfance du Christ* at the Barbican; and all the principal choirs give carol concerts with invitations to audiences to join in the singing.

□ If you want to escape the festivities, the CBSO under Rattle are performing Britten's *War Requiem*, the Philharmonia under Andrew Davis are giving Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, the LPO under Jochum Bruckner's *Symphony No 8*, the LSO under Mata Beethoven's *Symphony No 7* and the RPO under Temirkanov Bruckner's *Symphony No 1*—all at the Festival Hall. There are recitals by Cherkassky at St John's and by Koopman, Rampal and Brendel at the Elizabeth Hall. At the Wigmore Hall both Linda Esther Gray and Siegfried Jerusalem give recitals of songs and lieder, the Songmakers' Almanac sing winter songs by Schubert, and the Academy of Ancient Music offer a New Year's Gift for 1983.

□ Booking is now open for the second subscription series at the Barbican offered jointly by the London Symphony Orchestra and the English Chamber Orchestra. There is a wide variety of packages, each comprising six concerts, with a choice of five nights, from Tuesday to Saturday, each offering a saving of up to £12. Book two series simultaneously and you can save up to £34 and if you subscribe before January 17 you are guaranteed the same seat for all six concerts in a series. Ring 638 8899 for details.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

The following is a selection of concerts taking place in London this month. Complete listings are available from the concert halls.

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212).

Dec 5, 7.30pm. **New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Welsh Guards**, conductor Tausky; Richard Markham, piano. Tchaikovsky, *Waltz from the Sleeping Beauty*, Suites from *Swan Lake* & *The Nutcracker*. Piano Concerto No 1, Overture 1812 (with cannon & mortar effects).

Dec 14, 7.30pm. **London Mozart Players, St Bartholomew's Hospital Choral society**, conductor Anderson; soloists, Dinah Harris, Evelyn Nicholson, Elaine Woods, Peter Jeffes, Stephen Richardson, Alan Watt. Mozart, *The Magic Flute*.

Dec 16, 17, 7.45pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Knight. Stravinsky, *Russian Dance from Petrushka*; Tchaikovsky, medley of favourite themes; Debussy/Knight, *Children's Corner*; Sarde, film themes from *Ghost Story*, *Quest for Fire*, *Tess*; Knight, *English Scenes*; Prokofiev, *Troika* from *Lt Kije*; arr Knight, *Salute to the Carpenters*, Christmas Fantasia, Christmas in Hollywood, carols for audience & orchestra.

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, cc 628 8795).

Dec 1, 1pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; Cynthia Buchan, mezzo-soprano. Berlioz, *Royal Hunt & Storm*, *Trojan March*. Les nuits d'été.

Dec 3, 4, 8pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, con-



Linda Esther Gray: songs at the Wigmore.

ductor Maksymiuk; Ida Haendel, violin. Tippett, *Divertimento*; Mendelssohn, *Violin Concerto*; Saint-Saëns, *Introduction & Rondo Capriccioso in A minor*; Haydn, *Symphony No 104* (London).

Dec 5, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Judd; Peter Donohoe, piano. Glinka, *Overture Russian* & *Ludmilla*; Grieg, *Peer Gynt Suite No 1*; Rachmaninov, *Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini*; Dvorak, *Symphony No 9* (From the New World).

Dec 10, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Mackerras; Robert Cohen, cello. Cop-

Janacek, *Sinfonietta*.

Dec 17, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Thompson; Howard Shelley, piano. Tchaikovsky, *Overture Romeo & Juliet*, Piano Concerto No 1, *Symphony No 6* (Pathétique).

Dec 20, 21, 6.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Faris, Nan Christie, soprano; Anne Howells, mezzo-soprano; Laurence Dale, tenor; Derek Hammond-Stroud, baritone; Alfred Marks, narrator. Humperdinck, *Hansel & Gretel*; Strauss, *Die Fledermaus*; Rossini, *Cinderella*.

BURGH HOUSE

New End Sq, NW3. Box office 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 7727).

Dec 15, 7.30pm. **Jane Clark**, harpsichord. Les amusements sérieux et comiques. Music by Couperin & readings from contemporary accounts.

LEIGHTON HOUSE

12 Holland Park Rd, W14. Box office 25 Church Rd, SW13.

Dec 8, 7.30pm. **Alexander Baillie**, cello; **Kathron Sturrock**, piano. Carter, *Cello Sonata*; popular cello pieces.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Dec 1, 7.30pm. **New London Chamber Choir**, conductor Wood. Schönberg, *Friede auf Erden*; Webern, *Entsleht auf leichten Kahnen*; Stravinsky, *unaccompanied works*; Schütz, *Madrigals*.

Dec 3, 7.15pm. **Abbey Opera, Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Shelley; Philippa Dames-Longworth, Helen Kucharek, sopranos; Caroline Graham, Maureen Lefevre, mezzo-sopranos; Kenneth Brown, Frank Felton, Patrick McCarthy, tenors; Alexander Gauld, Geoffrey Thompson, baritones; Peter da Costa, bass. Verdi, *Falstaff* (concert performance).

Dec 4, 7.30pm. **Collegium Musicum of London**, conductor Heltay; Philippa Dames-Longworth, Tracey Chadwell, sopranos; Ashley Stafford, counter-tenor; Philip Salmon, tenor; Richard Jackson, bass. Pergolesi, *Magnificat*; Vivaldi, *Credo*, *Beatus vir*; Caldara, *Dies Irae*.

Dec 6, 1pm. **Amadeus Quartet**. Haydn, *Quartet in D* (Lark); Mozart, *Quartet in E flat K428*.

Dec 13, 1pm. **Peter Frankl**, piano; **György Pauk**, violin; **Ralph Kirshbaum**, cello. A. Tchaikovsky, *Trio Notturno*; Ravel, *Piano Trio in A minor*.

Dec 20, 1pm. **Shura Cherkassky**, piano. Scriabin, *Sonata No 4*; Tchaikovsky, *Dumka in C minor Op 59*; Messiaen, *Ile de feu Nos 1 & 2*; Liszt, *Réminiscences de Don Juan*.

Dec 22, 7.30pm. **New Haydn Orchestra**, conductor Nelson. Handel, *Overture, Messiah*; Haydn, *Symphonies Nos 26 & 45*; Corelli, *Christmas Concerto Op 6 No 8*; Wagner, *Siegfried Idyll*.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc A, Bc, 928 6544).

(FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR = Purcell Room)

Dec 1, 5.55pm. **Ton Koopman**, organ & harpsichord. Sweelinck, *works for organ*; Bach, *works for harpsichord*. EH.

Dec 1, 8pm. **London Mozart Players**, conductor M. W. Chung; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. Haydn, *Symphony No 44* (Trauer); Nielsen, *Flute Concerto*; Mozart, *Flute Concerto in D K314*; Weber, *Symphony No 1*. FH.

Dec 2, 8pm. **City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, London Choral Society, Christ Church Boys' Choir**, conductor Rattle; Helen Field, soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; Thomas Hemsley, bass. Britten, *War Requiem*. FH.

Dec 3, 8pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Zender; Gillian Weir, organ. Messiaen, *Messe de la Pentecôte*; Varèse, *Déserts*; Stravinsky, *The Rite of Spring*. FH (Preceded by a talk by Michael Graubart about Varèse's *Déserts*. 5.55pm. FH Hungerford Room. £1.)

Dec 5, 3.15pm; Dec 7, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor A. Davis; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Ryland Davies, tenor; Robert Lloyd, bass. Elgar, *The Dream of Gerontius*. FH.

Dec 5, 7pm. **Koenig Ensemble, Holst Singers**, conductor Latham-Koenig; Mary Lloyd Davies, mezzo-soprano; Justin Lavender, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, baritone. Mendelssohn, *Oetel in*

E flat Op 20; Holst, *Savitri*. PR.

Dec 5, 7.15pm. **English Concert**; Trevor Pinnock director & fortepiano; Simon Standage, violin. Haydn, *Overture to an English Opera*, *Symphonies Nos 39 & 93*, *Piano Concerto in D*, *Violin Concerto in C*. EH.

Dec 5, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Jochum. Bruckner, *Symphony No 8*. FH.

Dec 6, 7.45pm. **Jean-Pierre Rampal**, flute; **Denis Evesque**, piano. Donizetti, *Sonata*; Poulenc, *Sonata*; Schubert, *Introduction & Variations on Trockne Blumen*; Franck, *Sonata in A*; Bazzini, *La ronde des lutins Op 25*. EH.

Dec 6, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Temirkanov; Cristina Ortiz, piano. Mendelssohn, *Symphony No 4* (Italian); Gershwin, *Rhapsody in Blue*; Rimsky-Korsakov, *Scheherazade*. FH.

Dec 8, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis. Mahler, *Symphony No 9*. FH.

Dec 9, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Mata; Hakan Hagegard, baritone. Mahler, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (excerpts); Beethoven, *Symphony No 7*. FH.

Dec 10, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Pritchard; James Galway, Martin Parry, flutes. Strauss, *Till Eulenspiegel*; Berkeley, *Flute Concerto*; Cimarosa, *Concerto for two flutes in G*; Debussy, *La mer*. FH.

Dec 12, 3.15pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Mata; John Williams, guitar. Ravel, *Le tombeau de Couperin*; Rodrigo, *Concierto de Aranjuez*; Beethoven, *Symphony No 7*. FH.

Dec 12, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Temirkanov; Mitsuko Uchida, piano. Mozart, *Piano Concerto in D* (Coronation); Mahler, *Symphony No 1* (Titan). FH.

Dec 14, 8pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Solti; Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. Bartók, *Dance Suite*; Bruch, *Violin Concerto*; Dvorak, *Symphony No 9* (From the New World). FH.

Dec 15, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus**, conductor Dorati; Ilona Tokody, soprano; Klara Takacs, mezzo-soprano; Denes Gulyas, tenor; György Melis, bass. Kodály, *Te Deum*, *Psalmus Hungaricus*, *Háry János* (concert suite). FH.

Dec 16, 7.45pm. **Alfred Brendel**, piano. Beethoven, *Sonatas in E Op 14 No 1*, in G Op 14 No 2, in C Op 2 No 3, in F Op 54, in F minor (Appassionata). EH.

Dec 16, 8pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Mata; John Williams, guitar. Stravinsky, *Petrushka*; Ponce, *Guitar Concerto*; Ravel, *Bolero*. FH.

Dec 17, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Tilson Thomas; Jose-Luis Garcia, violin. Beethoven, *Overture Prometheus*, *Violin Concerto*, *Symphony No 2*. EH.

Dec 17, 8pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Pritchard; Elisabeth Leonskaja, piano. Strauss, *Don Juan*; Sessions, *Concerto for Orchestra*; Brahms, *Piano Concerto No 1*. FH.

Dec 26, 7.30pm. **Johann Strauss Orchestra & Dancers**; Jack Rothstein, director & violin; Geraldine Stephenson, choreographer; Ann Mackay, soprano. Music by the Strauss family. FH.

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Dec 1, 7.30pm. **Bernard Roberts**, piano. Beethoven, *Polonaise in C Op 89*, *Six Bagatelles Op 126*, *Eroica Variations Op 35*; Ireland, *Sonata*; Fauré, *Nocturne No 4*, *Impromptu No 2*; Brahms, *Four Piano Pieces Op 119*.

Dec 4, 7.30pm. **Daniel Adni**, piano. Grainger, *Molly on the Shore*, *Walking Tune*, *Shepherd's Hey*, *Love Walked In*, *Country Gardens*; Grieg, *Sonata in E minor Op 7*; Chopin, *Fantaisie in F minor Op 49*, *Sonata in B minor Op 58*. (Pre-concert talk by Basil Deane on Grainger, Grieg & Nordic music. 6.30pm.)

Dec 5, 3.30pm. **Allegri String Quartet**; Han de Vries, oboe. Schumann, *Quartet No 3*; Crussell, *Divertimento Op 9*; Wolf, *Italian Serenade*; Mozart, *Divertimento in C minor K406*.

Dec 5, 7.30pm. **Linda Esther Gray**, soprano; **David Syrus**, piano. Schubert, Wagner, Mahler, Quilter, songs & lieder.

Dec 7, 7.30pm. **Siegfried Jerusalem**, tenor; **Konrad Leitner**, piano. Beethoven, Schubert, Mahler, R. Strauss, songs & lieder.

BRIEFING

CLASSICAL MUSIC

CONTINUED

Dec 11, 7.30pm. **Nash Ensemble**; Eilene Hannan, soprano. Beethoven, Piano Quintet in E flat Op 16; Delius, Cello Sonata, songs; Mendelssohn, Piano Trio in D minor Op 49.

Dec 12, 3.30pm. **Zora Mihailović**, piano. Chopin, Polonaise Fantaisie Op 61, Sonata in B minor Op 58; Debussy, Images Book 1; Dusanradic, Sonata Lesta; Dale, Polonaise Napolitana, Midnight Moon, Straw Hat.

Dec 15, 7.30pm. **Tallis Scholars**, director Phillips. Cornyshe, Salve Regina, Ave Maria, Woefully array'd, Ah Robin; Wylkynson, Salve Regina; Sturton, Taverner, Tye, Mundy, music.

Dec 16, 7.30pm. **Raphael Wallfisch**, cello; **Richard Markham**, piano; **Ralph Holmes**, violin. Kodály centenary concert: Kodály, Sonata for solo cello Op 8, Duo for violin & cello Op 7; Dohnányi, Sonata for cello & piano Op 8; Móór, Prelude for cello & piano; Seiber, Phantasie for cello & piano.

Dec 17, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Felicity Palmer, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe-Johnson, tenor; Graham Johnson, piano. Schubert, songs on a winter evening.

Dec 30, 7.30pm. **Endymion Ensemble**, director Whitfield; Geoffrey Parsons, piano; Marie Slorach, soprano. Mozart, Quintet in E flat K452; Schubert, Shepherd on the Rock; Spohr, Nonet in F for strings & wind.

Dec 31, 7.30pm. **Academy of Ancient Music**, **Amsterdam Locki Stardust Quartet**; James Bowman, counter-tenor. A New Year's Gifle for 1983: Marais, La sonnerie de Sainte-Geneviève-du-Mont; Anon, Estampie; Gibbons, Fantasies; Handel, Virtuoso arias from Admeto, Ottone, Giulio Cesare; Biber, Sonata in F; Purcell, songs; Vivaldi, Concerto in C; Wonder, You are the Sunshine of my Life.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212).

Dec 4, 3pm & 7.30pm. **English Baroque Choir**, **London Oriana Choir**, **London Pro Arte Choir**, **English Brass Ensemble**, **Haberdashers' Aske's School Boys' Choir**, **Karolinka Polkfolk Song & Dance Ensemble**; conductor Lovett; Osian Ellis, Harp; Tristan Fry, percussion; Malcolm Hicks, organ. Carols for Christmas (3pm, children's carols).

Dec 10, 3pm & 7.30pm. **English Baroque Choir**, **London Oriana Choir**, **London Pro Arte Choir**, **English Renaissance Players**, conductor Lovett; **London Schools Steel Orchestra**, **Farnborough Hill College Choir**, **St Mary's Junior School Choir** **Hendon**. Carols & crumhorns: Carols for choir & audience; Christmas music from medieval times to the present.

Dec 11, 3pm, 7.30pm. **London Choral Society**, **Instant Sunshine**, **English Brass Ensemble**, **Haberdashers' Aske's School Boys' Choir**, conductor Barlow; Richard Stilgoe, compère; Tristan Fry, percussion; Margaret Phillips, organ; Fiona Hibbert, harp. 3pm, Children's carols; 7.30pm, Carols & Christmas music.

Dec 12, 19, 2.30pm. **Bach Choir**, **Philip Jones Brass Ensemble**, **Kneller Hall Trumpeters**; John Scott, organ. Family carols.

Dec 12, 7.30pm. **Alexandra Choir**, **Southern Sinfonietta**, **St Botolph Handbell Ringers**; conductor Hill; Yvonne Lea, mezzo-soprano; Geoffrey Morgan, organ. Carol concert.

Dec 15, 7.30pm. **Llanelli Male Choir**, **Hendon Salvation Army Band**; David Bell, organ; Patrick Moore, guest. Christmas concert with carols.

Dec 18, 2.30pm & 7.30pm; Dec 20, 7.30pm. **Royal Choral Society**, **Fanfare Trumpeters of the Band of the Grenadier Guards**; John Birch, organ; 2.30pm, Rolf Harris; 7.30pm, Stephane Grappelli, Diz Disley, Jack Sewing, Martin Taylor. Carols.

Dec 19, 7.30pm; Dec 21, 7.45pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Groves; Helen Field, soprano; Penelope Walker, contralto; Richard Morton, tenor; Michael Rippon, bass. Handel, Messiah.

Dec 22, 7.30pm. **Maidstone Symphony Orchestra**, **Kent Choir of 1,000 Voices**, conductor Wicks; Alison Pearce, soprano; Penelope Walker, contralto; Peter Bamber, tenor; Stuart Fordyce, bass. Handel, Messiah.

Dec 23, 7pm. **Goldsmiths' Choral Union**, **Seaford College Chapel Choir**, conductor Wright; **Instant Sunshine**, Ian Wallace, Derek Nimmo, guests;



James Bowman: New Year's Eve concert.

Antony Saunders, Roger Vignoles, pianos; Christopher Bowers-Broadbent, organ; Robert Howes, percussion. Carol concert in the presence of Princess Anne, in aid of the Save the Children Fund.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH

Langham Pl, W1.

Dec 12, 5pm & 8pm. **Carols by candlelight**.

Dec 19, 11am. **Family toy & carol service**.

Dec 24, 11.30pm. **Midnight Communion**.

Dec 25, 9.30am. **Holy Communion**; 11am, **Morning Service**; 12.30pm, **Holy Communion**. Dec 31, 11.15pm. **Watchnight Service**.

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, cc 628 8795).

Dec 1, 2, 7.15pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor A. Davis; Silvia Lindenstrand, soprano; Peter Lindroos, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, bass-baritone; Malcolm King, bass. Berlioz, L'enfance du Christ.

Dec 7, 7pm. **New Symphony Orchestra**, **National Westminster Choir**, conductor Humphris; Meryl Drower, soprano; Susan Mason, alto; Paul Elliott, tenor; Stephen Varcoe, bass. Handel, Messiah.

Dec 14, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, **Choristers of Westminster Cathedral**, conductor A. Davis; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Hakan Hagegard, baritone; Richard Baker, presenter. Christmas concert of carols & music by Bach, Elgar, Humperdinck, Prokofiev, Tchaikovsky, Vivaldi.

Dec 19, 7pm. **City of London Sinfonia**, **Richard Hickox Singers**, conductor Hickox; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Charles Brett, counter-tenor; Martyn Hill, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass. Handel, Messiah.

Dec 22, 23, 6.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Hickox; Stephen Roberts, baritone. Christmas carols.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE CHAPEL

Greenwich, SE10. Box office 855 5900 or Greenwich Theatre, Croom's Hill, SE10.

Dec 16, 8pm. **Royal Naval College Chapel Choir**, conductor St John Clarke; Eleanor Bron, reader. Music & readings for Christmas; Carols for audience.

ST BRIDE'S

Fleet St, EC4.

Dec 13, 6.30pm. **Carols for publicists**.

Dec 14, 6pm. **Carol service for printers**.

Dec 22, noon. **Carols for Fleet Street**.

ST CLEMENT DANES

Strand, WC2.

Dec 8, 12.45pm. **Nine lessons & carols**.

Dec 24, 11.30pm. **Midnight Mass**.

Dec 25, 8.30am. **Holy Communion**; 11am, **Choral Eucharist**.

Dec 26, 8.30am. **Holy Communion**; 11am, **Morning Service**.

ST JAMES'S

Piccadilly, W1.

Dec 19, 6.30pm. **Festival of lessons & carols**.

Dec 24, 11.30pm. **Midnight Mass**.

Dec 25, 11am. **Sung Eucharist**.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Dec 5, 7.30pm. **Clerks of Oxenford**, director Wulstan. Christmas music from 1200 to the present day.

Dec 11, 7.30pm. **London Chorale**, conductor Coleman. Bach, Singet dem Herrn; Berlioz, The Shepherd's Farewell; Poulenc, Christmas Motets; Rodney Bennett, Five carols; Tucapsky, Time of Christmas; Brahms, Christmas Cradle Song; 20th-century carols.

Dec 15, 7.30pm. **Choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford**, director Grier; Frances Kelly, harp. Palestrina, Missa hodie, Christus natus est; Howells, A Spotless Rose, Sing Lullaby, Here is the Little Door; Britten, A Ceremony of Carols; traditional carols & works for solo harp.

Dec 19, 7.30pm. **The Scholars**; Paula Bott, soprano; Nigel Dixon, counter-tenor; Robin Doveton, tenor; David van Asch, bass. Nowell Sing We: Christmas songs through the ages; Carols for all, with brass quartet accompaniment.

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Dec 22, 7pm. **Nine lessons & carols**.

Dec 24, 11.30pm. **Midnight Communion**.

Dec 25, 8am, **Holy Communion**; 9.45am, **Family Communion**; 11.15am, **Morning Service** followed by **Holy Communion**; 6.30pm, **Evening service**.

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

EC4.

Dec 21, 4pm. **Carol service**.

Dec 24, 4pm, **Carol service & blessing of the crib by the Bishop of London**; 11.30pm, **Holy Communion**.

Dec 25, 10.30am, **Sung Matins**; 11.30am, **Choral Communion**; 3.15pm, **Choral Evensong**.

Dec 27, 28, 6pm. **Carols round the crib**.

Dec 31, 11.30pm. **Watchnight service**.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc A, Bc 928 6544).

(FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR = Purcell Room).

Dec 4, 11am & 2pm. **Ernest Read Symphony Orchestra**, **Schools' Choir**; John Raiton, conductor & commentator. Sweetinck, Hodie Christus natus est; Bach, Magnificat (extracts); Vesconcellos, Little Warm Babe; Matthias, Ave Rex; Fletcher, Ring Out Wild Bells; carols for choir & audience. FH.

Dec 4, 7.30pm. **Goldsmiths' Choral Union**, **Musicians of London**, conductor Wright; Anne Mackay, soprano; Malcolm Smith, counter-tenor; Maldwyn Davies, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, bass. Handel, Messiah. FH.

Dec 8, 7.45pm. **Camden Choir**, **London Bach Orchestra Brass Ensemble**, conductor Williamson; Robert Harris, Gabriel Woolf, readers; Michael Overbury, organ. Music & poetry for Christmas. Readings from Milton; music by Rutter, Rubbra, Parry, Holst & others. EH.

Dec 10, 7.45pm. **Richard Baker**, **David Kossoff**, presenters; Raphael Terroni, piano; Caroline McCausland, soprano & guitar; Anne Cherry, flute. Seasonal entertainment, including Barker, The Pied Piper of Hamelin. EH.

Dec 12, 3pm. **Children's choirs**, conductor Brooks; Robert Docker, piano; Gordon Phillips, organ. Festive songs & music. EH.

Dec 13, 8pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus**, **Choir of King's College**, **Cambridge**, conductors Ledger, Cleobury; Yvonne Kenny, soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass. Tchaikovsky, The Nutcracker (excerpts); Vaughan Williams, Hodie; carols. FH.

Dec 15, 7.45pm. **Loreto Cantores**, **Students from the art education schools**, **London music schools**, **Royal Academy of Music**; conductor Baxter; Irene Hardy, producer & choreographer. Sidmouth, Baxter, Nativity play with contemporary music & dancing. EH.

Dec 18, 3pm & 7.30pm. **Massed Choirs of the London Hospitals**, **Fanfare Trumpeters of the Royal Corps of Signals**; conductor Farncombe; Julian Lloyd Webber, cello; Ian Curror, organ; Charles Fullbrook, Richard Fullbrook, timpani & percussion. Carols & Christmas music. FH.

Dec 18, 7.45pm. **City of London Choir**, conductor Cashmore; Lesley Garrett, soprano; Rachel Masters, harp; Geoffrey Morgan, organ. Carols for choir & audience. EH.

Dec 19, 2.45pm. **Michael & Doreen Muskett**. Christmas box of festive & Christmas music for all ages. PR.

Dec 19, 3.15pm & 7.30pm. **Goldsmiths' Choral Union**, conductor Wright; Roger Vignoles, Anthony Saunders, pianos; Christopher Bowers-Broadbent, organ; Robert Howes, percussion. Carols for choir & audience. FH.

Dec 19, 7.15pm. **Wimbledon Girl Singers**, **Wandsworth School Choir**, conductors Harvey, Parker; Andrew Allpass, Juliet Faulkner, pianos; David Watts, drums; Michael Robbins, poetry reader; Robert Bowman, presenter. Carols for choir & audience; Britten, A Ceremony of Carols (excerpts); Webber, Joseph & the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat. EH.

Dec 20, 7.30pm. **Ernest Read Symphony Orchestra**, **Camden Choir**, **Hertford Choral Society**, conductor Williams; Ronald Smith, piano. Britten, The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; carols for choir & audience. FH.

Dec 21, 7.30pm. **Ross Winters Recorder Consort**. Christmas carols, dances & other music. PR.

Dec 21, 22, 7.45pm. **The Spinners**. Concert of carols & Christmas songs. EH.

Dec 23, 11am & 2.30pm. **Atarah's Band**; Atarah Ben-Tovim, presenter. Fun concert for children, who are invited to bring a small percussion instrument, recorder or other treble woodwind instrument. EH.

Dec 26, 3.15pm. **Gerard Benson**, storyteller; **Jean Phillips**, piano. Schubert, Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs; Christmas squibs, songs & riddles; mummer's play with traditional music. PR.

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

London Bridge, SE1.

Dec 4, 3.30pm. **Church of England Children's Society Christmas Service**.

Dec 12, 7.30pm. "Crisis at Christmas" festival of carols, with David Kossoff.

Dec 19, 3.30pm. **Carol service**; 7.30pm, "Help the Aged" Christmas concert.

Dec 22, 12.45pm. **Lunch-time carol singing**.

Dec 24, 11.30pm. **Midnight Eucharist**.

Dec 25, 9.30am, **Cathedral Eucharist** to be broadcast on Radio 4; 11am, **Christmas Eucharist**.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

SW1.

Dec 24, 2pm, **Children's crib & gift service**; 11.30pm, **Midnight Eucharist**.

Dec 25, 8am, **Holy Communion**; 10.30am, **Matins & sermon**; 11.40am, **Procession & Sung Eucharist**; 3pm, **Evensong**.

Dec 26, 8am, **Holy Communion**; 10.30am, **Matins & sermon**; 11.40am, **Sung Eucharist**; 3pm, **Evensong**, carols & procession.

Dec 28, 3pm. **Procession with carols for the Feast of Dedication**.

Dec 31, 11.30pm. **Watchnight service**.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

Francis St, SW1.

Dec 21, 7.30pm. **Christmas celebration**.

Dec 24, 11.15pm. **Christmas vigil & Midnight Mass**.

Dec 25, 7am, 8am, 9am, 10.30am (sung), noon, **Mass**; 3.30pm, **Solemn Vespers**.

Dec 26, 8am, 9am, 10.30am (sung), 12.30pm, **Mass**.

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Dec 18, 7pm. **Cantabile**, **Europa Harp Ensemble**, **Songmakers' Almanac**, **Nash Ensemble**; Leslie Howard, Richard Markham, David Nettle, Graham Johnson, Roger Vignoles, pianos; Steven Isserlis, cello; Felicity Lott, soprano; Felicity Palmer, Sarah Walker, mezzo-sopranos; Richard Jackson, baritone. Christmas music & entertainment.

Dec 29, 7.30pm. **Hilliard Ensemble**; David James, counter-tenor; Paul Elliott, Leigh Nixon, tenors; Paul Hillier, baritone. Carols from 12th & 15th centuries, pieces from Henry VIII's Songbook; Ravenscroft, Pearsall, Arne, Purcell, Battishill, Bishop, Barnby, music.

BRIEFING

POPULAR MUSIC DEREK JEWELL



George Melly and the Feetwarmers: in residence at Ronnie Scott's.

Nobody in his or her right popular music mind goes touring in December. Either they find a nice comfortable residency or, like other more normal beings, get involved in parties and merry-making.

For this reason most of the major pop tours have spluttered to a halt this month although there are some notable exceptions. As I forewarned last month, **Elton John** arrives at Hammersmith Odeon (748 4081) for a two-week stint from December 9 to 16 and then again from December 19 to 24. At the same venue those noisy heavy-metal gurus **Slade** pop in for a one-night stand on December 17. You can also just catch the end of Peter Skellern's tour, complete I don't doubt with brass band noises, at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Road (580 9562) on December 1; while **Elvis Costello**—who has already performed some notable concerts this autumn—goes into the Albert Hall (589 8212) for a couple of special evenings on December 24 and 27. And finally, the synthesizer smoothies, **Ultravox**, are at the Hammersmith Odeon for a four-night spell (December 2 to 5).

That really is that on the major pop front, but there are plenty of interesting things going on if you switch to jazz. That experienced and canny songstress, **Ernestine Anderson** is at The Canteen, Covent Garden (December 6 to 11; 405 6598), followed in by the great blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** (December 13 to 18) and over the Christmas period (December 20 to 31) there is that marvellous reincarnation of the 40s, **Pete Thomas's Jive 'n' Jump Band**. They had a fantastic season at The Canteen in September, playing not only the works of Louis Jordan but also plentiful helpings of Glenn Miller, Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway. Not the least interesting part of their shows is that the average age of the audience for this (in a sense) oldish man's or woman's music, was very young.

If the joint will be jumping in Covent Garden, then so it will be in Frith Street (439 0747) where—as traditional now as turkey and plum pudding—**George Melly** will take up his regular residency from December 13 to January 1, accompanied by **John Chilton's Feetwarmers**. The host himself, **Ronnie Scott**, will also be playing with his Quintet. Before Melly takes over, the band commemorating the great bassist **Mingus Dynasty** will have played a week (December 6 to 11) following the **Horace Silver Quintet**, who are in residence until December 4.

This is the season of the year when more than the usual number of records are bought and sold—for obvious reasons.

The most innovative idea in record marketing—after all those picture discs, coloured discs, sweatshirt gimmicks *et al*—must be the wheeze with which young Nick Austin has come up. He and his label, **Beggars Banquet**, had the dubious distinction of discovering Gary Numan, but now he's also going to do jazz on a new label, **Coda**. And with each album of the first 2,500 sold you get a signed and numbered print by a contemporary artist. Record One is by the Morrissey Mullen and Ronnie Scott band pianist, **John Crichton**, with aid from notables like Morrissey himself and bassist **Ronnie Mathewson**.

In the world of pop-rock one of the outstanding albums of the year is Dire Straits's "Love Over Gold" (Vertigo). It is beautifully orchestrated and played, and the group's singer-composer, Mark Knopfler, sounds astonishingly like Bruce Springsteen. Meantime, Springsteen himself—bare and passionate—is on "Nebraska" (CBS), warmly recommended, as also is the Billy Joel LP "The Nylon Curtain" (also CBS). The deeply emotional songs, "Highway Patrolman" and "My Father's House", could easily become Springsteen classics, as could the tuneful yet excoriating "Allentown" for Joel. Note also Kim Carnes's "Voyeur" (EMI America).

Finally, two interesting books, both pot-pourris about charismatic artists. *The Ballad of John and Yoko* organized by the editors of *Rolling Stone* (Rolling Stone and Michael Joseph, £6.95 soft-cover) puts together a massive compilation of pieces and pictures about one of the most remarkable relationships of our frenetic age. It is done with the brow-furrowing high seriousness (and sometimes wit) which is the hallmark of American rock journalism. Some of this writing is a pain in the neck, but most of it is revealing and touching, especially Jan Morris on Lennon in Liverpool and the memory pieces by Mick Jagger, Harry Nilsson and many more. Even Sinatra gives a one-line tribute to Lennon, while Norman Mailer commented on the ex-Beatle's death: "We have lost a genius of the spirit."

The Frank Sinatra Scrapbook by Richard Peters (Pop Universal-Souvenir Press, £7.95 cased, £4.95 paper) is just what it proclaims itself to be—a collection of pictures, press clips, summaries, essays, concert schedules and so on, dealing with the great singer. There is a "filmography", too, and, most outstanding of all, a section called "The Sinatra Sessions" which is a complete listing of all his record dates from 1939 to 1982. Quite invaluable, and fascinating.



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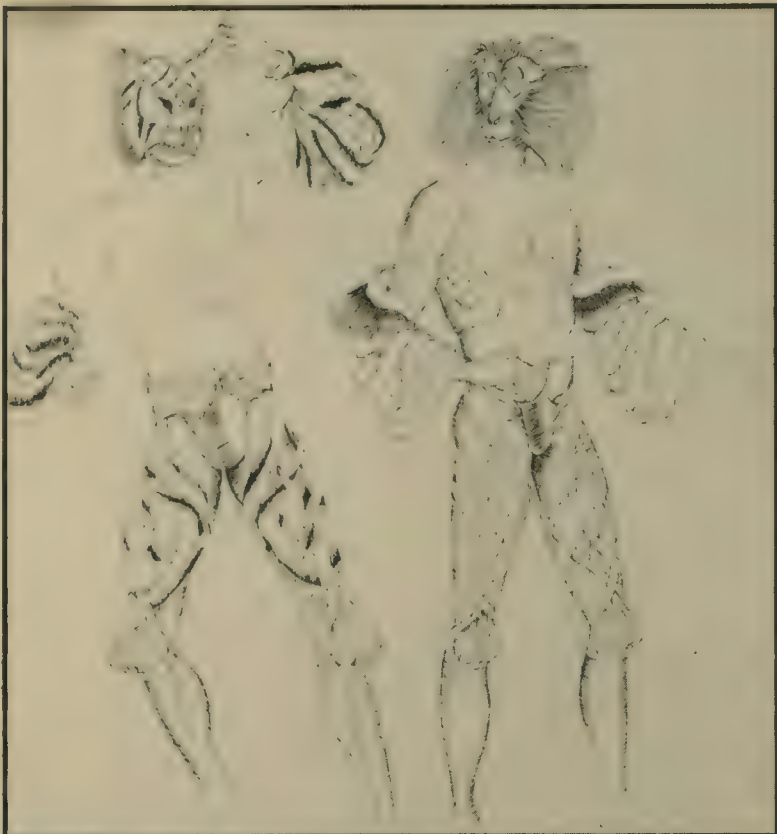
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BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW



Georgiadis's designs for *The Tempest*; December 2.

THE MONTH OPENS with a bang. At Covent Garden on December 2 the Royal Ballet give a royal charity gala which includes the première of Nureyev's *The Tempest*, with music by Tchaikovsky and designs by Georgiadis and with Dowell dancing. The work lasts about 40 minutes. In the same programme is the RB's first performance of Bournonville's *Konservatoriet*, and Sibley appears with Nureyev in *Raymonda Act III*. The gala is to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the opening of the first Covent Garden theatre on the present site.

□ At the other end of the dance spectrum the American Dance Machine is at the Adelphi until December 11. The company consists of Broadway dancers who present a repertoire of musical comedy numbers from such favourites as *The Boy Friend*, *Cabaret*, *Bubbling Brown Sugar* and *Brigadoon*. These have been reconstructed, in many cases with the help of the dancers who originally performed them, by the founder/director Lee Theodore.

□ Among Christmas bon-bons is London Festival Ballet's revival of Ben Stevenson's version of *Cinderella* in Peter Farmer's pretty sets, originally mounted in 1973. It will be in Bristol from November 29 to December 2; and the company will as usual present *The Nutcracker* at Festival Hall from December 27 to January 12.

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE

Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 930 9232). Original choreography from Broadway shows (see intro). Until Dec 11.

DASH

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Wayne Sleep with eight dancers and five musicians in a programme of virtuosity & parody. Dec 7-23.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Cohan's *Cell*, one of his earliest & most effective works; a new work by Christopher Bannerman; *Stabat Mater*, Cohan again with a moving & beautiful vision of the sorrowing Mary. Nov 30-Dec 4.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc A, Bc 928 6544).

The Nutcracker, directed by John Field. Dec 27-Jan 12.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240

1066, cc 836 6903).

Triple bill: Nureyev's *The Tempest*; Bournonville's *Konservatoriet*; *Raymonda Act III* (see intro). Dec 2 (royal gala), 3, 8, 18, 22.

Triple bill: Apollo, apogee of Balanchine; *Prodigal Son*, early, atypical Balanchine; *A Month in the Country*, Ashton's effective & moving interpretation of Turgenev to Chopin. Dec 15.

Cinderella, which contains the famous Broom Dance, the lovely Fairy Seasons variations & two of Ashton's funniest creations, the ugly sisters; Prokofiev's score is endearing & the only let-down is a rather undeveloped Prince. Dec 23, 27, 30.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20 cc).

Peter Wright's sensible & workmanlike production of *Coppélia*, Dec 28-30; & Ashton's joyous *La Fille Mal Gardée*, Dec 31, Jan 1.

Season continues until Jan 15.

Film:

The Red Shoes, with Shearer, Helpmann, Massine. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc A, Bc 928 6544), Dec 29.

OPERA

MARGARET DAVIES

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA give the British première of *Le Grand Macabre* by the Hungarian composer György Ligeti on December 2. It is a grotesquely comic opera, based on a play by the Flemish playwright Michel de Ghelderode, about the imminent ending of the world—which is threatened but never takes place. Among the inhabitants of the surrealist world of Brueghelland where the action is set is the harbinger of death, Nekrotzar, the mentally retarded sovereign, Prince Go-Go, the court astrologer, Astradamors, and his nymphomaniac wife, Mescalina, and a coloratura Chief of Secret Police. It will be produced by Elijah Moshinsky, with designs by Timothy O'Brien, and, as at the world première in Stockholm in 1978, the conductor will be Elgar Howarth.

□ There is still time to take out a subscription to ENO's spring 1983 season which runs until May 21 with a repertoire of 12 operas, including new productions of *The Queen of Spades*, *Rusalka* and *The Gambler*, and revivals of *Otello*, *Il trovatore*, *La cenerentola* and *Boris Godunov*. Best of the bargains is a ten-opera package offering a saving of 30 per cent on the cost of the tickets. Booking closes on December 6.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Italian Girl in Algiers, conductor Barlow, with Della Jones as Isabella, Richard Van Allan as Mustapha, Alan Woodrow as Lindoro, Derek Hammond Stroud as Taddeo. Dec 1, 4, 10.

Le Grand Macabre, conductor Howarth, with Ann Howard as Mescalina, Marilyn Hill Smith as Venus/Chief of Secret Police, Kevin Smith as Prince Go-Go, Geoffrey Chard as Nekrotzar, Dennis Wicks as Astradamors. Dec 2, 7, 9, 15, 17, 21.

Rigoletto, conductor Judd, with Jonathan Summers as Rigoletto, Dennis O'Neill as the Duke of Mantua, Patricia O'Neill as Gilda. Dec 3, 8.

La Bohème, conductor Friend, with Josephine Barstow as Mimì, David Rendall as Rudolf, Malcolm Donnelly as Marcel, Lois McDonall as Musetta. Dec 11, 16, 18, 22, 30.

Otello, conductor Elder, with Charles Craig as Otello, Rosalind Plowright as Desdemona, Neil Howlett as Iago. Dec 23, 31.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 836 6903).

Semele, conductor Mackerras, with Valerie Masterson as Semele, Kathleen Kuhlmann as Ino/Juno, Robert Tear as Jupiter, Gwynne Howell as Somnus, Robin Leggate as Apollo, John Tomlinson as Priest/Cadmus. Dec 1, 4, 7, 11, 14.

The Rake's Progress, conductor Atherton, with

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Dec 8, 11, 14, 16, 18.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc).

Andrea Chenier, **Eugene Onegin**, **Tamburlaine**, **From the House of the Dead**. Nov 30-Dec 4.

Apollo Theatre, Oxford (0865 44544, cc 865 44545).

Andrea Chenier, **Don Giovanni**, **From the House of the Dead**, **Tamburlaine**. Dec 7-11.

Review

The Royal Opera House opened its 250th anniversary season with a revival of *The Ring*. Familiarity with Götz Friedrich's production, now in its eighth year, allows one to ignore its worst excesses, enjoy its moments of insight and concentrate on the music. Regrettably it was not rehearsed this time by the producer but by others who allowed its lines to blur and were careless about the lighting. Colin Davis, who has nurtured this *Ring* from its birth, drew sound playing from the orchestra in *Rhinegold* but only Robert Tear's brilliantly executed, sardonic Loge was memorable in an evening of rather grey, tentative singing. Things improved in *Die Walküre* with the advent of Linda Esther Gray's generously sung, impassioned Sieglinde. Richard Cassilly's Siegmund generated real excitement with his heroic singing, though the more lyrical passages found him wanting. Here Donald McIntyre, whose voice as the young Wotan had sounded dry, found his form in the god's narration, and in the last act added warmth and intensity in the anger and grief poured out to his wayward daughter. Not at her best in the uncertainly pitched battle cries, Gwyneth Jones produced firm singing for Brünnhilde's dialogue with Siegmund and contributed to the emotional content of the farewell. Alberto Remedios's bouncy, good-humoured Siegfried was more confidently sung than in 1980, with lyrical passages of great beauty. A blot on the first act of *Siegfried* was the orchestra's tending to cover the voices. In the second, John Gibbs's Alberich displayed the vocal authority he had lacked in the prologue, filling out both the music and the character. Another newcomer, Marta Szirmay, contributed a sonorous Erda. She later, as First Norn, launched a *Götterdämmerung* which included the best singing of the cycle, with Gwyneth Jones at her steadiest, pitching squarely into the middle of the notes and dominating the trio with Hagen and Gunther, well sung by Fritz Hübner and Barry Mora. Hanna Schwarz was the fine Waltraute.



Robert Tear: the Rake at Covent Garden.

Robert Tear as Tom Rakewell, Donald McIntyre as Nick Shadow, Helen Donath as Anne, John Tomlinson as Trulove. Dec 10, 13, 16, 21, 29.

Le nozze di Figaro, conductor Hager, with Samuel Ramey as Figaro, Daniela Mazzucato as Susanna, Richard Stilwell as Count Almaviva, Ursula Koszut as Countess Almaviva, Diana Montague as Cherubino. Dec 17, 20, 28, 31.

Out of town

KENT OPERA

The Orchard, Dartford (0322 77331).

The Marriage of Figaro, **Agrippina**. Dec 3, 4.

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351/440971, cc).

Madama Butterfly, **Cinderella**, **The Tales of Hoffmann**. Dec 18-Jan 22.

LONDON MISCELLANY

MIRANDA MADGE



Jack & the Beanstalk by Quentin Blake: children's workshop with the artist.

NO CHILD need be bored in London this Christmas. There are opportunities to learn to draw the Quentin Blake way at the National Theatre, to become a Stuart prince for an afternoon at the National Portrait Gallery, to meet "Seurat" at the National Gallery or to watch puppets at the Natural History Museum. The professional institutions give teenagers a glimpse of their work with lectures on the womb, unusual structures and the ideas behind products in electrical engineering.

□ A funfair with helter-skelter, painted-horse roundabout, big wheel and coconut shies will divert shoppers on Covent Garden's east piazza from December 11 until Christmas Eve. Father Christmas welcomes visitors to Selfridge's grotto, which this year is based on the story of Rupert Bear and the coughdrop. In the shop's windows are animated nativity scenes in the style of Raphael.

EVENTS

Dec 5, 7.30pm. **Tennyson:** an appreciation. Ronald Pickup reads some of Tennyson's greatest poetry. Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage, NW3. Tickets £3, OAPs, students, children & unemployed £2, from Camden Box Office, St Pancras Library, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 7727).

Dec 5, 14, 6.15pm. **Meet the Author:** Dec 5, **Bernard Levin** reads from his new book *Speaking Up* (Jonathan Cape £8.50); Dec 14, **Clive James** reads from his *Glued to the Box* (Jonathan Cape £7.95). Tickets free at the door half an hour before reading; signing sessions afterwards. Waterloo Room, Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1.

Dec 6-10. **Coventry Cycle Plays.** Scenes from medieval mystery plays which tell the Christmas story in jovially primitive style. St Peter-upon-Cornhill, EC3. Mon-Fri 6.30pm, Tues-Thurs 8.30pm. Admission by free ticket from The Players at the church (626 9483).

Dec 6-10, 9am-6pm. **Royal Smithfield Show & Agricultural Machinery Exhibition.** The farming world makes a brief London appearance bringing live sheep, cattle & pigs. Earls Court, Warwick Rd, SW5. Mon £6, Tues, Wed £5, Thurs £3, Fri £2.

Dec 9, 5pm. **Lighting-up ceremony.** The Norwegian Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square is lit up & there is carol singing. Different groups sing in aid of charity each evening until Christmas Eve. Trafalgar Square, WC2.

Dec 11, 10.30am-5pm. **Cat Club Show.** About 2,000 cats, pets as well as pedigree, are on show. Sarah Greene brings the *Blue Peter* cats & chooses eight others to appear in the programme on Dec 13. Olympia, W14. £1.60, children 80p.

Dec 11-23, Mon-Sat 6-8pm. **Christmas Crafts Fair.** National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.

Dec 14. **Dickens Drive.** "Charles Dickens" & his party leave Dickens House, Doughty St, WC1, at 12.30pm to make a whirlwind tour of London in a coach drawn by white horses. The equipage visits: St Mary Woolnoth, Lombard St, EC3 at 1pm for carols & a reading; Dickens Inn, St Katharine Dock, E1, 2pm; the Piazza, Covent Garden, WC1 at 3pm for tea in the Punch & Judy Inn; the Westbury Hotel, Conduit St, W1 at 4.45pm; St Peter's, Eaton Sq, SW1, 6pm for readings from *A Christmas Carol*, with music & mime provided by St Peter's Church School.

Dec 29-31, Jan 4-6. **Gold & Silver.** Activities for families on this theme include documentary films, workshops on silverware & everyday objects of the 18th century, a chance to watch a silversmith at work (Dec 31, 2.30pm), to see 18th-century dances (Jan 4, 2.30pm), & to eavesdrop on a tea party attended by Sir Christopher Wren, John Evelyn & Mrs Bohun (Jan 5, 6, 2.30pm). Museum of London, London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

FOR CHILDREN

Dec 1-23. **Entertainment for children at the National Theatre.** Painted Tales, an exhibition of original illustrations from children's books open all day until Jan 15. Some of the artists represented are holding workshops with children: Dec 1, **Shirley Hughes**; Dec 3, **Caroline Holden**; Dec 8, **Moirra Kemp**; Dec 10, **Quentin Blake**; Dec 14, poetry writing with **Michael Rosen**; Dec 16, **Rani Singh** reads her story *The Ramayana*. All the workshops are at 3pm; send quickly to the Education Department for free tickets. Free shows in the Olivier stalls foyer: Dec 14, 5pm. **The Technicolour Rosy Show**,

magic, mime & clowning; Dec 15, 16, 5pm. **Pierrot & Co.** solo mime; Dec 17, 3pm; 18, noon & 5pm. **Dark Crystal**, demonstration of the extraordinary puppets from the forthcoming fantasy film *The Dark Crystal*. Platform performances: Dec 20, 6pm. **Eric Morecambe** introduces his new book *The Reluctant Vampire*; Dec 23, 6pm. **Roald Dahl** reads from *The BFG*. Both £1.50. For a full list of events send sae for a free Christmas 1982 brochure. National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Dec 4, 2pm. **Jan Pienkowski** paints murals for Hammicks' children's department, enrolling passing children to help him. The department is excellently run by two girls who read every book in stock. Recommended for Christmas presents are: *The Big Book for Growing Gardeners* (£5.95 complete with trowel & packets of seeds); Roald Dahl's *The BFG*, about a big, friendly giant who uses language midway between broad Yorkshire & Jabberwocky (£6.50 with illustrations by Quentin Blake); *Treasure Island* elegantly printed exactly as it was in 1911 with illustrations by N.C. Wyeth (£9.95); & Janet & Allan Ahlberg's *The Baby's Catalogue*, a picture book for the very young (£4.95). Hammicks, The Market, Covent Garden, WC2.

Dec 8-Jan 15. **Events for children at the National Gallery.** Between these dates a quiz on **Music in Paintings** is available from the Orange St entrance in versions for seniors, juniors & infants. (Sample from a previous quiz: "What is St John wearing under his pink cloak? Bathing trunks/vest & pants/a hair shirt/nothing.") In the audio-visual theatre, slides of paintings are accompanied by the music that would be made by the instruments pictured.

Dec 11, 18, 2.30 & 4pm. **Mary Remnant** gives lecture recitals on early instruments for children & parents. Free, but only room for 120 so arrive early. Dec 29, 30, 31, Jan 4, 5, 6, 2.30pm. **Meet the Artist.** Georges-Pierre Seurat is at home in his studio, painting the *Bathing Scene at Asnières*, & discusses his work & interest in colour with his audiences. Tickets for free places issued half an hour before each performance. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Dec 10-Jan 9. **Tate quiz for children** is Looking into Colour. There are also special guided tours for the young on Dec 29 & 30: meet at the Christmas tree at 11.30am. The annual competition to guess the number of postcards adorning the tree is running again this year so count as you wait. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Dec 19, 3pm. **The Railway Children.** Screening of this old favourite with Jenny Agutter as Bobby. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Free but arrive early to get a place.

Dec 27-29, 10am-6pm. **Mechanical toy workshops.** Frank Thompson brings a selection of toys ranging from a man on a pig, made in Germany in 1905, to a McDonald's wagon. At 11am & 3pm there are talks for children & during the day Mr Thompson will examine & value toys brought in by visitors. London Transport Museum, Wellington St, Covent Garden, WC2. Entrance charge £1.60, children 80p.

Dec 29-31, 1.30-4.30pm. **The Children of Charles I.** A project to recreate an afternoon in the lives of the royal children in 1642, a turbulent time when the quarrel between the King & Parliament was coming to a climax. Children should wear jeans or knickerbockers & bring leotards, long skirts, musical instruments, buttons, beads & non-valuable costume jewelry. National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). For free tickets for 7-14-year-olds send sae to the Education Department—there are only 60 places per session. Children will need 50p on the day to cover entrance to the Van Dyck exhibition.

The following Christmas lectures are for young people & are very popular so send quickly for free tickets enclosing sae.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, SE23 (699 1872).

Dec 4, 3.30pm. **Living crafts in rural India**, Stephen Huyler.

Dec 27, 2.15pm. **Man, rivers & inland waters**, colour films, slides & recordings introduced by the Director.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS

Gt George St, SW1 (222 7722).

Jan 6, 2.30pm. **Unusual structures**, Prof Arthur Bolton.

Jan 7, 2.30pm. Film show on civil engineering introduced by Brian Finch.

INSTITUTION OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

Savoy Pl, WC2 (240 1871).

Dec 15, 16, 2.30pm. **Ideas in, products out**, S. L. H. Clarke.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF OBSTETRICIANS & GYNAECOLOGISTS

27 Sussex Pl, NW1 (262 5425).

Dec 14, 11am, 3pm. **Womb with a view**, Prof Stuart Campbell.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

John Adam St, WC2 (839 2366).

Dec 22, 2.30pm. **Stage coach to super train**, David Jenkinson.

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Dec 2-30, 11.30am. **Gallery talks on Edo Japan.** Victor Harris: Dec 2, *The Samurai*; Dec 9, *The priesthood*; Dec 16, *The craftsmen*; Dec 23, *The entertainers*; Dec 30, *Foreign contacts*.

Dec 9, 6.15pm. **Recent Mycenaean finds from Italy**, Prof Lucia Vagnetti.

Dec 17, 1.15pm. **Royal art of Africa: bronzes from Benin**, Nigel Barley.

Films at 3.30pm: Dec 7-9, *The Edo stage*, Noh drama; Dec 14-17, *Hokusai: an animated sketch-book & 36 views of Mount Fuji*, *Living arts of Japan*; Dec 21-23, *Horyuji temple*, *Coloured Nabeshima ware*; Dec 28-31, *Invitation to tea*, *The kites of Japan*, *Origami*.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Dec 8, 1.10pm. **The Spirit of Christmas Past—a presentation of Victorian sentiments**, Colin Sorensen.

Dec 9, 1.10pm. **A workshop on Christmas cheer**, Christine Johnson.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Lectures in connexion with the exhibition Van Dyck in England (see p100): Dec 4, 3.30pm; Dec 7, 1.10pm. **A guide to the exhibition**, Malcolm Rogers (normal exhibition entrance charges apply).

Dec 14, 6.30pm. **Van Dyck's Italian period**, Christopher Brown. Dec 21, 6.30pm. **Van Dyck's Flemish period**, Michael Jaffe. Exhibition open from 5.15-6.30pm on the evenings of the lectures. Free tickets from the Education Department with sae or from the desk in the entry hall of the Gallery.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Dec 1, 8, 1.15pm. **Embroidery—a personal art**, two lectures by Thomasina Beck: Dec 1, *Embroidery for dress*; Dec 8, *Embroidery for furnishing*.

Dec 11, 3pm. **Design in the Vienna Secession**, Stephen Astley.

WATERLOO ROOM

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

Dec 15, 6.15pm. **Yehudi Menuhin in conversation** with Peter Stadlen about his life & career, with recorded musical illustrations. £2.30.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Dec 1, 1pm. **Contemporary dance in America**, Elizabeth McKellar.

Dec 8, 1pm. **American fashion since the war**, Adrienne Lowy.

ROYALTY

Dec 2. **The Princess of Wales** visits the Hospital for Sick Children. Gt Ormond St, WC1.

Dec 5. **The Queen Mother** attends a service to mark the diamond jubilee of the Bible Reading Fellowship. Westminster Abbey, SW1.

Dec 7. **The Queen Mother** visits Westfield College, University of London, & opens The Queen Mother Hall. Kidderpore Ave, NW3.

Dec 13. **The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh** attend a concert in aid of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7.

Dec 15. **The Princess of Wales** performs the opening ceremony at the new Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. University College Hospital, Gower St, WC1.

The Queen visits the Foreign & Commonwealth Office to mark its bicentenary. King Charles St, SW1.

ART

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

DECEMBER is not a month when major galleries open big shows. But continuing exhibitions worth making an effort to see include Treasures of Ancient Nigeria at the Royal Academy; Van Dyck in England at the National Portrait Gallery; Richard Wilson at the Tate and contemporary Italian Art at the Hayward. You can just catch Painting in Naples at the Royal Academy, and the Philip Guston retrospective at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Both close on December 12.

□ On December 4 the Arnolfini Gallery in Bristol opens a major show of contemporary French painting—well worth travelling out of London to see, especially as we now seem to get so little information about what is going on in French art. The exhibition, entitled *The Subject of Painting*, includes artists of two generations—those who began work after the war, and those who belong to the period of transition between the 1960s and 70s. Among the former is Simon Hantai, who represented France at this year's Venice Biennale. Among the latter is Claude Viallat, the French answer to the American Dekor school.

□ The National Gallery has a rare visitor—the full-length portrait of *The Marquesa de Pontejos* by Goya, normally to be seen at the National Gallery in Washington, which has been lent in exchange for Claude's *Enchanted Castle*. The portrait was painted fairly early in Goya's career, around 1786, and shows the artist at his most elegant and Frenchified.

□ Also worth a special trip to the National Gallery is their recently acquired Poussin, *The Triumph of Pan*, the star of the Poussin show, Sacraments and Bacchanals, at the National Gallery of Scotland. Commissioned by Cardinal Richelieu for his vast (but now vanished) château of Richelieu, this is one of the most vigorously pagan of Poussin's inventions—composed in the manner of an antique frieze, but unexpectedly brilliant and glittering in colour. A masterpiece by anyone's standards.

□ The Crafts Council has an intriguing seasonal show called *The Well Dressed Christmas Tree* at their gallery in Waterloo Place. Ten craftspeople have dressed trees in their own personal styles, including the sculptor and jewelry maker Andrew Logan, who has turned his tree into a representation of the Christmas Fairy, and woodworker Fred Baier, who has made his tree into a catapult, set to launch Father Christmas, Rudolph and their sled.

□ On December 17 the Photographers' Gallery opens a show devoted to flash photography. It will cover documentary, commercial and creative uses. Amazingly, the earliest exhibit dates from as long ago as 1864.

□ Opened this year, chiefly in order to house Dean Walter Hussey's collection of paintings and drawings, the Pallant House Gallery in Chichester has been fortunate in attracting new donations. The latest is the fine collection of Bow porcelain recently left them by Geoffrey Freeman which is displayed informally in the period rooms. It is probably the most representative selection of work from this important 18th-century factory on view in the country.



Goya's *Marquesa de Pontejos*: on loan to the National Gallery from Washington.

GALLERY GUIDE

Some Christmas closing times were not available at time of going to press. Please check with gallery before setting out.

AGNEW'S

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm. **Claude, paintings & landscape drawing**. Until Dec 10.

B2

Wapping Wall, E1 (488 9815). Wed-Fri noon-7pm, Sat, Sun noon-5pm. **A New Design for Living**, design in British interiors 1930-51. Furniture, books & equipment illustrating the influence of the Bauhaus & the International Style on British design. Until Dec 19.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat noon-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. Closed Dec 25, 26; open Dec 27, 28 noon-6pm. **The City's Pictures**. Nearly 200 paintings, watercolours & prints from the City of London's collection. Includes work by Lely, Reynolds & other great portrait painters; views of the City from the 18th to the 19th centuries; landscapes by Constable, de Wint & Turner; pre-Raphaelite pictures by Rossetti, Millais & Holman-Hunt; late Victorian works by Alma Tadema, Leighton & Watts. Until Jan 23.

BROTHERTON GALLERY

77 Walton St, SW3 (589 6848). Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Wed until 7pm. **Keith Brookie**. Wildlife sketches from Scotland, Scandinavia & Greenland. Dec 1-18.

CALE ART

17 Cale St, SW3 (352 0764). Mon-Fri 10.30am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Jo Barry**. Detailed drawings & etchings of the countryside. Dec 2-24.

CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE

Arkwright Rd, NW3 (435 2643). Mon-Sat 11am-6pm, Fri until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Lubetkin & Tecton, architecture & social commitment**. An exhibition which explores a neglected & highly important aspect of the history of modern architecture in Britain. Until Dec 19.

CLARENDON GALLERY

8 Vigo St, W1 (439 4557). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. **Sue Macartney-Snape**, caricatures of English upper-class pursuits. Dec 14-23.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE

Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 1. **Princes Gate Collection of Old Masters**. Until summer, 1983. £1, OAPs, students & children 50p.

ROBIN GARTON GALLERY

Lancashire Ct, New Bond St, W1 (493 2820). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. **Harry Holland**. Twenty new lithographs by this gifted contemporary realist. Prices from £60 to £100. Until Dec 17.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **George Elgar Hicks: Painter of Victorian life**. Until Jan 3.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. **Arte**

Italiana 1960-82. Painting, sculpture & installations. Until Jan 3. £1.60, OAPs, students, registered unemployed, children & everybody all day Mon & Tues-Thurs 6-8pm, 80p.

GILLIAN JASON GALLERY

42 Inverness St, NW1 (267 4835). Tues-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm. **Edward Gordon Craig (1872-**



Charcoal sketch by Leonid Pasternak: on view at MOMA in Oxford.

1966), Woodcuts, stage designs, books & unpublished mss. Until Dec 23.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Marquesa de Pontejos**, Goya's portrait on special display (see intro). Until Dec 31.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **Van Dyck in England**. More than 60 paintings & 20 drawings by the great Stuart portrait painter. Until March 20. £1, OAPs, students, children & unemployed 50p. **Portrait Award**. The winning portrait & selected entries from the Imperial Tobacco Portrait Award. Until Jan 22.

NOORTMAN & BROD

8 Bury St, SW1 (839 2606). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. **Annual exhibition of 19th- & 20th-century French watercolours & drawings**. Includes works by Bonvin, Jongkind & Steinlen. Until Dec 17.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 Dering St, W1 (629 1578). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Spencer Gore**. About 30 paintings by this leading member of the Camden Town Group. Until Dec 18.

MICHAEL PARKIN FINE ART

11 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 8144). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed Dec 24-27. **Louis Wain, cats of fame & promise**. Zany drawings & watercolours of cats. Dec 8-Jan 7.

QUEEN'S HOUSE

National Maritime Museum, SE10 (858 4422).

Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **The Art of the Van de Veldes.** A magnificent retrospective devoted to the greatest of all marine artists, held appropriately at the Queen's House, Greenwich, where they once had a studio. The first exhibition of their work in this country. Until Dec 5. 75p. OAPs, students & children 40p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS
Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 25-28. **Paintings in Naples.** Works by 17th-century masters including Caravaggio, Giordano, Salvator Rosa & Guido Reni. Religious subjects on vast scale. Sponsored by Martini & Rossi. Until Dec 12. £2.50. OAPs, students, children & everybody up to 1.45pm on Sunday £1.60. **Treasures of Ancient Nigeria.** Includes Benin bronze heads & plaques, naturalistic heads from Ife & terracotta Nok sculpture. Sponsored by Mobil. Until Jan 23. £2 & £1.35. **The Royal Opera House Retrospective: 1732-1982.** Paintings, sculpture, watercolours & engravings illustrating 250 years of opera, ballet & drama in the three theatres which have stood on the Covent Garden site. Dec 7-Feb 6. £1.50. students, Friends of Covent Garden & everybody up to 1.45pm on Sunday £1. **SERPENTINE GALLERY**
Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Daily 10am-4.30pm. **Raymond Mason.** Sculpture in bronze & painted resin, watercolours & drawings 1952-82. Until Jan 9.

CHARLES SPENCER THEATRE GALLERY
82 York St, W1 (723 5772). Mon-Fri 10.30am-5pm, Thurs & Sat until 1pm. **Art Deco.** Furniture, decorative objects & original theatre & fashion designs by artists including Erté, Dufy & Barbier. Until Dec 24.

TATE GALLERY
Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-27, Jan 1. **Jennifer Bartlett.** Large, colourful works done in the form of tiles which piece together. Until Feb 30. **Richard Wilson.** A major exhibition of paintings & drawings by this 18th-century artist includes some of the most powerful—and in their way surprising—landscapes of England & Wales. Until Jan 2. £1.50. OAPs, students, unemployed & children over 12 years old 50p. **Gordale Scar.** A study exhibition devoted to James Ward's vast work. Until Jan 2. **Turner in the Open Air.** Until Dec 31. **WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY**
Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107). Sun-Fri 11am-5.50pm. **Philip Guston,** a retrospective. Until Dec 12.

Out of town
ARNOLFINI
Narrow Quay, Bristol (0272 299191). Tues-Sat 11am-8pm. Closed Dec 24-Jan 3. **The Subject of Painting** (see intro). Dec 4-Jan 15.

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM
Beaumont St, Oxford (0865 512651). Tues-Sat 10am-4pm, Sun 2-4pm. Closed Dec 24-27, open Jan 3. **Allan Gwynne-Jones RA.** An Arts Council retrospective of landscapes & still lifes. Dec 1-31.

BRUTON GALLERY
Bruton, Somerset (074981 2205). Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm. **Rodin Bronzes.** An array of 36 works by Rodin, many of which were never cast during the sculptor's lifetime but which have since been cast with the authorization of the Musée Rodin in Paris. These studies left behind in the studio are some of the most original & daring of Rodin's works. Until Dec 4. Then at Cork St Fine Arts, 5-6 Cork St W1. Dec 9-15.

MANCHESTER GALLERY OF MODERN ART
Athenaeum, 81 Princess St, Manchester (061-236 9422). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 25-27. **Drawing: technique & purpose.** An exhibition showing the various functions of drawing with examples by Tintoretto, Ingres, Chippendale, Braque, Hockney & others. Dec 15-Feb 5.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
30 Pembroke St, Oxford (0865 722733). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-28, Jan 1, 2. **Leonid Pasternak.** A rich exhibition of Impressionist paintings borrowed from major public collections & from private individuals, including the Pasternak sisters who live in Oxford. Portraits of Rilke, Gorky, Einstein & Pasternak's son, Boris, author of *Doctor Zhivago*. Dec 5-Jan 30. **Paul Rotha as Film Socialist,** photographs, texts & books. Dec 5-Jan 30. **Posters by Howard Hodgkin,**

R.B. Kitaj & John Piper. These three artists have each donated a signed, limited edition poster for sale in aid of the Museum of Modern Art Building Appeal. The posters cost £50 each plus VAT, postage & packing—there is a 10 per cent discount if you buy all three.

PALLANT HOUSE
9 North Pallant, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 774557). Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm. Closed Dec 25-28, Jan 1. Geoffrey Freeman Collection of Bow Porcelain (see intro).

SAINSBURY CENTRE
University of East Anglia, Norwich (0603 56161 ext 2466). Tues-Sun noon-7pm. **The First Graphic Show.** A selection of the best graphic work from art school degree shows made by Julia Aldridge. Until Dec 19.

CRAFTS

ASPECTS
Whitfield St, W1 (580 7563). Mon-Fri 10am-7pm, Sat 10am-5pm. Closed Dec 25-28, Jan 1-3. **Susy Wilby,** ceramics & textiles; **Nigel O'Neill,** designs in wood; **Daniel Weil,** plastics; **Judith Lakeman,** ceramics & paper; **Malcolm Parsons,** paper. Dec 16-Jan 17.

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE
43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993). Tues-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-4pm. **A Festive Table.** Unusual crafted pieces for the table—linen in co-ordinated colours, crockery & glasses. Downstairs are more household pieces. All the things are for sale & can be taken away at time of purchase. Until Dec 24.

COLERIDGE OF HIGHGATE
80 Highgate High St, N6 (340 0999). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm. **Americans Abroad.** Glass by American artists working in Britain & Europe. Until Dec 11.

CRAFTS COUNCIL
12 Waterloo Pl, Lower Regent St, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 25-27. **Lights.** Lighting as engineered by young craftsmen. Until Jan 30. **The Well Dressed Christmas Tree.** A show of Christmas tree decorations commissioned from craftsmen. Until Jan 9.

NATIONAL THEATRE
South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). Mon-Sat 10am-11pm. Closed Dec 24, 25. **Dazzle.** Work by 12 leading jewellers. Dec 6-Jan 15.

Out of town
KATHARINE HOUSE GALLERY
The Parade, Marlborough, Wilts (0672 54397). Wed-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 11am-4pm. **Irene Sims,** porcelain; **David Howard-Jones,** raku; **Tobias Harrison,** lustreware; **Paul Nicholls,** jewelry; **Malcolm Sutcliffe,** Catherine Hough, studio glass. Until Dec 24.

OXFORD GALLERY
23 High St, Oxford (0865 42731). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm (special Sunday opening to beat the parking problems only until Christmas). Closed Dec 25-27, Jan 3. **Ewen Henderson,** ceramics; **Bobbie Wallace,** prints; **Anna Bonshek,** paintings. Dec 13-Jan 12.

PRESCOTE GALLERY
Cropredy, nr Banbury, Oxon (029575 660). Wed-Sun 10am-5pm. **Michael Brennand-Wood,** thread collages; **Janice Tchalenco,** decorated pots; **Peter Markey,** models & paintings; **Puri Sharifi,** machine knitting. Until Dec 19.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KNOEDLER GALLERY
22 Cork St, W1 (439 1096). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed Dec 24-Jan 3. **Ida Kar,** photographic portraits of artists, writers & musicians in the 50s. Dec 7-Jan 15.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY
5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. Closed Dec 24-28, Jan 1. **Bad Weather,** photographs taken with an underwater camera & flashlight by Martin Parr. Until Dec 4. **Max Yavno:** photographs 1939-81; **Aaron Siskind, The Harlem Document 1936.** Work by these two documentary photographers who belonged to the New York Photo League. Until Dec 11. **Flash Photography** (see intro). **Marilyn Bridges,** aerial photographs of lines on the Nazca Plain in Peru. Both Dec 17-Jan 29.

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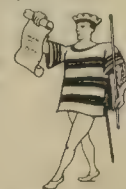
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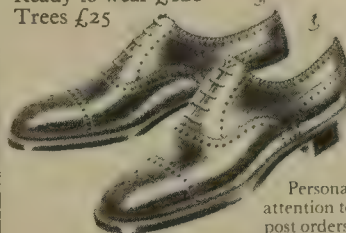
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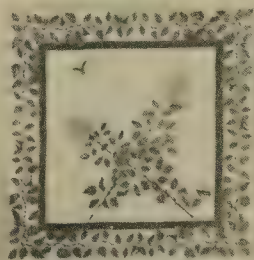
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BRIEFING

SALEROOMS

URSULA ROBERTSHAW

AN OBJECT OF BEAUTY and historical interest comes up for sale at Sotheby's on December 7. It is a psalter made for Anne Boleyn in about 1530 during the period of the divorce between Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon—when the Boleyn romance was at its height. The psalms are in French with Anne's arms and devices throughout, and Henry's name, in initials, is concealed in the lozenge. The binding is embroidered, and the psalter is estimated at £60,000-£80,000.

□ Bonham's are again arranging a special sale to coincide with Smithfield week. On December 9 they will auction paintings featuring agricultural, sporting and rural themes, one of which is a striking portrait of a hen and cock partridge cochin, set against a pretty woodland background. It is dated 1908, signed "Wippell", and estimated at £2,000-£3,000.

□ Phillips also are topical. Remembering that this is still—just—Maritime England Year, their sale of English paintings on December 13 includes some fine seascapes and ships' portraits. One, by Thomas Lyde Hornbrook, depicts *The Anglo-American action of Lake Borgne (New Orleans) in 1814*, in which the British captured the American vessels by the expedient of cutting the anti-boarding nets round the lower part of the rigging. The naval commander responsible for the British victory, Nicholas Lockyer, commissioned the painting, which is estimated at £6,000-£10,000.

□ Finally, an outstanding portrait is to be sold by Christie's on December 10. It is of Giovanni di Pierfrancesco de Medici, painted by Sandro Botticelli in about 1490. The auctioneers have estimated the picture at about £750,000; a handsome member of a famous family painted by one of the chief artists of the Renaissance is not going to go for a song.



Anne Boleyn's psalter: Sotheby's December 7.

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month. Wine sales on page 105.

BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Dec 2, 16, 23, 11am. European paintings.

Dec 2, 9, 16, 23, 2.30pm. European furniture.

Dec 3, 11am. Clocks, watches, barometers & scientific instruments.

Dec 9: 11am. Old Master paintings; 7pm, Sporting & agricultural paintings.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Dec 1, 11am. Tribal art.

Dec 2, 11am & 2.30pm. Modern prints.

Dec 6, 11am. English pottery & Delftware.

Dec 7, 11am. Jewelry.

Dec 8: 11am. Modern sporting guns; 11am & 2.30pm. Objects of vertu & miniatures.

Dec 9: 11am. French furniture; 2.30pm, Textiles, rugs & carpets; 11am & 2.30pm, Old Master drawings.

Dec 10, 11am. Old Master pictures, Chinese jades & snuff bottles.

Dec 13, 11am & 2.30pm. Chinese ceramics.

Dec 14, 11am. Architectural drawings, Coins.

Dec 15: 11am, Sculpture & works of art; 2.30pm, Arms & armour.

Dec 21, 11am. English watercolours.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Dec 1, 2pm. Tribal art, Musical instruments.

Dec 2, 2pm. Trains, lead soldiers & Dinky toys.
Dec 9, 10.30am & 2.30pm. The Harding Collection of porcelain & objects of art.

Dec 13, 5.30pm. Modern European pictures, watercolours, drawings, prints & sculpture.

Dec 14, 2pm. Oriental costume & textiles.

Dec 17, 2pm. Art Nouveau & Art Deco.

At the Cunard Hotel, W6:

Dec 1, 7.30pm. Collectors' motor cars.

STANLEY GIBBONS

Drury House, Russell St, WC2 (836 8444).

Dec 9, 10, 1.30pm. All-world stamps, with special section of Great Britain.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Dec 1, 15, 11am. Oriental ceramics & works of art.

Dec 3, 10, 17, 23, 11am. Silver & plate.

Dec 7, 21, 1.30pm. Jewelry.

Dec 7, 11am. Old Master paintings.

Dec 8, 22, 11am. European ceramics & glass.

Dec 9: 11am, Art Nouveau, decorative arts & studio ceramics; 1.30pm, Books, atlases, maps, MSS.

Dec 13, 2pm. British paintings.

Dec 15: 11am; Silver & gold boxes; 2pm, Miniatures, fans, icons & objects of vertu.

Dec 16, 11am. Musical instruments.

Dec 20: 11am, Watercolours & drawings; 2pm, Oil paintings.

SOOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Dec 1: 11am, Impressionist & modern paintings & sculpture; 2.30pm, Impressionist & modern drawings & watercolours.

Dec 2, 11am. Modern & contemporary art.

Dec 7: 11am. Western MSS & miniatures, Clocks & watches; 11am & 2pm, Sporting guns.

Dec 8, 9, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Prints & illustrated books.

Dec 10, 17, 10am. Oriental rugs & carpets.

Dec 13: 10.30am & 2.30pm, Antiquities; 11am, Tea caddies, boxes & Tunbridge ware.

Dec 14, 10.30am. Chinese ceramics & works of art.

Dec 15: 11am, Old Master paintings; 2.30pm, 17th-, 18th- & 19th-century British paintings.

Dec 15, 16, 11am. English literature, books & MSS.

Dec 21, 11am. Victorian paintings & drawings.

Dec 22, 11am. Rock & Roll memorabilia.

Antiques fairs

Dec 1-4. Mayfair's Advent Antiques & Crafts Fair, Weighhouse Galleries, Weighhouse St, W1. Wed 5-10pm, Thurs, Fri 11am-8pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

£1.50 valid for four days, £1 final day only.

Dec 9-11. 6th Annual Edinburgh Winter Antiques Fair, Roxburghe Hotel, Edinburgh. Thurs, Fri 11am-8pm, Sat until 5pm, 7.5p, children 20p.

Dec 19. Antiques Fair, The Bull, Olney, Bucks. 10am-5pm, 20p.

MUSEUMS

KENNETH HUDSON



Return of Guy the Gorilla: skilful taxidermy at the Natural History Museum.

1982 ENDS with a more dazzling variety of exhibitions than at any time since the year began. We are offered Humphrey Repton at the Victoria and Albert, wire toys of Zimbabwe at Bethnal Green, drawings of the Falklands War at the Imperial War Museum, gorillas at the Natural History Museum, photographs by the retiring Director at the National Maritime, smuggling in Bournemouth, and fans and the Grand Tour at Brighton.

□ Exhibitions about the London suburbs continue to be popular. We already have Hornsey at the Museum of London and the Hendon & Hampstead Antique Ceramics & Glass Club at Church Farm House. This month the Passmore Edwards Museum has added to the list with its nostalgic display of early photographs of East Ham.

□ Sadly, it has never before been so difficult to give reliable guidance as to when museums are going to be open and closed during the Christmas and New Year period. We have been warned by the museums themselves that dates may have to be changed and can do no more than advise would-be visitors to check before setting out. The reason for all the mystery appears to be that staff negotiations have been more than usually complicated and protracted this year, with bargains to be struck, budgets watched and peace and the Christmas spirit somehow preserved.

MUSEUM GUIDE

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26 & Jan 1. **Spirit of Christmas.** An annual occasion at the Museum. The traditions of Christmas, illustrated by five themes: Santa Claus; the Wise Men, & how their story moved from high to popular art; Christmas food; Christmas music; winter weather. Dec 1-Jan 16. **Wire Toys of Zimbabwe.** African children have invented a special kind of toy: miniature, skeletal versions of modern cars & other vehicles, made out of wire & other bits of rubbish. These toys are pushed or pulled along & are full of ingenuity & a sense of mechanics & design. The items on show come from the collection of John & Elizabeth Newson. Dec 1-Jan 16.

BOILERHOUSE PROJECT

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (581 5273). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1. **Memphis.** Furniture from the Memphis Studio in Milan. A display & analysis of *avant-garde* designs which have evolved from a synthesis of established European Pop & traditional Italian radical design. Dec 7-end of Jan.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26 & Jan 1.

Edo: Art of Japan 1600-1867. The Museum shows its collection of art of this time to feed the interest provoked by the Royal Academy exhibition earlier this year. The focus is on Edo, now Tokyo, the city which gave its name to the period & was the seat of government of the Tokugawa shoguns. Until April. **Excavating in Egypt**—the creation, organization, discoveries & achievements of the Egyptian Exploration Society. Until Jan 9. **Great Moravia.** The ninth-century AD Slavs along the Middle Danube as illustrated by recent archaeological discoveries. Until Jan 9. **Masterpieces of Printmaking, from the 15th century to the French Revolution.** Until Jan 23.

British Library Exhibitions:

Hebrew Manuscripts from the Sassoon Collection. Until Dec 31. **Demons in Persian & Turkish Art.** Until Jan 16. **Virgil: the 2,000th anniversary.** Until Feb 27. **The Mary Rose & the Tudor Navy:** Maps & documentary evidence. Until Jan 31.

CHURCH FARM HOUSE MUSEUM

Greyhound Hill, NW4 (203 0130). Mon, Wed-Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5.30pm, Tues 10am-1pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed Dec 25-27 & Jan 1. **Collectable English Ceramics.** Exhibits belonging to members of the newly formed & well supported Hendon & Hampstead Antique Ceramics & Glass Club. Until Jan 16. The always enterprising Curator at

Church Farm House has promised to decorate the Museum's dining room in a seasonal manner this month, to illustrate how the Victorians celebrated Christmas.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-28, Jan 1. **Kofi Kayiga.** Illustrations for children's books, paintings & drawings by Kofi Kayiga, a Jamaican now living in the USA. Dec 15-Jan 13. **Indian Costumes from Guatemala.** The costume of the native Indian in Guatemala has features which go back nearly 2,000 years, but political & economic pressures are forcing the weavers to abandon their trade. This exhibition provides a rare opportunity to view an important collection of costumes & textiles which illustrate Guatemalan craftsmanship at its best. Dec 11-March 13. £1, OAPs, students & children 50p.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, SE23 (699 1872). Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24, 25, 27. **Navajo Weaving 1850-1980.** Tribute to Indian weavers of the American south-west, who have resisted tourist pressures as they have moved into production for the commercial market. Until Aug 31.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-28 & Jan 1. **Sculpture of the Two World Wars,** a selection from the Museum's collection of military sculptures in bronze, plaster, wood & marble. Until Dec 11. **Cecil Beaton's War Photographs 1939-45** (60p, OAPs & children 30p) goes on until Jan 9 & **Armoured Warfare** ends its run in March. **Linda Kitson's** drawings of the recent hostilities in the Falklands can be seen at the Museum until Feb 13.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, WC2 (379 6344). Daily 10am-6pm. Closed Dec 25, 26. **Posters by E. McKnight Kauffer.** A fine selection of the distinguished posters designed for the London Underground & London Transport between 1915 & 1940 by an American-born artist. Dec 15-May 2. **Tyne & Wear Metro: a total transport system.** Photographs & other two-dimensional material illustrating Newcastle's approach to public transport. The first phase of the Tyne & Wear Passenger Transport Executive's scheme came into operation two years ago & an extension should be open this month. Dec 15-May 2. Admission to museum £1.60, children 80p.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-28 & Jan 1. **London Silver 1680-1780.** The London silversmiths during the peak years of their skill & prosperity. Until Apr 3. **Before Suburbia.** George Shadbolt's photographs of Hornsey in the 1850s & 1860s. Shadbolt edited the *British Journal of Photography* between 1857 & 1864. His work shows Hornsey as a rural village & the Museum has added a selection of modern pictures, to show what it looks like now. For the strong. Until Jan 9.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26 & Jan 1. A last chance to see **Asante: Kingdom of Gold** before it goes to New York. **Vasna: Inside an Indian Village** continues, as does **Hawaii**. Also at the Museum during December are **Turquoise Mosaics from Mexico, Art for Strangers**—stone carvings for tourists made by 19th-century Indians of the American north-west—**Thunderbird & Lightning**, an introduction to the life of the Indians of north-east America, as it was between 1600 & 1900. **Afro-Portuguese Ivories.** Beautifully carved ivories produced for Portuguese patrons by Africans at the end of the 15th & the beginning of the 16th centuries.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, SE10 (858 4422). Tues-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **Toll for the Brave.** The story told in museum terms of the mysterious loss of the *Royal George*, which sank off Spithead 200 years ago, with the loss of 600 lives. Until Dec 31. **Director in Camera.** A selection of photographs of maritime subjects all over the world, taken by Dr Basil Greenhill, the Director of the Museum, who retires shortly. Dec 15-mid 1983.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Gorillas.** An exhibition aimed

at persuading us that the gorilla is not the terrifying creature he has been made out to be. The centre-piece of the exhibition will be Guy, a much-loved resident of London Zoo for 32 years, who died in 1978 & who is now making a debut as a museum piece. Until Dec 31. The museum now offers visitors a new sound guide to its galleries. It provides an introduction to a wide range of exhibits, from diamonds to dinosaurs, & also has information about the Museum's history & the curious stories behind some of the exhibits. Adults 50p (80p for two sharing one machine), OAPs, students & children 30p (50p for two), family rate £1.

PASSMORE EDWARDS MUSEUM

Romford Rd, E15 (534 4545 ext 376). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26 & Jan 1. **Scouting.** The Scout Movement was founded 75 years ago by Lord Baden-Powell. The Museum is celebrating this with a display illustrating the history of local scouting. Until Dec 18. **East Ham in Historic Photographs.** It is hoped that this selection from the Museum's large archive, showing life in East Ham earlier this century, will jog memories & persuade visitors to write down their reminiscences of the area or let a member of the Museum staff tape-record them. Dec 29-Jan 29.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **The Great Cover-Up Show.** The exhibition shows how bomb-disposal, motor-racing, steelmaking & ballet people protect themselves, & includes the fireproof suit worn by the man who lit last year's Royal Wedding fireworks. Until Feb 13. 80p OAPs & children 40p.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26 & Jan 1. **Jewelry by Wendy Ramshaw.** An exhibition of modern jewelry designs, especially those illustrating the artist's collaboration with Wedgwood. Until Jan 16. **Show Business.** The first of a series of appetite-raising exhibitions of items from the collections of the future Theatre Museum, before it eventually opens in the Flower Market at Covent Garden as a museum in its own right. All the live performing arts are represented: theatre, opera, ballet, circus, music hall, variety & rock. Until Apr 17. **Humphrey Repton, Landscape Gardener (1752-1818).** The work & influence of Repton, with many of the exquisite "Red Books" & other designs with which he illustrated his proposals to customers. The exhibition includes reconstructions of Repton garden ornaments & photographs of examples of his garden designs which can still be seen. Dec 1-Feb 20. The Museum's permanent attractions & amenities have also increased lately. The Jewelry Gallery, closed since 1977, has now reopened; the new entrance in Exhibition Road is open at last, with 12 bronze sculptures by Rodin to greet the visitor immediately he gets through the door; & the winning pair of gates in a Crafts Council/Department of the Environment competition has been installed at the point where the Ironwork & Musical Instruments Galleries meet. They were designed & made by James Horrobin. Now, next to the Victorian Cast Court, it is possible to see what promises to be one of the Museum's principal attractions, the **Fakes Gallery**, a collection of 19th-century reproductions, imitations & fakes.

Out of town

BRIGHTON MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Church St, Brighton (0273 603005). Tues-Sat 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Fans & the Grand Tour.** The fan & the pictures depicted on it represented one of the earliest souvenirs of the Grand Tour. This exhibition, which concentrates on illustrations of Rome, Florence, Venice & Naples, shows fans from the collections of members of the Fan Circle. Until Jan 5.

RUSSELL-COTES ART GALLERY & MUSEUM

East Cliff, Bournemouth (0202 21009). Mon-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm. Closed Dec 25-27 & Jan 1. **The History of Wine: Harveys of Bristol.** Items from the collections of the famous Bristol firm, including glasses, bottles & labels. Dec 4-Mar 5. **Smuggling Around Bournemouth, 1700-1830.** The techniques, personalities & risks of the trade, in the days when the profession dealt in tobacco & liquor rather than heroin & marijuana. Dec 4-Mar 5. Admission to museum 35p, children 15p.

RESTAURANTS

ALEX FINER



CHRISTMAS is a time for feasting and celebration. I needed no further excuse to go in pursuit of excellence this month. Feasts involve more than mere food and my criteria for selection included a certain level of formality to ensure a sense of occasion. These are jacket-and-tie restaurants. Another prerequisite is a bulging wallet.

Top of my list is **The Connaught** where there is a positively operatic quality to the proceedings. The chandelier, the screens and the fine wood panelling provide an appropriately elegant setting to complement the serious business of gastronomic pleasure. Serried ranks of waiters move unobtrusively about the room attending to your every need. Delicacies float by, borne on huge silver salvers decorated with stiffly starched napkins shaped into gondolas. The *sommelier* will happily and helpfully steer you towards his personal recommendation in any price range—without making you feel inadequate for not ordering the Château Margaux.

The Connaught's success is rooted in Michel Bourdin's kitchens. The price of a three-course meal is dictated by the choice of main course (unless you choose the Royal Russian Beluga or some of the other extras available for a supplementary charge). It varies from under £13 for kidney and bacon to over £27 for grilled lobster. I always make sure I get full value from the chefs by ordering one of the hot starters. Examples include a scallop mousse in a sauce with langoustine, and quails' eggs in pastry boats with a mushroom purée. These both merited the preparation lavished on them. Save space for the desserts which are mouth-watering and colourful.

The **Mirabelle** in Curzon Street dates back to 1933 and has been variously owned by an Austrian, an Italian and a Pole before being acquired by the De Vere hotel group in 1963. The décor has recently received a radical face-lift and the lattice-work panels and marbled pillars in the salmon pink dining-room now create a much brighter and more intimate atmosphere. Fortunately the French chef, Jean Dress, still rules in the kitchens after nearly 30 years. His poached beef marrow with a Burgundy wine sauce served in a brioche at £6 is worthy of the highest accolade and the lobster quenelles with a crayfish sauce at £8 will delight less ambitious palates. The range of the menu is to be wondered at and often includes one or two extra dishes of the day—in my case, saddle of hare off the bone. Crêpes Suzette proved a perfect conclusion. The wine list is a delight just to read and the choice of claret, arranged by year, is exceptional. It is even possible to visit the Mirabelle relatively economically. A three-course set lunch, offering plenty of choice, is £12.50 and a carafe of wine costs £7.

The Four Seasons, just down the road at the Inn on the Park hotel, also offers a three-course set lunch, changed daily, at £11.50 as well as a four-course evening set meal which highlights fresh seasonal foods and changes quarterly at £19.50. This restaurant, too, has recently been extensively refurbished. The chief chef is Edouard Hari, Swiss for a change but expert in the French *nouvelle cuisine* style. His sauces, for instance, tend to be thickened by reduction rather than with flour. He has worked with the Troisgros brothers in France and the care and attention paid to presentation and colour combinations on the plate attest to the importance he attaches to making food look beautiful as well as taste good.

The Connaught, 16 Carlos Place, W1 (499 7070). Daily 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm. CC A.

Mirabelle, 56 Curzon St, W1 (499 4636). Mon-Sat 1-2.15pm, 7-11pm. CC All.

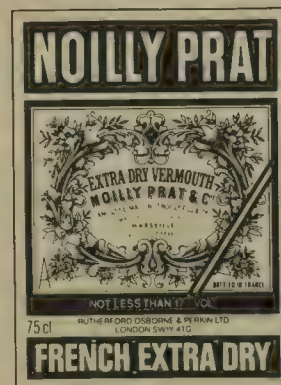
Four Seasons, Inn on the Park, Hamilton Pl, W1 (499 0888). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11pm. CC All.

Yet another way to savour Noilly Prat.



Rub the zest of lemon around the rim of a chilled glass. Pour Noilly Prat generously onto crushed ice.

French. Dry. Different.



GOOD EATING GUIDE

A changing selection of *ILN* recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated prices are based on the average cost of a meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £20; ££ £20-£30; £££ above £30.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diner's Club; A = Access (Master Charge); and Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as CC All.

Boyle's

53 Dorset St, W1 (487 4022). Mon-Sat 8am-11pm, Sun noon-10.30pm.

A new brasserie equipped with newspapers in a rack, 20 wines available by glass or bottle & a short, inexpensive menu. Full marks for the smoked salmon & scrambled egg. CC A, Bc, DC £

Bubb's

329 Central Markets, Smithfield, EC1 (236 2435).

Mon-Sat 12.15-2.30pm. A real taste of France in a crowded & jovial setting close to the meat market at Smithfield. Must book.

CC None ££

Mr Chow

151 Knightsbridge, SW1 (589 7347). Daily 12.30-2.45pm, 7-11.45pm.

Peking cuisine in fashionable surroundings. The steamed dumplings, like much of the menu, have stood the test of time. Expensive wine list. CC All ££

L'Etoile

30 Charlotte St, W1 (636 7189). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10pm.

Small, busy & often crowded, this long-established French restaurant maintains a consistently high standard of menu & wines. CC AmEx, DC £££

Le Gavroche

43 Upper Brook St, W1 (408 0881). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, 7.30-10pm.

French cuisine fastidiously prepared & served. Now awarded the *Michelin Guide's* ultimate accolade of three stars. CC All £££

The Grange

39 King St, WC2 (240 2939). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11.30pm, Sat from 6.45pm. Excellent two- or three-course set menu, offering a promising example of how prices can be kept down by limiting choice. CC AmEx ££

Grapes

The Mall, Camden Passage, N1 (359 4960). Daily noon-3pm, Wed & Sat until 4pm, 6pm-midnight. Dazzling cocktails, good cooking, value for money in fine building with charming décor. At lunchtime peaceful but every Saturday & Wednesday night loud with live jazz. CC A, Bc ££

Langan's Brasserie

Stratton St, W1 (493 6437). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm, Sat 8pm-12.15am.

Most go to gawp or to be seen—but the menu is imaginative & Peter Langan still packs them in at this large & bustling source of gossip column stories. CC All ££

Last Days of the Raj

22 Drury Lane, WC2 (836 1628). Mon-Sat noon-2.30pm, 6-11.30pm.

This Bangladeshi co-operative deserves its reputation for fine Indian food. Excellent vegetables, delicate spices, sizzling tandooris. CC All £

National Theatre Restaurant

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033). Mon-Sat 5.30-11.30pm.

Choice of set menu provides good value & a thoroughly relaxed way to start or end an evening at the South Bank. CC All ££

The Ritz

Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Daily 12.30-2pm, 6.30-11pm.

Michael Quinn, head chef, offers a three-course surprise luncheon, different each day, at £19.50. Recent examples have included oyster salad, breast of chicken wrapped in pancakes with truffle sauce, & champagne sorbet. Pleasant surprises

indeed. CC All £££

The Savoy

The Strand, WC2 (836 4343). Grill: Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-11.30pm. Restaurant: daily 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30pm-1am, Sun until midnight.

Loyalties are divided between the River Restaurant & the famous old Grill where it is still possible to eat relatively cheaply. A special pre-Christmas cabaret season in the River Restaurant, Dec 6-23, will feature the group Stutz Bear Cats, dancing to two bands, & a three-course menu for £25 inclusive of VAT & service. CC AmEx, Bc, A £££

Tante Claire

68 Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (352 6045). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, 7-11pm.

Superb sauces from chef Pierre Koffman have brought deserved success. The service & surroundings are plain & less compelling. Booking essential. CC AmEx £££

WINE BARS

Wine bar information based on *Which? Wine Guide 1983*, just published by Consumers' Association & Hodder & Stoughton at £5.95. Where two prices for a wine appear (e.g. 80p/£4), the first is for a glass & the second for a bottle.

Ashbee's

22 Hogarth Pl, SW5 (373 6180). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 5.30-11pm.

An enterprising new venture is the result of a careful study of the fluctuating fortunes of various wine bars carried out by the owners, Conrad & Kim Marshall-Purves, prior to its opening. They have created an attractive cellar bar with pretty murals of French viticulture, & there are some low-price, middle-quality bottles from the fully detailed list to be enjoyed here. A good range of wines by the glass begins with four French house wines, including a Vin de Pays de Vaucluse 85p/£5.10 (litre), & priced below them is Ashbee's special selection, which this summer was California's Golden State 80p/£3.75; two Bergeracs are £1.15/£5.25. There are

three high-quality Nederburg South African wines, including the Paarl Cabernet Sauvignon 1978 (£5.95), & no doubt the Australian Ch Clare (£7.95) is listed for homesick Earls Court residents. Fetzler Blanc de Blancs 1979 is £5.25. Best buy is probably the house Côtes du Rhône Visan at £4.50. Food concentrates on a selection of cheeses, £1 per portion or £2 for three, & includes torta from Italy & Comte de Jura described as the original gruyère copied by the Swiss. A generous range of pies (salmon at £1.95), salads & dishes of the day (venison in red wine at £2.75) are also available.

Leadenhall Wine Co

27 Leadenhall Market, EC3 (623 1818). Mon-Fri 11.30am-3pm, 5-7.30pm.

This promising new enterprise situated in the still picturesque Leadenhall Market has quickly become a firm City favourite. In a large, bright, first-floor room with a restaurant above & a supermarket below, customers are served a good selection of quiches (£1.25), pâtés & home-made hot dishes such as mushroom pancake (70p) & sausage plait (£1.40). The well set out wine list is particularly strong in clarets (Ch Plaisance 1976 £1/£6, Ch Gruaud Larose 1973 £11.50, Ch Léoville Poyferré £14) while Louis Latour's Brouilly 1978 is £7.50, as is Crozes-Hermitage 1978 Jaboulet Aîné. A Calistoga Cabernet Sauvignon 1976 from the top end of the Napa Valley is £6. Champagnes of the day have included bargain buys like Veuve Cliquot NV £9.50 & Taittinger NV £10. French wines are 85p/£3.75. Get there early at lunchtime to avoid the crush.

This month's wine auctions include:

Dec 1, 10am. Fine & rare wines, spirits, vintage port & collectors' items. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Dec 2, 11am & 2.30pm. Finest & rarest wines & relics. Christie's, 8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Dec 7, 11am. Inexpensive wines. Christie's South Kensington, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).



JOIN THE PAXTON & WHITFIELD CHEESE CLUB

If you love cheese but cannot always find the selection of cheeses in prime condition that you require for yourself or your guests we believe our Cheese Club to be the perfect answer.

Paxton & Whitfield's Shop in Jermyn Street, London has sold the finest cheeses since 1797. Now the same service is available to you by post.

As a Club Member you will have the opportunity ten times a year to select from the widest range of cheeses available in Europe. A typical selection may include English Blue Cheshire, French St Albay, Camembert Fermier, & a Scottish Caboc together with Colour Biographical Leaflets, Newsletter, Wine Tasting notices, etc.

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BRIEFING

OUT OF TOWN

ANGELA BIRD

GETTING UP STEAM for Christmas is a fairly new tradition for railway enthusiasts. In December many of the preserved steam railways run "Santa specials" taking children to Santa's grotto where they are given a present. Among those running this month are the Bluebell line in Sussex, the Mid-Hants Watercress Line (so-called because it used to transport Alresford's watercress harvest to market in London), and the Midland Railway Centre in Derbyshire (see entry for December 4).

□ After the great success of Operation Seafire—the coastline beacons which ushered in Maritime England Year—beacons all over the country will light up the new year in the first of an annual New Year's Eve ceremony called Old Father Time. Nottingham's beacon will be lit by "Robin Hood" with a flaming arrow, at Bideford in Devon a replica of a Spanish galleon will sail down the River Torridge before going up in flames, and pubs all over the country are expected to take full advantage of their New Year's Eve licensing extensions to organize their own beacons. Details of how to find your nearest beacon are in the listings.

□ At Brighton the stalwarts go for their traditional Christmas Day swim; you can watch cricket in Yorkshire on Boxing Day or go racing at Market Rasen, Wetherby, Wincanton or Wolverhampton.

Nov 26-Dec 11. **Cardiff Festival of Music.** Concerts & operatic performances, some in the newly-opened St David's Hall, with the LSO, the Stuttgart Philharmonic Orchestra & others. Various venues, Cardiff (04463 3474).

Nov 30-Dec 22. **Christmas Crafts.** Demonstrations & sale of items. Crafts include pottery, glass engraving, clog-making & quilting. Norwich Castle Museum, Norwich. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Admission 25p, students 15p, children 5p.

Dec 4-27. **Santa Steam Specials.** Return journeys on restored steam trains: Midland Railway Centre, Ripley, Derbys, Dec 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19, 10am-5pm. £1.50, children 75p including present; Mid-Hants Watercress Line, Alresford, Hants, Dec 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19, 11.30am-4.10pm. £1.95 including child's present from grotto on Ropley station, & parents' refreshments; Bluebell Line, Sheffield Park Station, nr Uckfield, E Sussex, Dec 5, 12, 19, 26, 27, 12.30-3.30pm. £2-£3.50, children £1-£1.75 including present; refreshments & roast chestnuts available.

Dec 5, 11am-5pm. **Christmas Crafts Market.** Sixty stalls selling patchwork, medicinal herbs, Bavarian wax candles & decorations & many other craft products, in the tithe barn of a 13th-century castle. Allington Castle, nr Maidstone, Kent. 30p, accompanied children free; conducted tours of the castle 80p, children 40p.

Dec 5, 12. **Derek Melville, piano.** Chopin recital. Dec 5, 2.30pm, Wimpole Hall, Arrington, nr Royston, Herts; Dec 12, 5pm, Peckover House nr Wisbech, Cambs. £3. On each occasion there will be a National Trust shop open. Tickets from Blickling Hall, nr Aylsham, Norfolk (026373 3471).

Dec 12, 8pm. **Christmas is Coming,** with Richard Baker; Ralph Terroni, piano; Caroline McCausland, voice & guitar; Ann Cherry, flute. Concert in aid of the National Trust. Theatr Clwyd, Mold, Clwyd (0352 56331). £3.50.

Dec 15, 7.30pm. **Philip Jones Brass Ensemble.** Music from the Renaissance to the present day in Paul Getty's former home. Reception at 6.30pm, buffet supper follows the concert. Sutton Place, nr Guildford, Surrey (0483 504455). £20 inclusive.

Dec 16-19. **Lincoln Christmas Market.** Inspired by the example of its German twin town, Neustadt-an-der-Weinstrasse, Lincoln holds a new annual Christmas event: Dickensian carol-singers, hot potato, sweets & chestnut stalls, & a visit by a children's choir from Neustadt. Bailgate, Lincoln. Thurs, Fri 6-9.30pm, Sat, Sun noon-9.30pm.

Dec 17, 18, 7.30pm. **Christmas family concert** by the Kensington Gore Singers, director Dittmer, & Andrew Ball, piano. Carols, motets & instrumental music. Lacock Abbey, nr Chippenham, Wilts (box office 024973 227 or 937 0684). £2, children £1.

Dec 18, 4.30pm & 7.30pm. **Carols, Christmas music & readings** in the Long Gallery, sung by the choir of Norwich Cathedral, with Malcolm Archer on fortepiano. Blickling Hall, nr Aylsham, Norfolk (026373 3471). £4 includes mulled wine & mince pies.

Dec 25, 11am. **Christmas Day dip,** nr Palace Pier, Brighton, E Sussex.



Old Father Time: New Year's Eve beacons.

Dec 27, 10.45am. **Matlock Bath Raft Race.** 200 home-made rafts in the shape of fire engines, double-decker buses & many other extraordinary creations, race 3½ miles down the Derwent & over a weir. A collection is taken for the RNLI. Matlock, Derbys.

Dec 27, 11am. **Boxing Day cricket match** between North Leeds Cricket Club & the Northern Cricket Society. Plenty of warming drinks to thaw out the spectators. Leeds Cricket Ground, Roundhay, Leeds, W Yorks.

Dec 27. **City of Gloucester Mummers** perform their traditional tale of Good triumphing over Evil, with displays by the Gloucestershire Morris Men & the Cotswold Clog Side. 10am, Montpellier Gdns, Cheltenham; noon, Gloucester Cathedral; 1pm, New Inn, Gloucester.

Dec 27. **Boxing Day racing:** Market Rasen, Lincs; Wetherby, W Yorks; Wincanton, Somerset; Wolverhampton, W Midlands. First races approx 12.30pm.

Dec 28-Jan 12. **58th International Chess Congress.** The grandmasters play in the White Rock Pavilion; other tournaments in nearby Falaise Hall, Hastings, E Sussex.

Dec 31, midnight. **Old Father Time.** A beacon lit at Leeds Castle, Kent is the first of thousands throughout the country. For details of your nearest beacon ring 0622 65400 on Dec 30 & 31.

ROYALTY

Dec 2. **The Queen Mother** visits the QE2 & unveils a plaque marking the ship's role in the Falkland Islands' Campaign. Southampton, Hants.

Dec 8. **Princess Anne,** President of the Save the Children Fund, visits the Riverside Child Health Project & attends a children's concert at St Nicholas Cathedral, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Dec 9. **The Prince of Wales,** Honorary Air Commodore, visits RAF Brawdy, Dyfed.

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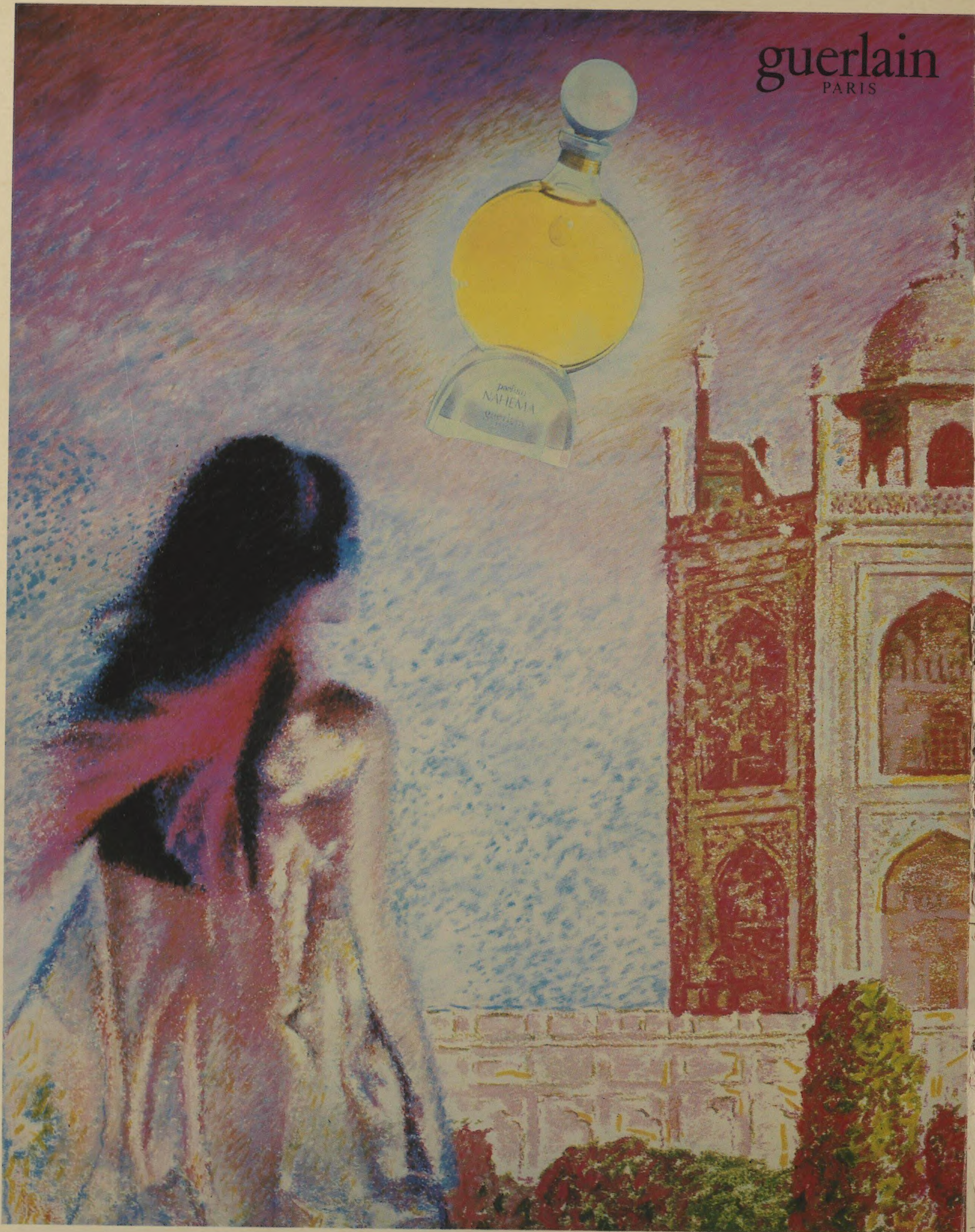
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